THE BOOKMAN

JOYCE KILMER

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

Joyce Kilmer was a very rare combination of romance and common sense, and it is in that spirit, I am sure, that he would wish us to write about him. Therefore, I spare his brave and humorous shade—laughing, for all I know, over my shoulder as I write—all comparisons with Byron at Missolonghi, or Sidney at Zütphen; and I even reluctantly forego, appropriate as it is, the lovely valediction:

"Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough."

I would, if possible, shield Joyce Kilmer from the sentimentality which has brought a derivative and immature immortality to the grave of Rupert Brooke. At the same time, Kilmer was both a poet and a soldier, and he would be far from indifferent, as his lines on "The Proud Poet" assure us, to that peculiarly honorable laurel which we place upon the grave of the man who

". . . wore his song like sword on thigh
And kept not all his valour for his lute."

"When you say", go his lines:

". . . of the making of ballads and songs that it is woman's work,
You forget all the fighting poets that have been in every land."

To these he has been added, and I think it not unfair to the memory of some of the soldier-poets who preceded him—robbed, through no fault of their own, of the opportunity of deeds—to recall that he died in actual warfare, in the eager, too eager carrying out of a particularly dangerous piece of work. The attitude in which his comrades found him, we read, was so like his keen living self that they did not at first think he was dead; for he lay, as if still scouting, with his eyes bent over a little ridge, seeking out the hidden battery which he and his comrades had gone out to unmask. How like him this will seem to all who knew and loved him; and I think, indeed, that these, knowing his spirit, can have scarcely hoped, when they saw him off to the war, that they would ever see him alive again. To come safe through such hazards as such a spirit must invite could only be possi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ble to that "charmed life" which, of old, has carried so many such flame-like fearless spirits scatheless through charge after charge, but to which, it is to be feared, the stock-yard methods of modern warfare are not favorable. When Joyce Kilmer chose to be a soldier, he knew what that choice meant, and those nearest and dearest to him knew also, knowing him. For their sake, had he or they willed, he could easily have remained in America and served his country with the patriotism of the pen. A home to the poignant reality and beauty of which every page of his poems bears witness, was in his keeping; but that home was one union of heroic hearts, and Joyce Kilmer went.

Of my many—alas! too few—meetings with Joyce Kilmer, one has always stood out in my memory as providing me with a sort of key-note to his nature, and even a hint of his destiny. I suppose that it was some ten years ago, and I was in the subway hanging on to a strap at the populous end of the afternoon. Out of the coma of that resignation which is a part of New York existence, I was aroused by a voice and a presence that suggested a very keen, a glittering young sword. A slim, rather tall, young man, more a boy yet than a man, had spoken my name, and was holding me with eyes which corresponded to the voice with a certain stern idealism on which, however, I was able to discern, so to say, the dew of youth. What we talked of I forget, except that it had to do with the craft to which we both belonged, but what I have never forgotten was the sense of finely tempered steel he left behind him, as I proceeded on my patient way, surrounded by the general mush of humanity. A very concentrated, intense young presence —masculine intense, not feminine— was the impression of him that remained with me, after he was gone. Though the resemblance was perhaps only a spiritual expression, his then thin, austere young face, with those strangely strong and gentle eyes (eyes that seemed to have an independent, dominating existence) reminded me of Lionel Johnson, for whom he had already a great admiration, and whose religion he was afterwards to embrace. At that time, he did not suggest the physical robustness, almost burliness, with which most of his more recent acquaintances will associate him. Indeed, there was a suggestion that his body might well be overdelicate for the gleaming will inside, that the sword might outwear its sheath. In short, he left me with something of a sense of having met a spirit—on the subway. The phrase is liable, I know, to sentimental misinterpretation; but I must risk it, and hope to correct that later. The other feeling I had is open, too, to a like suspicion—that hint of destiny of which I have already spoken. We have all met young people who give us that—beautiful, brilliant, lovely-natured, so superabundant in all their qualities (and particularly perhaps in some quality of emanating light) as to make them suggest the supernatural, and touched, too, with the finger of a moonlight that has written "fated" upon their brows. Probably our feeling is nothing more mysterious than our realization that temperaments so vital and intense must inevitably tempt richer and swifter fates than those less wild and winged. I must not omit from my impression the feeling of an unaccustomed contact with vigorous purity—again masculine, not feminine, purity. And that memory of Joyce Kilmer was one that remained with me in all our later intercourse; and, whenever, af-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

terwards, we met, in the "Times" office, or wherever the day's work had accidentally thrown us together—for we were seldom able to luxuriate in that leisure of friendship which grows rarer every day—I always saw that young "bard-like spirit beautiful and swift" I had met in the subway. He developed, but he never changed—as is, of course, the manner of real men and women. Apart from his poetical gifts (of which presently) I was interested, and not a little surprised and happy to see how that straight and challenging flame was, with instinctive understanding, clothing itself in a most warm and brotherly humanity. And, very soon, with a sad-eyed sympathetic interest, I saw him gaily and valiantly—as was his wont—striding along that path which taxes the strength of the strongest, the path of a poet who must cleave his way through the world with the pen of prose. With a confidence which he almost immediately justified, he had undertaken to earn his living in the practice of that profession which led Thomas Carlyle to compare the lives of literary men with the biographies of those who, for the curious, are still enshrined in the "Newgate Calendar". His own countryman, Edgar Allen Poe, had gone down under a like adventure, the hearts of Théophile Gautier and Andrew Lang had been broken to the accompaniment of their own laughter, in that same long business of words. All three of them in this regard, failed —compared with Joyce Kilmer. He made an astonishing success of what to others had been all but impossible. Mrs. Browning has told us of the great god Pan's method of making a poet out of man, "as he sat by the reeds in the river". No few of us have watched the tragic process. Joyce Kilmer, however, gave us a most heartening illustration of a process so much the reverse, so distinguishing him from his little singing contemporaries that one could hardly believe it true—the making of a man out of a poet.

In this respect Joyce Kilmer may truthfully be said to be unique among modern poets; and his publishers, when they describe him as "the poet who is certainly the most human of the younger generation", say concisely the same thing that I have been trying to say—and, incidentally, imply not merely what he is, but what his contemporaries are not. Humanity! that indeed is not merely the greatest gift of a poet in any time, but just now it is so seldom to be found, as a part of the equipment of anyone practising the profession of letters, be he poet, or merely writer of prose, that, as I have just mentioned, even publishers find it worth while mentioning on a "jacket". Humanity! It is out of fashion. But, like all *démodé* fashions, it is coming back once more. Joyce Kilmer's publishers are right. Had his poems no other quality, they would continue to be read for that quality of humanity alone.

Joyce Kilmer's first book, "Summer of Love", proved his possession of this unusual quality, but it proved also his various craftsmanship, his acquaintance with all the traditional methods of the art of the poet, and his skill in experimenting with them. So young a book has seldom been so understanding, and, while remaining beautifully fresh and simple, been so free from those artistic immaturities which have made many old great poets angrily denounce unlicensed reprinters of their "first editions". Even so, it was a kindly, casual art, putting on no airs, not professing weariness with those literary methods which had sufficed for Chaucer and Shakespeare and Milton,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or Catullus or Bion, or François Villon —content, with reverent ambition, to tread that immortal path. Joyce Kilmer's knowledge of literature, perhaps it was, as well as his poetic instinct, that saved him from the futilities attempted by the *imagistes* and *vers libristes* of Chicago, Boston and St. Louis. He seems to have been born a literary artist, with that easy mastery and grace which prompted the old Latin critic to write, *poeta nascitur, non fit.* Two very different poems will illustrate a versatility remarkable in so youthful a volume:

BALLADE OF MY LADY'S BEAUTY

Squire Adam had two wives, they say,
  Two wives had he, for his delight,
He kissed and clypt them all the day
  And clypt and kissed them all the night.
  Now Eve like ocean foam was white
And Lilith roses dipped in wine,
  But though they were a goodly sight
No lady is so fair as mine.

To Venus some folk tribute pay
  And Queen of Beauty she is hight,
And Sainte Marie the world doth sway
  In cerule napery bedight.
  My wonderment these twain invite,
Their comeliness it is divine,
  And yet I say in their despite,
No lady is so fair as mine.

Dame Helen caused a grievous fray,
  For love of her brave men did fight,
The eyes of her made sages fey
  And put their hearts in woful plight.
  To her no rhymes will I indite,
For her no garlands will I twine,
  Though she be made of flowers and light
No lady is so fair as mine.

L'Envoi

Prince Eros, Lord of lovely might
  Who on Olympus dost recline,
Do I not tell the truth aright?
  No lady is so fair as mine.

THE CLOUDED SUN

(To A. S.)

It is not good for poets to grow old
  For they serve Death that loves and Love that kills;
  And Love and Death, enthroned above the hills,
Call back their faithful servants to the fold
Before Age makes them passionless and cold.

Therefore it is that no more sorry thing
  Can shut the sunlight from the thirsty grass
  Than some grey head through which no longer pass
Wild dreams more lively than the scent of Spring
To fire the blood and make the glad mouth sing.

Far happier he, who, young and full of pride
  And radiant with the glory of the sun,
  Leaves earth before his singing time is done.
All wounds of Time the graveyard flowers hide,
His beauty lives, as fresh as when he died.

Then through the words wherein his spirit dwells
  The world may see his young impetuous face
  Unmarred by Time, with undiminished grace;
While memory no piteous story tells
Of barren days, stale loves and broken spells.

* * * * * *

Brother and Master, we are wed with woe.
  Yea, Grief's funereal cloud it is that hovers
  About the head of us thy mournful lovers.
Uncomforted and sick with pain we go,
Dust on our brows and at our hearts the snow.

The London lights flare on the chattering street,
  Young men and maidens love and dance and die;
  Wine flows, and perfumes float up to the sky.
Once thou couldst feel that this was very sweet,
Now thou art still—mouth, hands and weary feet.

O subtle mouth, whereon the Sphinx has placed
  The smile of those she kisses at their birth,
Sing once again, for Spring has thrilled the earth.
Nay, thou art dumb. Not even April's taste
Is sweet to thee in thy live coffin cased.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There is no harsher tragedy than this—
That thou, who feltest as no man before
Scent, color, taste and sound and didst outpour
For us rich draughts of thine enchanted bliss
Shouldst be plunged down this cruel black abyss.

Brother and Master, if our love could free
Thy flameborn spirit from its leaden chain
Thou shouldst rise up from this sad house of pain,
Be young and fair as thou wast wont to be,
And strong with joy as is the boundless sea.

Brother and Master, at thy feet we lay
These roses, red as lips that thou hast sung.
And cypress wreaths above thy head are hung
To mingle with the green and fragrant bay.
We kneel awhile, then turn in tears away.

These early poems showed not merely how well Joyce Kilmer could write, but the attitude of his mind and the quality of his nature. He was to go on proving more and more that he was a complete man, no mere artistic appendix of a man. He was to know and express the love of a father for his children—as in his latest volume, "Main Street", one finds it most tenderly expressed in "The Snowman in the Yard":

"But I have something no architect or gardener ever made,
A thing that is shaped by the busy touch of little mittened hands:
And the Judge would give up his lovely estate, where the level snow is laid
For the tiny house with the trampled yard, the yard where the snowman stands."

And no young poet of our time has so reverently, on so many pages, in so many different ways, so playfully at times, as in that masterpiece of playful reverence "A Blue Valentine", woven through the texture of his song the love of his lady—that lady "Aline", whose name will be gently twined about his as long as the printed word endures.

Very astonishing was Joyce Kilmer. So acquainted as he was with all the modes of "modernity", so instructed in its youthful sophistications—see "Absinthe", for instance, in "Summer of Love"—yet he believed so firmly in the ancient verities, in "the old perfections of the earth", in the eternal laws of God. He believed in God. "Thank God for God" he writes in one of his canticles of praise for having been born; and his deep and fighting religious spirit finds expression all through his poems. A poet who is thankful for having been born, who, as I have said, gaily takes upon his shoulders all the responsibilities of existence, even to that vast responsibility of laying down his life for his country, is something of a surprise, even of a portent, in our time; and, now that Joyce Kilmer has died in so different a way, this poem which he wrote, with such scathing contempt, "To a Young Poet Who Killed Himself", has the more significance:

When you had played with life a space
And made it drink and lust and sing,
You flung it back into God's face
And thought you did a noble thing.
"Lo, I have lived and loved," you said,
"And sung to fools too dull to hear me.
Now for a cool and grassy bed
With violets in blossom near me."

Well, rest is good for weary feet,
Although they ran for no great prize;
And violets are very sweet
Although their roots are in your eyes.
But hark to what the earthworms say
Who share with you your muddy haven:
"The fight was on—you ran away.
You are a coward and a craven."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The rug is ruined where you bled;
It was a dirty way to die!
To put a bullet through your head
And make a silly woman cry!
You could not vex the merry stars
Nor make them heed you, dead or living.
Not all your puny anger mars
God's irresistible forgiving.

Yes, God forgives and men forget,
And you're forgiven and forgotten.
You might be gaily sinning yet
And quick and fresh instead of rotten.
And when you think of love and fame
And all that might have come to pass,
Then don't you feel a little shame?
And don't you think you were an ass?

Kilmer was no less a robust believer in life than Browning, believed that every moment of it was worth living, and was impatient, as every manly poet has been, of all the pessimistic "nonsense" written about it by lyrical whimperers and "slackers". He was firmly of Matthew Arnold's opinion that

"They who failed not in this mortal day,
Mount, and that hardly, to eternal life."

And that humor which seldom fails to accompany humanity is another gladdening quality which permeates all Kilmer's work.

"How smiles he at a generation ranked
In gloomy noddings over life!"

He is always laughing, whatever else he may be doing; and how grateful one is to him for that! His deepest feelings and his highest reverence have for neighbors the one consoling and interpreting friend. His humor, as always, is the best part of his wisdom. And that he should have combined these qualities with such victorious youth makes him the more remarkable. That a young poet should have written this of "Old Poets", would alone make Joyce Kilmer memorable:

If I should live in a forest
And sleep underneath a tree,
No grove of impudent saplings
Would make a home for me.

I'd go where the old oaks gather,
Serene and good and strong,
And they would not sigh and tremble
And vex me with a song.

The pleasantest sort of poet
Is the poet who's old and wise,
With an old white beard and wrinkles
About his kind old eyes.

For these young flippertigibbets
A-rhyming their hours away
They won't be still like honest men
And listen to what you say.

The young poet screams forever
About his sex and his soul;
But the old man listens, and smokes his pipe,
And polishes its bowl.

There should be a club for poets
Who have come to seventy year.
They should sit in a great hall drinking
Red wine and golden beer.

They would shuffle in of an evening,
Each one to his cushioned seat,
And there would be mellow talking
And silence rich and sweet.

There is no peace to be taken
With poets who are young,
For they worry about the wars to be fought
And the songs that must be sung.

But the old man knows that he's in his chair
And that God's on His throne in the sky.
So he sits by the fire in comfort
And he lets the world spin by.

But the poem by which, I think, Joyce Kilmer will live—"if aught remaineth of our mortal day"—is this ballad of "Dave Lilly":

There's a brook on the side of Greylock that used to be full of trout,
But there's nothing there now but minnows; they say it is all fished out.
I fished there many a Summer day some twenty years ago,
And I never quit without getting a mess of a dozen or so.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There was a man, Dave Lilly, who lived
on the North Adams road,
And he spent all his time fishing, while
his neighbors reaped and sowed.
He was the luckiest fisherman in the
Berkshire hills, I think.
And when he didn't go fishing he'd sit
in the tavern and drink.

Well, Dave is dead and buried and no-
body cares very much;
They have no use in Greylock for drunk-
ards and loafers and such.
But I always liked Dave Lilly, he was
pleasant as you could wish;
He was shiftless and good-for-nothing,
but he certainly could fish.

The other night I was walking up the
hill from Williamstown
And I came to the brook I mentioned,
and I stopped on the bridge and sat
down.
I looked at the blackened water with its
little flecks of white
And I heard it ripple and whisper in the
still of the Summer night.

And after I'd been there a minute it
seemed to me I could feel
The presence of someone near me, and I
heard the hum of a reel.
And the water was churned and broken,
and something was brought to land
By a twist and flirt of a shadowy rod in
a deft and shadowy hand.

I scrambled down to the brookside and
hunted all about;
There wasn't a sign of a fisherman;
there wasn't a sign of a trout.
But I heard somebody chuckle behind
the hollow oak
And I got a whiff of tobacco like Lilly
used to smoke.

It's fifteen years, they tell me, since any-
one fished that brook;
And there's nothing in it but minnows
that nibble the bait off your hook.
But before the sun has risen and after
the moon has set
I know that it's full of ghostly trout for
Lilly's ghost to get.

I guess I'll go to the tavern and get a
bottle of rye
And leave it down by the hollow oak,
where Lilly's ghost went by.
I meant to go up on the hillside and try
to find his grave
And put some flowers on it—but this will
be better for Dave.

Words, mere elegiac "flowers", are but a pale offering to bring to so robust a soul as Joyce Kilmer. Some day I promise myself some such celebration of his memory as that suggested in "Dave Lilly". The last time I saw him, he was just returned from England, fresh with enthusiasm for Hilaire Belloc and Cecil Chesterton and their old English habits and predilections. He was smoking strong English tobacco in a great briar, and he spoke of the virtues of old English ale with much of the unction of John Still, Bishop of Bath and Wells. Therefore, some day I will take a hint from "Dave Lilly", and instead of bringing Joyce Kilmer "flowers", I will find some quietude of Broadway, and there, over a pipe and some old ale, will dedicate an afternoon of memory and gratitude for his splendid young manhood, for the sunlit valor of his singing, and, above all, for his having kept the faith, in a day of small things.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOLY IRELAND

BY JOYCE KILMER

We had hiked seventeen miles that stormy December day—the third of a four days' journey. The snow was piled high on our packs, our rifles were crusted with ice, the leather of our hob-nailed boots was frozen stiff over our lamed feet. The weary lieutenant led us to the door of a little house in a side street.

"Next twelve men", he said. A dozen of us dropped out of the ranks and dragged ourselves over the threshold. We tracked snow and mud over a spotless stone floor. Before an open fire stood Madame and the three children—a girl of eight years, a boy of five, a boy of three. They stared with round frightened eyes at *les soldats Americains*, the first they had ever seen. We were too tired to stare back. We at once climbed to the chill attic, our billet, our lodging for the night. First we lifted the packs from one another's aching shoulders; then, without spreading our blankets, we lay down on the bare boards.

For ten minutes there was silence, broken by an occasional groan, an oath, the striking of a match. Cigarettes glowed like fireflies in a forest. Then a voice came from the corner.

"Where is Sergeant Reilly?" it said. We lazily searched. There was no Sergeant Reilly to be found.

"I'll bet the old bum has gone out after a pint", said the voice. And with the curiosity of the American and the enthusiasm of the Irish we lumbered downstairs in quest of Sergeant Reilly.

He was sitting on a low bench by the fire. His shoes were off and his bruised feet were in a pail of cold water. He was too good a soldier to expose them to the heat at once. The little girl was on his lap and the little boys stood by and envied him. And in a voice that twenty years of soldiering and oceans of whisky had failed to rob of its Celtic sweetness, he was softly singing, "Ireland isn't Ireland anymore." We listened respectfully.

"They cheer the King and then salute him," said Sergeant Reilly.

"A regular Irishman would shoot him," and we all joined in the chorus, "Ireland isn't Ireland any more."

"Ooh, la, la!" exclaimed Madame, and she and all the children began to talk at the top of their voices. What they said Heaven knows, but the tones were friendly, even admiring.

"Gentlemen," said Sergeant Reilly from his post of honor, "the lady who runs this billet is a very nice lady indeed. She says yez can all take off your shoes and dry your socks by the fire. But take turns and don't crowd or I'll trun yez all upstairs."

Now Madame, a woman of some forty years, was a true *bourgeoise*, with all the thrift of her class. And by the terms of her agreement with the authorities she was required to let the soldiers have for one night the attic of her house to sleep in—nothing more; no light, no heat. Also, wood is very expensive in France—for reasons that are engraven in letters of blood on the pages of history. Nevertheless—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Asseyez-vous, s'il vous plait", said Madame. And she brought nearer to the fire all the chairs the establishment possessed and some chests and boxes to be used as seats. And she and the little girl, whose name was Solange, went out into the snow and came back with heaping armfuls of small logs. The fire blazed merrily—more merrily than it had blazed since August, 1914, perhaps. We surrounded it, and soon the air was thick with steam from our drying socks.

Meanwhile Madame and the Sergeant had generously admitted all eleven of us into their conversation. A spirited conversation it was, too, in spite of the fact that she knew no English and the extent of his French was "du pain", "du vin", "cognac" and "bon jour". Those of us who knew a little more of the language of the country acted as interpreters for the others. We learned the names of the children and their ages. We learned that our hostess was a widow. Her husband had fallen in battle just one month before our arrival in her home. She showed us with simple pride and affection and restrained grief his picture. Then she showed us those of her two brothers—one now fighting at Salonica, the other a prisoner of war —of her mother and father, of herself dressed for First Communion.

This last picture she showed somewhat shyly, as if doubting that we would understand it. But when one of us asked in halting French if Solange, her little daughter, had yet made her First Communion, then Madame's face cleared.

"Mais oui!" she exclaimed. "Et vous, ma foi, vous êtes Catholiques, n'est-ce pas?"

At once rosary beads were flourished to prove our right to answer this question affirmatively. Tattered prayer-books and somewhat dingy scapulars were brought to light. Madame and the children chattered their surprise and delight to each other, and every exhibit called for a new outburst.

"Ah, le bon Saint Benôit! Ah, voilà, la Conception Immaculée! Ooh la la, le Sacré Cœur!" (which last exclamation sounded in no wise as irreverent as it looks in print).

Now other treasures, too, were shown — treasures chiefly photographic. There were family groups, there were Coney Island snapshots. And Madame and the children were a gratifyingly appreciative audience. They admired and sympathized; they exclaimed appropriately at the beauty of every girl's face, the tenderness of every pictured mother. We had become the intimates of Madame. She had admitted us into her family and we her into ours.

Soldiers — American soldiers of Irish descent—have souls and hearts. These organs (if the soul may be so termed) had been satisfied. But our stomachs remained—and that they yearned was evident to us. We had made our hike on a meal of hardtack and "corned willy". Mess-call would sound soon. Should we force our wet shoes on again and plod through the snowy streets to the temporary mess-shack? We knew our supply wagons had not succeeded in climbing the last hill into town, and that therefore bread and unsweetened coffee would be our portion. A great depression settled upon us.

But Sergeant Reilly rose to the occasion.

"Boys," he said, "this here lady has got a good fire going, and I'll bet she can cook. What do you say we get her to fix us up a meal?"

The proposal was received joyously

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at first. Then someone said:

"But I haven't got any money," "Neither have I—not a damn sou!" said another. And again the spiritual temperature of the room fell.

Again Sergeant Reilly spoke:

"I haven't got any money to speak of, meself," he said. "But let's have a show-down. I guess we've got enough to buy somethin' to eat."

It was long after pay-day, and we were not hopeful of the results of the search. But the wealthy (that is, those who had two francs) made up for the poor (that is, those who had two sous). And among the coins on the table I noticed an American dime, an English half-crown and a Chinese piece with a square hole in the center. In negotiable tender the money came in all to eight francs.

It takes more money than that to feed twelve hungry soldiers these days in France. But there was no harm in trying. So an ex-seminarian, an ex-bookkeeper and an ex-street-car conductor aided Sergeant Reilly in explaining in French that had both a brogue and a Yankee twang that we were hungry, that this was all the money we had in the world, and that we wanted her to cook us something to eat.

Now Madame was what they call in New England a "capable" woman. In a jiffy she had the money in Solange's hand and had that admirable child cloaked and wooden-shod for the street, and fully informed as to what she was to buy. What Madame and the children had intended to have for supper I do not know, for there was nothing in the kitchen but the fire, the stove, the table, some shelves of dishes and an enormous bed. Nothing in the way of a food cupboard could be seen. And the only other room of the house was the bare attic.

When Solange came back she carried in a basket bigger than herself these articles: 1, two loaves of war-bread; 2, five bottles of red wine; 3, three cheeses; 4, numerous potatoes; 5, a lump of fat; 6, a bag of coffee. The whole represented, as was afterward demonstrated, exactly the sum of ten francs, fifty centimes.

Well, we all set to work peeling potatoes. Then, with a veritable French trench-knife Madame cut the potatoes into long strips. Meanwhile Solange had put the lump of fat into the big black pot that hung by a chain over the fire. In the boiling grease the potatoes were placed, Madame standing by with a big ladle punched full of holes (I regret that I do not know the technical name for this instrument) and keeping the potato-strips swimming, zealously frustrating any attempt on their part to lie lazily at the bottom of the pot.

We forgot all about the hike as we sat at supper that evening. The only absentees were the two little boys, Michel and Paul. And they were really absent only from our board—they were in the room, in the great built-in bed that was later to hold also Madame and Solange. Their little bodies were covered by the three-foot thick mattress-like red silk quilt, but their tousled heads protruded and they watched us unblinkingly all the evening.

But just as we sat down, before Sergeant Reilly began his task of dishing out the potatoes and starting the bottles on their way, Madame stopped her chattering and looked at Solange. And Solange stopped her chattering and looked at Madame. And they both looked rather searchingly at us. We didn't know what was the matter, but we felt rather embarrassed.

Then Madame began to talk, slowly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and loudly, as one talks to make foreigners understand. And the gist of her remarks was that she was surprised to see that American Catholics did not say grace before eating, like French Catholics.

We sprang to our feet at once. But it was not Sergeant Reilly who saved the situation. Instead, the ex-seminarian (he is only temporarily an ex-seminarian, he'll be preaching missions and giving retreats yet if a bit of shrapnel doesn't hasten his journey to Heaven) said, after we had blessed ourselves: "Benedicite: nos et quae sumus sumpturi benedicat Deus, Pater et Filius et Spiritus Sanctus. Amen."

Madame and Solange, obviously relieved, joined us in the Amen, and we sat down again to eat.

It was a memorable feast. There was not much conversation—except on the part of Madame and Solange—but there was plenty of good cheer. Also there was enough cheese and bread and wine and potatoes for all of us—half-starved as we were when we sat down. Even big Considine, who drains a can of condensed milk at a gulp and has been known to eat an apple pie without stopping to take breath, was satisfied. There were toasts, also, all proposed by Sergeant Reilly—toasts to Madame, and to the children, and to France, and to the United States, and to the Old Grey Mare (this last toast having an esoteric significance apparent only to *illuminati* of Sergeant Reilly's circle).

The table cleared and the "agimus tibi gratias" duly said, we sat before the fire, most of us on the floor. We were warm and happy and full of good food and good wine. I spied a slip of paper on the floor by Solange's foot and unashamedly read it. It was an accounting for the evening's expenditures—totaling exactly ten francs and fifty centimes.

Now when soldiers are unhappy—during a long, hard hike, for instance—they sing to keep up their spirits. And when they are happy, as on the evening now under consideration, they sing to express their satisfaction with life. We sang "Sweet Rosie O'Grady". We shook the kitchen-bedroom with the echoes of "Take Me Back to New York Town". We informed Madame, Solange, Paul, Michel, in fact, the whole village, that we had never been a wanderer and that we longed for our Indiana home. We grew sentimental over "Mother Machree". And Sergeant Reilly obliged with a reel—in his socks—to an accompaniment of whistling and hand-clapping.

Now, it was our hostess's turn to entertain. We intimated as much. She responded, first by much talk, much consultation with Solange, and finally by going to one of the shelves that held the pans and taking down some paper-covered books.

There was more consultation, whispered this time, and much turning of pages. Then, after some preliminary coughing and humming, the music began—the woman's rich alto blending with the child's shrill but sweet notes. And what they sang was "Tantum ergo Sacramentum."

Why she should have thought that an appropriate song to offer this company of rough soldiers from a distant land I do not know. And why we found it appropriate it is harder still to say. But it did seem appropriate to all of us—to Sergeant Reilly, to Jim (who used to drive a truck), to Larry (who sold cigars), to Frank (who tended a bar on Fourteenth Street). It seemed, for some reason, eminently fitting. Not one of us then or later expressed any surprise that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this hymn, familiar to most of us since our mothers first led us to the parish church down the pavements of New York or across the Irish hills, should be sung to us in this strange land and in these strange circumstances.

Since the gracious Latin of the Church was in order and since the season was appropriate, one of us suggested "Adeste Fideles" for the next item on the evening's program. Madame and Solange and our ex-seminarian knew all the words and the rest of us came in strong with "Venite, adoremus Dominum."

Then, as if to show that piety and mirth may live together, the ladies obliged with "Au Clair de la Lune" and other simple ballads of old France. And after taps had sounded in the street outside our door, and there was yawning, and wrist-watches were being scanned, the evening's entertainment ended, by general consent, with patriotic selections. We sang—as best we could—"The Star Spangled Banner", Solange and her mother humming the air and applauding at the conclusion. Then we attempted "La Marseillaise". Of course we did not know the words. Solange came to our rescue with two little pamphlets containing the song, so we looked over each others shoulders and got to work in earnest. Madame sang with us, and Solange. But during the final stanza Madame did not sing. She leaned against the great family bedstead and looked at us. She had taken one of the babies from under the red comforter and held him to her breast. One of her red and toil-scarred hands half covered his fat little back. There was a gentle dignity about that plain, hard-working woman, that soldier's widow—we all felt it. And some of us saw the tears in her eyes.

There are mists, faint and beautiful and unchanging, that hang over the green slopes of some mountains I know. I have seen them on the Irish hills and I have seen them on the hills of France. I think that they are made of the tears of good brave women.

Before I went to sleep that night I exchanged a few words with Sergeant Reilly. We lay side by side on the floor, now piled with straw. Blankets, shelter-halves, slickers and overcoats insured warm sleep. Sergeant Reilly's hard old face was wrapped round with his muffler. The final cigarette of the day burned lazily in a corner of his mouth.

"That was a pretty good evening, Sarge," I said. "We sure were in luck when we struck this billet."

He grunted affirmatively, then puffed in silence for a few minutes. Then he deftly spat the cigarette into a strawless portion of the floor, where it glowed for a few seconds before it went out.

"You said it," he remarked. "We were in luck is right. What do you know about that lady, anyway?"

"Why," I answered, "I thought she treated us pretty white."

"Joe," said Sergeant Reilly, "do you realize how much trouble that woman took to make this bunch of roughnecks comfortable? She didn't make a damn cent on that feed you know. The kid spent all the money we give her. And she's out about six francs for firewood, too—I wish to God I had the money to pay her. I bet she'll go cold for a week now, and hungry, too.

"And that ain't all," he continued, after a pause broken only by an occasional snore from our blissful neighbors. "Look at the way she cooked them pomme de terres and fixed things up for us and let us sit down there

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with her like we was her family. And look at the way she and the little Sallie there sung for us.

"I tell you, Joe, it makes me think of old times to hear a woman sing them Church hymns to me that way. It's forty years since I heard a hymn sung in a kitchen, and it was my mother, God rest her, that sang them. I sort of realize what we're fighting for now, and I never did before. It's for women like that and their kids.

"It gave me a turn to see her a-sitting there singing them hymns. I remembered when I was a boy in Shangolden. I wonder if there's many women like that in France now—telling their beads and singing the old hymns and treating poor traveling men the way she's just after treating us. There used to be lots of women like that in the Old Country. And I think that's why it was called 'Holy Ireland'."

WAR SONGS

BY JOYCE KILMER

I—Water-Color

Pushing my way through the chattering throng of my brown-clad mates to the rail of the troop-ship, I look at still water, greasy and opaque. A touch of sunlight makes it splendid with rainbows, a great prismatic expanse, beautiful, more beautiful than clear water could be. Broken oars shatter the rainbow, bringing a black, clumsy rowboat close to our ship's side. Around the black boat the rainbow settles. The rower rests his oars and lifts graceful entreating arms. He wears pale blue overalls. In the stern of his boat is a little girl in a cardinal cloak. On her head is one of the caps that make the French sailors look so gay and gentle, a flat, round, blue thing with a red pompom. She claps her hands when cooks lean through the portholes and throw loaves of bread to her father.

II—Breakfast

I may breakfast in either of two ways. I may, as I pass a steaming field-kitchen, hold out by its long handle a shining aluminum basin. John Wilkert will put into it a big ladleful of rice, and Leo Maher will pour golden syrup over it. Also, before I leave the line I shall have three long strips of broiled bacon and two thick slices of white bread, and a canteen cup full of hot, sweet coffee. The breakfast-room is a meadow or the roadside across from the barracks. There is good company, hungry and mirthful. And over our heads noisy battalions of crows maneuver, advancing, retreating, hoarsely shouting down to us news of what awaits us beyond the frozen hills.

Or I may go to the House by the Fountain. Pierre's *permission* is over, so he will not come in from the stable to smoke my tobacco and tell me of life and death in the trenches. *Grandpère* sits by the fire, now and then blowing it to flame by forcing his scant old breath upon it through a long hollow tube, and toasting for me a thick slice of war-bread. Madame superintends the heating of the big iron pot of this morning's milk

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the three-legged pot of coffee. Now my bowl—a little precious sugar in the bottom—is filled with hot milk. Madame deftly pours black coffee into it, and it becomes richly brown. I break my toast into it and eat eagerly—more eagerly than does demure little Francine, who sits opposite me, her schoolbooks beside her on the bench. She has large innocent brown eyes like her father's. Her hands are so tiny that I am surprised at her dexterity with the large pewter spoon. I am afraid that if I stare at her I shall embarrass her and make her spill *café au lait* on her immaculate pinafore. On the great stone mantel over the fire are a spent seventy-five millimetre shell curiously engraved with wreaths of roses, a pink china pig and a brass crucifix. A bugle sounds by the barracks. I give Madame her half-franc. I take my belt and rifle. "Bon jour, Monsieur," says Madame, "A demain!" Some day instead of "à demain" they will say "au revoir".

III—Mirage du Cantonment

Many laughing ladies, leisurely and wise,
Low rich voice, delicate gay cries,
Tea in fragile china cups, ices, macaroons,
Sheraton and Heppelwhite and old thin spoons,
Rather dim paintings on very high walls,
Windows showing lawns whereon the sunlight falls,
Pink and silver gardens and broad kind trees,
And fountains scattering rainbows at the whim of a breeze,
Fragrance, mirth and gentleness, a Summer day
In a world that has forgotten everything but play.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE INSTITUTE OF FRANCE

BY FRANCES WILSON HUARD

In recently conferring her highest honor upon the President of the United States by making him a member of the Academy of Moral and Political Science, France has once again drawn the attention of the American public to one of her oldest and most far-famed instituions.

Not that Americans have been strangers in the Mazarin Palace: Theodore Roosevelt; the philosopher, Charles Eliot; the psychologist, James Mark Baldwin; Edward Charles Pickering, the astronomer; Albert Michelson, the scientist; as well as Whitney Warren, the architect, and Paul Bartlett, the sculptor, have each in turn been admitted to the bosom of one or the other of the Academies. But this in times when the bond of sympathy, now so gloriously sealed in blood, was little save a political and commercial demonstration, when indeed it was not left to the tender mercies of the globe-trotter.

Ever since the summer of 1914 the rising temperature of public sentiment in this country has been accompanied not only by the gradual development of national ideals, but by a genuine interest in the fundamental organizations of the sister republic. Light, more light, has been sought upon subjects which seemed reserved but for certain classes of individuals, and the national curiosity has only been exceeded by the generosity with which new ideas have been accepted, the swiftness with which heretofore "foreign" customs have been assimilated.

It were rather in response to this national craving that we have sought to give a comprehensive sketch of that French Academy of which Woodrow Wilson is the newest foreign member.

The Institute is the foremost scientific society of France. It is a state institution, but rejoices in an independence absolutely exempt from political influence. It comprises five Academies which are in the order of its year book: L'Académie Française; L'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-lettres; L'Académie des Sciences; L'Académie des Beaux-Arts; L'Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques.

Some of the five Academies already existed separately before 1789, but the revolution, suspecting them of aristocratic leanings, did away with them on August 8, 1793. They were re-established in principle by the constitution of the year III (September 1795). Article 298 of this constitution prescribed: "There shall be for the entire Republic one National Institute charged with collecting the discoveries and perfecting the arts and sciences."

By the law of 3rd Brumaire of the year IV (October 23, 1796), which was the real charter for its foundations, this institute was made up of three classes: First Class: Physical and Mathematical Sciences; Second Class: Moral and Political Sciences; Third Class: Literature and Fine Arts.

A decree of Bonaparte, January 23.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1803, modified it by doing away with the second class, the class of the "ideologists" which the First Consul considered useless and dangerous. Its members were divided between the Second and Third Classes of the new organization which was composed as follows: First Class: Physical and Mathematical Sciences; Second Class: French Language and Literature; Third Class: Ancient History and Literature; Fourth Class: Fine Arts.

Upon the return of the Bourbons in 1816 a royal decree gave back the name Academy to the classes of the Institute, but without changing the existing plan.

Finally in 1832, Louis-Philippe re-established under the name of "Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques" the class of the "ideologists" discontinued by Napoleon. This brought the number of the Academies up to five again, and it has not been changed since.

"Some countries", writes Renan, "have Academies which may rival ours in the names of the men that compose them and in the importance of their work. But only France possesses an Institute in which all the efforts of the human mind are, as it were, bound together into a sheaf; where the poet, the philosopher, the historian, the critic, the mathematician, the physician, the astronomer, the naturalist, the economist, the jurist, the sculptor, the painter, the musician may be called fellows."

The Institute gains its members by election and in its present form numbers 229 ordinary members; 40 free members (not appointed and not enjoying all the prerogatives of the ordinary members); 6 non-resident members, created in 1913 and restricted to the Académie des Sciences; 42 foreign Associate Members; and 296 correspondents, either natives or foreigners.

The members of the Academies, called *Académiciens*, make or receive communications, publish works, allot subsidies and act as patrons of foundations, judge competitions and award prizes.

The Institute, that is, the five Academies collectively, holds a formal public session every three months. Similarly, each one of the Academies holds a formal session annually, and an ordinary session weekly.

The administration of the Institute is in the hands of a Central Commission composed of delegates of the five Academies. Each Academy is directed by a president and one vice-president, elected annually, and by a permanent secretary, who is its real head. The Academy of Sciences has two permanent secretaries, one for the physical science department, one for the mathematical sciences.

After having been located in the Louvre until 1806, the Institute at present occupies the ancient "College of the Four Nations", founded by Mazarin and situated on the Quai de Conti, facing the Pont des Arts. Under the dome of the Chapelle Mazarine the formal sessions are held, and eagerly attended by the world of science and art.

The costume of the members originated in 1801. It consists of a long-tailed, black, broad-cloth coat embellished with embroidery of green palms; black trousers; a bicorn hat ornamented with black ostrich feathers—resembling in shape that of the American admiral; and a sword.

The Academicians receive a fixed salary of 1200 francs (about $240 dollars) increased by presence-counters, the amounts of which vary, between two hundred and thirty and three

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hundred francs—according to the number of members present at the session. The permanent secretaries draw besides the presence-counters, a fixed annual salary of 6,000 francs, and four among them are given apartments in the Palace, free from rent.

The Academicians may belong to more than one of the Academies at the same time and the supreme honor for them is to belong to the Académie Française, the most ancient and most illustrious of all.

The Académie Française dates back to the reign of Louis XIII who founded it at the suggestion of Cardinal de Richelieu, by letters patent of January 2, 1635. At first it was simply the reunion of fine minds who had set themselves the task of working for the purity of the language, of purging it of corruptions which had crept in through bad usage, of making it a vehicle of the highest eloquence. The Academy's principal work is the compilation of a dictionary of the French tongue, the first edition of which is dated 1694, the seventh 1877, the eighth being in process of compilation.

The Académie Française is composed of forty members, whose president bears the title of *Directeur*, the vice-president being called the *Chancelier*. It has no free members, associate foreign members, or correspondents, and it holds its weekly sessions each Thursday afternoon.

The way in which one becomes a member of the Académie Française has differed very little in the last three centuries. Let us suppose the case of a writer who has attained a certain classical reputation with the French literary public. It soon becomes known in various literary circles that he is a would-be candidate for an empty chair beneath the dome of the Institute. The matter is taken up and discussed in the *salons* and literary gatherings. The author must use his judgment in deciding what are his chances of election. When he has determined that the situation is favorable, he sends in his application and then must needs make a visit to each of the living "Immortals" (for so they are called), to solicit his vote in the election, and to state which vacancy he seeks to fill.

Though there is no written law forcing the Academy to select a certain number of members from each of the liberal careers, the general rule is to adhere as closely as possible to the original plan adopted at the founding of the Institution. This allows a proportionate number of noblemen, prelates, soldiers, statesmen, barristers and political men, aside from those purely devoted to the literary career.

In recent years the bar has been represented by President Poincaré; the nobility by Monsieur d'Haussonville; the church by Monseigneur Duchesne; politics by Monsieur Louis Barthou; and the army but very lately by Maréchal Joffre.

When one's candidacy has been formally accepted, one becomes a member of the Academy, after a majority vote. Then follows the formal reception upon which occasion the new member, clothed in his uniform and presented by his two sponsor-academicians, must deliver a eulogy upon the man, now deceased, whose chair he is about to fill.

This is called a solemn session, at which all the "Immortals" are present in uniform, as well as those persons who have been fortunate enough to obtain an admission card. Invitations are extremely limited, difficult to obtain, and in consequence much

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prized by all the friends of the new Academician, by members of the fashionable world and the literary circles, for certain of whom a *Reception à l'Académie* is often more than a social event.

After the new "Immortal" has delivered his address, a confrère, designated in advance, rises and in a carefully prepared speech proceeds to review, let us say, the literary career of the newest member. Wit and words here shine and sparkle, sometimes taking the form of a eulogy; at others that of delicate irony, and in some instances of open criticism; all of which provides a truly delectable *séance* for the intellectual gathering. This terminates the ceremony, and the new member is formally received among his fellows, only relinquishing his place at death.

The Academy holds an annual public session at which prizes for competitions are solemnly awarded. The *Prix de Vertu* are naturally the most coveted. It would require pages to give the names of the most illustrious members of the Académie Française, so let us cite in passing those of Richelieu, who may be virtually considered its founder, Corneille, Voltaire, Chateaubriand, de Vigny, Hugo, Dumas, and Taine.

The Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-lettres dates back to 1663. It was established by Louis XIV and Colbert, and at first its principal function was to compose inscriptions for monuments and medals celebrating the glories of the King and of France.

The field of its labors gradually became more extensive and at present its activities are exercised in all realms of learning: the antiquity of France; the history of the Middle Ages; the archæology and language of Assyria, Greece, Rome, America, the Orient, the Far East, and even of the pre-historic periods. Its publications are numerous and form famous collections, among which may be counted the "Memoranda" and "Reports" of its sessions, as well as the continuation of the great works of learning undertaken by the Benedictine Monks in the eighteenth century. Under its high patronage are most of the great historic and archæological foundations, the French Schools of Athens and of Rome, the Ecole des Chartes, the Ecole des Langues Orientales and the Ecole Française d'Extrême Orient. It is made up of 40 ordinary members, 10 free members, 12 foreign associates, 40 foreign correspondents and 30 French correspondents. Its weekly sessions are held Fridays at three-thirty.

Among the illustrious scientists of this Academy, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, may be cited: Racine and Boileau, who also belonged to the Académie Française and were the King's historians, Count Chesterfield, Cardinal de Bernis, and Turgot. During the nineteenth century, Guizot, the famous Renan, the Hellenist Burnouf and the Americanist Berger de Xivray.

The Académie des Sciences, too, was a creation of Louis XIV and Colbert, who, in 1666, granted official investiture to periodic assemblies which, towards the mid-seventeenth century brought together scientists like Hobbes, Descartes and Pascal. The Académie des Sciences at present is divided into two departments: Mathematical Sciences and Physical Sciences. Each has its own permanent secretary.

These departments comprise eleven sections: Geometry, Mechanics, Astronomy, Geography and Navigation,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

General Physics, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Botany, Agricultural Economy, Anatomy and Zoology, Medicine and Surgery. The Academy of Sciences numbers: 68 regular members, 10 free members, 6 non-resident members, 12 foreign associates, 116 correspondents, either native or foreigners.

Among its numerous publications there are the "Memoranda" and "Reports" of its sessions. The Academy patronizes the great scientific establishments, like the Collège de France, the Ecole Polytechnique, the Ecole Nationale Supérieure, the Observatoire, the Bureau des Longitudes. Many illustrious scientists were members of this Academy. Under the ancient régime: Leibnitz, Vauban, Condorcet, Benjamin Franklin. And after 1795, Ampère, Monge, Montgolfier, Pasteur, Milne Edwards, and Claude Bernard.

The Académie des Beaux-Arts is the inheritor of three Academies of the ancient régime, namely: The Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture, organized in 1648 by Louis XIV and Colbert; The Royal Academy of Architecture founded in 1671; and The Royal Academy of Music founded in 1669.

The members of the Académie des Beaux-Arts devote their meetings either to the reading of memoranda, to the examining of works of art and of artistic processes, or to the editing of a general dictionary of fine arts. The Académie de France at Rome (in the Villa Medici) and the Ecole Nationale des Beaux-Arts come beneath its jurisdiction.

No American who has ever spent a winter in Paris pursuing his studies, little matter what the branch, has been insensible to the thrill which runs through the *Quartier* the day that the painters, sculptors and musicians, pupils of this national academy, and competing for the *Prix de Rome,* are cloistered for the eventful three weeks during which time they hope to produce their *chef d'œuvre. Monter en loge,* this is called. Isolated from all mankind, the given theme and proper materials in hand, they muster every effort to obtain the coveted prize, which will permit three years' residence and tuition at the Villa Medici at Rome.

The time-limit having expired, the Académie des Beaux-Arts selects its jury who pass judgment, and at its annual public session the cantatas of the crowned musicians are heard, while a day or so later the painting and sculpture are put on public exhibition in one of the Beaux-Art Galleries, situated on the Quai Malaquais. It might be here noted that the institution of the annual *salons* harks back to the ancient Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture.

The Académie des Beaux-Arts numbers 41 regular members, 10 free members, 10 foreign associates, and 50 French and foreign corresponding members. It is divided into five sections: Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Engraving, and Musical Composition. It used to form a part of the Third Class of the Institute in 1795 and at that period had a department of declamation, which no longer exists today. On the other hand, Engraving was not represented in it until its reorganization in 1803. Among its most celebrated members under the old régime were the painters Lebrun, Mignard, Nattier, Pater and Greuze; the architects, Gabriel and Mansart; Houdon, the sculptor; Lulli the musician. And since the revolution of 1789 to the present day, the painters David, Ingres, Delacroix, Meissonier; the sculptor Falguière;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the musicians Cherubini, Halévy, Berlioz and Gounod; the architect Garnier. Among the foreign members one finds such names as Haydn, Rossini, Verdi and Thorwaldsen.

With regard to the Academy of Painting it must be said in all justice that membership does not necessarily imply perfection and popularity. Ever since 1860 the revolution in the world of art has spread with such rapidity, that among the celebrated painters of our time academic teaching is regarded as somewhat out of date. Such men as Corot, Millet and Rousseau of the Barbizan School, together with Courbet, Manet and Fantin Latour, all reached an artistic zenith without setting foot inside the Academy; while among the sculptors, Rodin may also be classed as independent.

But, strange as it may seem, Claude Debussy, who is regarded as the original musical revolutionist, completely unfettered by classicism, was one of the most promising *Prix de Rome.*

The Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques, which is the youngest of the Academies, had its inception in the class of moral and political science, the Second Class of the Institute as organized in 1795. In 1803 it was abolished by Bonaparte, then First Consul, who had no love for the gatherings of "ideologists". The members were distributed among the other classes of the Institute.

Louis XVIII did not re-establish this Academy in 1816, and it was not until the decree of October 26, 1832, that Louis-Philippe called it back into existence with the name of Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques. It is of this Academy that President Wilson was recently elected member.

Among other works it publishes "Memoranda" and "Records" and continues the collection of the "Decrees" of the Kings of France started by the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-léttres. Its membership consists of 40 regular members, 10 free members, 8 foreign associates, 60 French and foreign corresponding members, and is divided into five sections: Philosophy, Morals, Legislation, Statistics and Finances, General and Philosophic History.

The wealth of the Institute is frequently spoken of, but in reality it is poor. If it seems to be lavish, it is because of the treasures given it of which it keeps nothing for itself. Its annual revenue amounts to about 2,690,000 francs, a bit over half a million dollars. The state budget contributes 690,300 francs of this, 585,000 francs going to the work and salaries of the Academicians; 85,300 francs to the administration and the library; and 20,000 francs to rewards and prizes called the Prizes of the Budget. But the most important of its revenues, 2,000,000 francs, comes from endowments. These endowments, or foundations, are numerous and various. Some belong to one particular Academy, others to the Institute in general, others to several Academies in turn. The stipends they bestow are sometimes annual, sometimes they accrue every two, three or even five and ten years.

Among those which have a more particularly moral purpose are the Montyon endowments, the best known of which (19,000 francs—about 3,800 dollars) makes up the *Prix de Vertu* awarded by the Académie Française. One of these prizes was some time past awarded to a poor working man who had refused a legacy in order not to impoverish the testator's family. This endowment dates back to 1782. The example of Montyon was followed by others and the Académie Française

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

awards each year numerous prizes of the same sort, for instance: the *Prix Camille Favre* (13,500 francs) to reward filial devotion; the *Fondation Etienne Lamy* (25,000 francs) for large families.

The Académie des Sciences Morales disposes of the *Prix Audiffred*: one (10,000 francs) for the printed work which is "best suited to inculcate the love of morality and virtue and to restrain selfishness and envy, or to foster knowledge and love of country"; and the other (15,000 francs) rewards "the finest and greatest devotion of any kind whatsoever". The *Fondation Carnot* is intended to give each year aid to the amount of 200 francs to 101 widows of workmen left with dependent children.

Among the literary endowments are: the *Prix Gobert* (10,000 francs) for the most eloquent work on French history; the *Prix Archon Desperousses* (2,500 francs) for poetical works; the *Prix Marcelin Guérin* of 5,000 francs to reward the works most honoring France; the *Prix Emile Augier* (5,000 francs) for dramatic works; the *Prix Marmier* (850 francs) to be given to an author in financial difficulties; the *Grand Prix de Littérature* (10,000 francs) to reward a poet or prose writer, either for a work or for several works of lofty inspiration and of remarkable merit; the *Prix du Roman,* or novel prize, of 5,000 francs; the *Grand Prix Broquette Genin* (10,000 francs), the reward for a philosophical, political or literary work which inspires the love of truth, beauty and goodness.

Among the several endowments of purely historical or archæological character are: the *Prix des Antiquités de la France* (3,000 francs); the *Fondation Dourlans* (43,000 francs) in favor of studies engaged in by the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-léttres; the *Prix Lefevre Deumier* (20,000 francs) for a work on mythology, philosophy or comparative religion; the *Prix Loubat* (3,000 francs) for American studies. Finally should be mentioned the *Prix Pierre Gusman* of 100,000 francs which is to be given "without regard for nationality to anyone who shall find the means of communicating with a planet —that is to say, to signal a planet and to receive a response to that signal". The foundress of this prize has excluded the planet Mars, "which appears to be sufficiently well known".

Among the artistic endowments are: that of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild (12,000 francs) for the encouragement of the works of an artist of merit, or for the reward of an artistic career. The *Fondation Pinette* (12,000 francs) is awarded to the musical students of the Académie de France at Rome at the expiration of their term, and the *Fondation Jules Henner* goes to the students of painting at the same Academy.

This long list, although most incomplete, shows the multiplicity of the academic endowments. The Institute, however, does not accept all the gifts offered to it, and refuses donations which imply conditions that cannot be carried out, or which lie beyond the province of the Academies. Such difficulties beset the Esperonnier bequest, which during the entire summer of 1909 gave the yellow journalists wonderful material for their columns. "Did M. Esperonnier wish to reward a halfway-fallen and rehabilitated woman, or an entirely fallen, half-rehabilitated one? Was the Academy right in not accepting the bequest?" Everybody's opinion was asked, and everybody answered, without knowing what it was all about.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The fortune of the Institute is managed by a Central Administrative Commission, composed of delegates of the various Academies. The income from the sums entrusted to it is used entirely for the purposes indicated by the givers and with such scrupulousness that the Institute does not even retain for itself the expenses of the administration which this management costs it. Consequently the more wealth it distributes, the poorer it is.

It has not been possible for the Institute to remain indifferent to the present war. Its members have redoubled their activities and have devoted themselves more particularly to works of helpfulness and propaganda. Of their awards they have allotted largely to the dead and living heroes.

The *Prix Audiffred* for 1916 was divided equally between Madame Macherez and Mademoiselle Sellier, in appreciation of their undaunted heroism during the invasion and bombardment of Soissons; while the *Prix Montyon* for the same year was awarded to a young gunner, Paul Lintier, since killed, for his wonderful book of reminiscences, called "Ma Pièce". As a delicate attention the Institute has elected King Victor Emmanuel II of Italy a member of the Académie des Inscriptions, because of his well-known works on numismatics; while the Académie des Beaux-Arts has elected the Queen of Roumania a member.

On the other hand, in rebuke of Austro-German vandalism, the Institute has banished those of her members who joined in the odious "Manifesto of the German Intellectuals". As in 1870, war has not interrupted the sessions of the illustrious assembly, and has merely deferred the elections to the vacant seats. And it has afforded the Institute the opportunity to express the gratitude of the French people by receiving enthusiastically the Victor of the Marne, Maréchal Joffre.

Thus it will be seen that while great gifts are within its power of bestowal, the real resources of the Institute for its own maintenance are very meagre. The green velvet armchairs on which sit the President and his associates, it was only possible to reupholster in 1905. They had not been done over since Charles X, and M. Paul Deschanel, when he delivered his address on the *Prix de Vertu* had to sit down on the white covering. But what matters poverty? The Minerva of the steel helmet, which serves as a symbol of the Institute of France, preserves its impassive serenity throughout the years. She is well aware that she keeps her rank in modern civilization, and that the eyes of the world are upon her. If her prestige is not tarnished, if it shines with even greater brilliance, it is because her gaze is constantly turned toward the ideal, and because in emptying the horn of plenty which has been entrusted to her, she scorns for herself vulgar advantages, and most particularly money.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOOTLIGHT WARFARE IN GERMANY

BY D. THOMAS CURTIN

Since my return to America I have seen some war plays in which the villain's rôle usually falls to the Kaiser or some of his subjects.

It may be interesting and instructive to take a peep at the other side. The Germans are a theater-going race. During the war their government has not only refrained from interfering with public amusements but has fostered them. In France and Italy, war-time restaurants and cafés are, for the most part, establishments solely for the replenishment of the interior. In Germany, on the other hand, there has been no diminution of music.

German theaters have flourished during war-time. To such an extent do the authorities believe in fostering good spirit among the food-ticketed stay-at-homes, that they have exempted the majority of actors. The opera in Berlin, Vienna, Dresden, and other centers has been given as in peace, as have also the standard German dramas of Lessing, Schiller, Goethe and Sudermann.

Shakespeare continues to be played far more in Germany than in England. It is the one product bearing the English hall-mark against which the German has not raged. Indeed, many Germans refer to the immortal bard as *unser Shakespeare*. Just as some German professors have devoted genealogical treatises to prove that Christ is a German, so do some of their fellow miracle-men seriously claim Shakespeare as German because "only the Germans fully appreciate him", and therefore he and the spirit of Germany are one. In fact, Herr Doktor Hermann Scheffauer has written at length to show that Shakespeare's soul, "disgusted with England's mercenary warfare", has moved from Stratford to Weimar. Give the German professor a gullible public, and he will prove anything. That is why it is so easy for him—at home—to demonstrate that Germany had the war wished upon her by a jealous world.

I saw my first German war play in December, 1914. It bore the strikingly significant title of "Wir Barbaren" (We Barbarians), and was given all over Germany. It was a comedy with music, dealing, as its ironic title indicates, with the charges preferred against Germany by her enemies that she is conducting operations in a manner that would delight the heart of Attila.

When I attended the piece in Frankfort, the immense Circus Schumann, seating 4,000 people, was packed.

The action opens on July 31, 1914, a time fixed by the author, Herr Fritz Odemar, as the date when his typical Berlin family is roused from the comfort of the breakfast table by the news that "all" the Fatherland's foes have simultaneously and treacherously declared war upon her.

Leitmotif: "German Unity". Father, mother, daughter, son, daughter's sweetheart, house-porter, postman, cook—everybody in fact is aflame with fiery patriotism. "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles!" is wafted through the windows from the street,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the accompaniment of the tramp of marching crowds. The mother, in bad English which she proceeds to air—a typical touch—exclaims: "Zie English gentlemens—can it be?" Her menfolk stand and snarl in rage and repeat in accents of scorn, "Zie gentlemens!" There are grandiloquent apotheoses of the might and right of the German Fatherland, and the curtain falls upon an impromptu chorus by everybody in the scene—"Die Wacht am Rhein". It is now the audience's cue to play its part. It has mastered its lines perfectly, and the amphitheater rings promptly with as hearty an outburst of cheers as one would hear on an American football field.

The second act develops a delightfully ideal German family scene, and emphasizes the lofty sentiments which fire both the men who are leaving for the front and the women patriots who are remaining behind to knit and nurse. The curtain has hardly dropped when there is a rush of usher-waiters down the aisles carrying huge trays covered wih steins of beer—a little *entr'acte* which happily transfers some of the idealism to the audience's side of the footlights.

Act III finds us behind an extremely realistic trench on the fighting line in Belgium. It is the great act which won for the author the Kaiser's recognition for valuable services rendered on the home front.

The sufferings of the troops—it is already winter—are depicted, and particularly the light-hearted humor with which they are borne. There are more home touches when the field-postman arrives with letters. As a people, the theater-going Germans can get more for their money in the way of sentiment and emotion than can any other people. Hence, there are audible sobs when the letters are given out. A parcel of newspapers is there for the company in the trench. A sergeant eagerly surrounded by the men reads aloud: "Russians Defeated by von Hindenburg." (Audience explodes, shrieking, "Hoch, Hindenburg! Napoleon von Hindenburg! Hoch!") The sergeant continues: "Belgrade Fallen!" (More vociferous cheers, this time for Austria.) "Belgium Crushed!" (Sighs of satisfaction and relief.)

A rush in the wings toward which the soldiers look—somebody is coming, and the audience holds its expectant breath. A French soldier enters, bright in historic red trousers and cap. A disgustingly pitiable object, shuddering with terror of anticipated brutal treatment, he throws himself on the ground and crawls up to the strutting Prussian captain, bleating incessantly, "Spare my life! Spare my life!" Prussian captain, magnanimity personified, motions that the prisoner be led off, warmed up, and fed. Audience indulges in smiles, nudges, nods and hand-clappings, indicating pride in German strength and humanitarianism. Who said "barbarians"?

The night grows colder, and the Germans button their greatcoats. Presently the French prisoner is again seen, devouring ravenously a huge hunk of rye bread—he has not eaten for days. Poor fellow! he has no greatcoat to button about him. He shivers visibly. A German soldier moves into a position sufficiently conspicuous to attract the spectators' attention to the fact that he is looking at the cold, shaking enemy. The audience scarcely breathes as he begins to unbutton his coat and slowly subtracts his arms from the warm sleeves. Good Heavens! Is he going to give it to the Frenchman? The suspense

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heightens as he proffers it to the amazed prisoner who, after accepting it, goes to a corner and lies down to sleep.

Then comes an example—one of thousands I have witnessed—of the highly developed German characteristic of overdoing. Another soldier removes his coat, tiptoes to the figure in the corner so as not to wake him up, and carefully places the garment, blanket-like, upon him. Another does likewise, and then another, until eight of them, after piling their coats on the slumbering *poilu,* move to the opposite corner of the stage to shiver *en bloc.*

When the Germans set out to prove anything they believe in going the limit. The audience is taking it all seriously. Dry eyes are now the exception. Who said "barbarians"? Who called us "Huns"? The act closes with an *unter-offizier* singing a ten-stanza song on the theme that the Germans are not barbarians, with the chorus at the end of each verse concluding: "Ein Deutscher Held is kein Barbar." (A German Hero is no Barbarian.) This, need I say, brings down the house.

Act IV gives us another scene in the bosom of the Berlin family. Fritz, the son of the household, is at the front; likewise, Karl, the daughter's sweetheart; ditto Hans, the house-porter's offspring. Fräulein is poring over a book of poems of which her lover in the trenches has a duplicate, in "code", so that when they exchange letters each may call attention to the particular page which bears the tender thought in the mind of the one who writes. Then the other turns to it, and the wireless language of love speaks.

Word arrives—a casualty list—that Fritz is wounded, Hans missing. Both fathers give way to anguish. Karl has been wounded, too, and before the final curtain, now about to descend, he and Fritz enter, arms in slings. (In audience, suppressed tears, sobs of joy.) Family reunion, much embracing, weeping, and kissing. The "Heroes of Belgium" then begin to recount their glorious experiences. Finale: "Die Wacht am Rhein" by the assembled company, with audience standing and joining in. Then a parting tornado of *Hochs* and hurrahs, and the usual stampede for the cloak-rooms.

"Das Ausland sollte das Stück nur 'mal sehen!" (Foreign countries should just see this piece) sighs a portly dowager.

It has been a great night. Four thousand Germans are convinced that "we" are *not* "barbarians".

I celebrated Washington's Birthday, 1916, by attending in Berlin a performance of the widely advertised—"Unsere Feinde — Grosses Patriotisches Schauspiel aus der Gegenwart in 4 Akten" (Our Enemies—Great Patriotic Performance of the Present Day in Four Acts). This show delighted Berlin, afternoon and evenings, for a full season.

Act I. On the Isonzo. Italian and Austrian soldiers succeed one another in the early scenes, the former making a uniformly unfavorable impression. An unprepossessing lot, they indulge in such objectionable practices as declaring war on Austria-Hungary, attempting to win the belle of the village by force of arms, and preparing to shoot her father in cold blood. The latter is happily rescued by the Austrians in a finale in which the Italians prove to be such exceedingly bad fighters that they throw away most of their arms while running for safety. The only thing that saves them from pursuit is the musical temperament of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the victorious captain who, in the true manner of a Franz Lehar or Leo Fall operetta hero, picks up a violin and plays out his heart to the beautiful rescued daughter.

Though this Berlin audience enjoyed the waltz, perhaps later in their military after-thoughts, they evolved a possible explanation of why their ally has never proved able to follow through an offensive.

Act II. Winter in the Vosges, with realistic scenes of mountain batteries going into action, troops on skis, and Red Cross dogs sniffing out the wounded. Then there is a deserted stage, save for the fallen, and a French peasant enters to rob the dead. The thumbs in the arena are turned down apparently, however, and the appetite of the onlookers for enemy "cussedness" is not sated until the peasant cuts the throats of the wounded. I was told that in the first performances he had indulged only in robbery, but that the act went very much better after the addition of the murder scene.

Act III. The battle on the Narew. The Cossacks attack the Austro-Hungarian infantry but are as quickly disposed of as in an official report. Only one volley is necessary for these hirsute cavalrymen, and those who do not conveniently slide dead from their horses, are dragged from them, ten-foot lances and all, and forthwith bundled into waiting wagons for early shipment to Germany.

But Russia still disputes the Narew River. The Austro-German force lies concealed as a strong body of Russian infantry enters the arena. The Russians appear businesslike and determined. They are unaware that the enemy is in the vicinity, and consequently press forward with vigor.

"Surrender!" yells the leader of the men in ambush.

The immediate effect of his command is startling. Whereas the performers had, since the very beginning of the first act, appeared to lack teamwork, all the Russians now worked together in amazing unison. Like one man they threw their rifles to the ground, dropped to their knees, and in a flash two Russian hands were stretched rigid and weaponless above each Russian head.

It was clearly the most perfectly rehearsed business in the show, and I laughed.

A young officer beside me frowned. "I don't like it", he said.

"Not a bad idea", I remarked. "The surrender of the Russians without a shot being fired delights the audience and saves ammunition expenses for the management."

"But such things are taken seriously by the stay-at-homes, and they don't realize that we in the army have to fight hard to defeat our enemies. Such representations and newspaper accounts of enemy faint-heartedness will tend to diminish our heroic standing in the public eye."

Act IV. Constantinople and the Golden Horn. The audience cheers as Sultan Mohammed V receives the ambassadors of Germany, Austria-Hungary and Bulgaria. This little demonstration of unity concluded, the heroes of the Emden, headed by Lieutenant von Mücke, march upon the stage, while the audience rises to its feet.

These gone, English, French and Russian prisoners are led on under Turkish guard. From a nearby minaret, sounds the call for evening prayer. The Mohammedans prostrate themselves upon the earth. The Christian prisoners having failed to imitate

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their example, are beaten to the ground, to the deep satisfaction of the audience.

Thus in Berlin is the will of Allah done!

I saw the last of my German war plays in Stuttgart, where I witnessed the famous three-act drama—"In Dollarland". The action took place in New York during 1916. The play hinges upon the mental anguish of a group of Germans cut off from their beloved Fatherland and forced to live among money-grubbing Yankees. Politics enters continually.

On one occasion, one of the characters remarks: "Money will do anything in the United States. It should be a great satisfaction to our good Kaiser to know that he will never have to spill any German blood when dealing with America. He will always be able to buy what he wants over here."

At which Stuttgart breathed more easily and applauded.

The hero has had the terrible misfortune—so feel his parents—to fall in love with the daughter of a wealthy American. To be sure, she has the redeeming quality of having once studied in Germany. She might reform, but they cannot tolerate the father who, like all the rest of his countrymen, cares for nothing but the accumulation of money. This is, of course, particularly obnoxious to a hero whom you generally hear before you see, owing to his habit of bursting forth into idyllic snatches of song; and fifty per cent of whose conversation consists of quotations from classic German and Latin writers.

I reflected that he might have been much more interesting and true to life if he had been mixed up in some sort of bomb-plot, but perhaps the censor would have objected to such realism.

Act III witnesses a tremendous transformation of the objectionable character in the piece—the rich father. His contact with the idealistic colony of Kultur devotees, sets him thinking that there are higher things in life than amassing fortunes. He gives a dinner to the hero and his temperamental coterie in which he denounces his country's unneutral behavior in "making ammunition for the enemies of a peace-loving nation fighting for its existence under its peace-loving Emperor". He then solemnly takes down the picture of President Wilson and uses it to step upon while he puts up a picture of William II.

Stuttgart goes wild.

The same evening the reformed father conveniently discovers that his great-grandparents came from Germany, and that his name of Stone had simply been anglicised. The others could not go to Germany now, but he would do so and would become a naturalized subject of the Kaiser.

I thought that this might be difficult if the German authorities learned of his past as revealed in Acts I and II, for I recalled that Clause 2 of the German naturalization regulations reads—without any intentional humor: *"A certificate of naturalization may be granted to foreigners only when they have led an unblemished life."*

Stuttgart sobbed when he went on to say that he would begin life afresh in the land of his ancestors.

A faraway look came into the eyes of the Germans gathered about him. He could go, for he could still retain his American nationality and cross the seas; but they—oh, the anguish of it all, they must remain behind; for they were Germans.

Then the hero had a bright idea—his first in three acts.

"But father-in-law-to-be," he ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

claims, "you can take us all with you back to our dear Fatherland."

A pause and a hush as the company stares in amazement at the speaker. The dramatic climax has arrived.

"But we are Germans, and the British fleet will not let us cross", all cry in unison.

"But have you forgotten that father-in-law is rich, and that money will buy anything in America? Father-in-law will buy American passports for all of us."

At this, the whole company surge round the hero and embrace him, then raise their glasses and sing, "In der Heimat".

Stuttgart could go to bed happy. Why worry about America? On with the U-boat war!

ON CARRYING A CANE

BY ROBERT CORTES HOLLIDAY

Some people, without doubt, are born with a deep instinct for carrying a cane; some consciously acquire the habit of carrying a cane; and some find themselves in a position where the matter of carrying a cane is thrust upon them.

Canes are carried in all parts of the world, and have been carried—or that which was the forefather of them has been carried—since human history began. Indeed, a very fair account of mankind might be made by writing the story of its canes. And nothing that would readily occur to mind would more eloquently express a civilization than its evident attitude toward canes. Perhaps nothing can more subtly convey the psychology of a man than his feeling about a cane.

The prehistoric ape, we are justified in assuming, struggled upright upon a cane. The cane, so to speak, with which primitive man wooed his bride, defended his life, liberty and pursuit of happiness, and brought down his food, was (like all canes which are in good taste) admirably chosen for the occasion. The spear, the stave, the pilgrim's staff, the sword, the sceptre—always has the cane-carrying animal borne something in his hand. And, down the long vista of the past, the cane, in its various manifestations, has ever been the mark of strength, and so of dignity. Thus as a man originally became a gentleman, or a king, by force of valor, the cane in its evolution has ever been the symbol of a superior caste.

A man cannot do manual labor carrying a cane. And it would be a moral impossibility for one of servile state—a butler, for instance, or a ticket-chopper—to present himself in the rôle of his occupation ornamented with a cane. One held in custody would not be permitted to appear before a magistrate flaunting a cane. Until the stigma which attaches to his position may be erased he would be shorn of this mark of nobility, the cane.

Canes are now carried mostly by the very youthful and the very aged, the powerful, the distinguished, the patrician, the self-important, and those who fancy to exalt themselves.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some, to whom this privilege is denied during the week by their fear of adverse public opinion, carry canes only on Sundays and holidays. By this it is shown that on these days they are their own masters.

Custom as to carrying canes varies widely in different parts of the world; but it may be taken as a general maxim that the farther west you go the less you see of canes. The instinct for carrying a cane is more natural in old civilizations, where the tradition is of ancient growth, than in newer ones, where frequently a cane is regarded as the sign of an effete character. As we have been saying, canes, we all feel, have an affinity with the idea of an aristocracy. If you do not admit that the idea of an aristocracy is a good one, then doubtless you are down on canes. It is interesting to observe that canes have flourished at all especially chivalrous periods and in all especially chivalrous communities. No illustrator would portray a young planter of the Old South without his cane; and that fragrant old-school figure, a southern "Colonel", without his cane is inconceivable. Canes connote more or less leisure. They convey a subtle insinuation of some degree of culture.

They always are a familiar article of a gentleman's dress in warm climates. The cane, quite strictly speaking, in fact has its origin in warm countries. For, properly speaking, the word cane should be restricted in its application to a peculiar class of palms, known as rattans, included under the closely allied genera *Calamus* and *Dæmonorops*, of which there are a large number of species. These plants, the encyclopædia tells us, are found widely extended throughout the islands of the Indian Archipelago, the Malay Peninsula, China, India and Ceylon; and examples have also been found in Australia and Africa. The learned Rumphius describes them, under the name of *Palmijunci*, as inhabitants of dense forests into which the rays of the sun scarce can penetrate, where they form spiny bushes, obstructing the passage through the jungle. They rise to the top of the tallest trees and fall again so as to resemble a great length of cable, adorned, however, with the most beautiful leaves, pinnated or terminating in graceful tendrils. The plants creep or trail along to an enormous length, sometimes, it is said, reaching five hundred feet. Two examples of *Calamus verus*, measuring respectively two hundred and seventy feet and two hundred and thirty feet, were exhibited in the Paris exhibition of 1855.

The well-known Malacca canes are obtained from *Calamus Scipionum*, the stems of which are much stouter than is the case with the average species of *Calamus*. Doubtless to the vulgar a Malacca cane is merely a Malacca cane. There are, however, in this interesting world choice spirits who make a cult of Malacca canes just as some dog fanciers are devotees of the Airedale terrier. Such as these know that inferior Malacca canes are, as the term in the cane trade is, "shaved"; that is, not being of the circumference most coveted, but too thick, they have been whittled down in bulk. A prime Malacca cane is, of course, a natural stem, and it is a nice point to have a slight irregularity in its symmetry as evidence of this. The delicious spotting of a Malacca cane is due to the action of the sun upon it in drying. As the stems are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dried in sheaves, those most richly splotched are the ones that have been at the outside of the bundle. What new strength to meet life's troubles, what electric expansion of soul, comes to the initiated upon the feel of the vertebra of his Malacca cane!

The name of cane is also applied to many plants, beside the *Calamus*, which are possessed of long, slender, reed-like stalks or stems, as, for instance, the sugar-cane, or the reed-cane. From the use as walking-sticks to which many of these plants have been applied, the name cane has been given generally to "sticks" irrespective of the source from which they are derived.

Our distinguished grandfathers carried canes, frequently handsome gold-headed ones, especially if they were ministers, bishops, or "Presiding Elders", when, in those mellow times, it was the custom for a congregation to present its minister with a gold-headed cane duly inscribed. Our fathers of some consequence carried canes of a gentlemanly pattern, often ones with ivory handles. Though in the days when those of us now sometime grown were small, one had to have arrived at the dignity of at least middle-age before it was seemly for one to carry a cane. In England, however, and particularly at Eton, it has long been a common practice for small aristocrats to affect canes.

The dandies, fops, exquisites and beaux of picturesque and courtly ages were of course very partial to canes, and sometimes wore them attached to the wrist by a thong. It has been the custom of the Surgeon of the King of England to carry a "Gold-Headed Cane". This cane has been handed down to the various incumbents of this office since the days of Doctor John Radcliffe, who was the first "holder of the cane". It has been used for two hundred years or more by the greatest physicians and surgeons in the world, who succeeded to it. "The Gold-Headed Cane" was adorned by a cross-bar at the top instead of a knob. The fact is explained by Munk, in that Radcliffe, the first owner, was a rule unto himself and possibly preferred this device as a mark of distinction beyond the knob used by physicians in general.

Men of genius now and then have found in their choice of a cane an opportunity for the play of their eccentricity, such a celebrated cane being the tall wand of Whistler. Among the relics of great men preserved in museums for the inspiration of the people, canes generally are to be found. We have all looked upon the cane of George Washington at Mount Vernon and the walking-stick of Carlyle in Cheyne Walk. And is each not eloquent of the man who cherished it?

Freak canes are displayed here and there by persons of a pleasantly bizarre turn of mind: canes encased in the hide of an elephant's tail, canes that have been intricately carven by some Robinson Crusoe, or canes of various other such species of curiosity. There is a veteran New York journalist who will be glad to show any student of canes one which he prizes highly that was made from the limb of a tree upon which a friend of his was hanged. In our age of handy inventions a type of cane is manufactured in combination with an umbrella.

Canes are among the useful properties of the theater. He would be a decidedly incomplete villain who did not carry a cane. Imaginative lit-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

erature is rich in canes. Who ever heard of a fairy godmother without a cane? Who with any feeling for terror has not been startled by the tap, tap of the cane of old Pew in "Treasure Island"? There is an awe and a pathos in canes, too, for they are the light to blind men. And the romance of canes is further illustrated in this: they, with rags and the wallet, have been among the traditional accouterments of beggars, the insignia of the "dignity springing from the very depth of desolation; as to be naked is to be so much nearer to the being a man, than to go in livery". J. M. Barrie was so fond of an anecdote of a cane that he employed it several times in his earlier fiction. This was the story of a young man who had a cane with a loose knob, which in society he would slyly shake so that it tumbled off, when he would exclaim: "Yes, that cane is like myself; it always loses its head in the presence of ladies."

Canes have figured prominently in humor. The Irishman's *shillalah* was for years a conspicuous feature of the comic press. And there will instantly come to everyone's mind that immortal passage in "Tristram Shandy": Trim is discoursing upon life and death:

" 'Are we not here now,' continued the Corporal (striking the end of his stick perpendicularly upon the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability)—'and are we not'—(dropping his hat upon the ground) 'gone! in a moment!'—'Twas infinitely striking! Susannah burst into a flood of tears."

Canes are not absent from poetry. Into your ears already has come the refrain of "The Last Leaf":

> "And totters o'er the ground,
> With his cane."

And, doubtless, floods of instances of canes that the world will not willingly let die will occur to one upon a moment's reflection.

Canes are inseparable from art. All artists carry them; and the poorer the artist the more attached is he to his cane. Canes are indispensable to the simple vanity of the bohemian. One of the most memorable drawings of Steinlen depicts the quaint soul of a child of the Latin Quarter: an elderly bohemian, very much frayed, advances wreathed in the sunshine of his boutonnière and cane. Canes are invariably an accompaniment of learning. Sylvester Bonnard would of course not be without his cane; nor would any other bookworm, as may be seen any day in the reading-room of the British Museum and of the New York Public Library. It is, indeed, indisputable that canes, more than any other article of dress, are peculiarly related to the mind. There is an old bookseller on Fourth Avenue whose clothes, when he dies, like the boots of Michelangelo, probably will require to be pried loose from him, so incessantly has he worn them within the memory of man. None has ever looked upon him in the open air without his cane. And is not that emblem of omniscience and authority, the schoolmaster's ferrule, directly of the cane family? So large has the cane loomed in the matter of chastisement that the word *cane* has become a verb, *to cane*.

There was (in the days before the war) a military man (friend of mine), a military man of the old school, in whom could be seen, shining like a flame, a man's great love of a cane. He had lived a portion of his life in South America, and he used to promenade every pleasant afternoon up and down the Avenue swinging a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sharply pointed, steel-ferruled swagger-stick. "What's the use of carrying that ridiculous thing around town?" someone said to him one day.

"That!" he rumbled in reply (he was one of the roarers among men), "why, that's to stab scorpions with."

They've buried him, I hear, in Flanders; on his breast (I hope), his cane.

"When a Red Cross platoon", says a news dispatch of the other day, "was advancing to the aid of scores of wounded men, Surgeon William J. McCracken of the British Medical Corps ordered all to take cover, and himself advanced through the enemy's fire, bearing a Red Cross flag on his walking-stick."

Indeed, the Great War is one of the most thrilling, momentous and colorful chapters in the history of canes. "The officers picked up their canes," says the newspaper, and so forth, and so forth. Major A. Radclyffe Dugmore, in a spirited drawing of the Battle of the Somme, shows an officer leading a charge waving a light cane. As an emblem of rank the cane among our Allies has apparently supplanted the sword. Something of the dapper, cocky look of our brothers-in-arms on our streets undoubtedly is due to their canes. One never sees a British, French or Italian officer in the rotogravure sections without his cane. We should be as startled to see General Haig or the Prince of Wales without a cane as without a leg. With our own soldiers the cane does not seem to be so much the thing, at least over here. I have a friend, however, who went away a private with a rifle over his shoulder. The other day came news from him that he had become a sergeant, and, perhaps as proof of this, a photograph of himself wearing a tin hat and with a cane in his hand. It is also to be observed now and then that a lady in uniformed service appears to regard it as an added military touch to swing a cane.

Women as well as men play their part in the colorful story of the cane. The shepherdess's crook might be regarded as the precursor of canes for ladies. In Merrie England in the age when the May-pole flourished it was fashionable, we know from pictures, for comely misses and *grandes dames* to sport tall canes mounted with silver or gold and knotted with a bow of ribbon. The dowager duchess of romantic story has always appeared leaning upon her cane. Do not we so see the rich aunt of Rawden Crawley? And Mr. Walpole's Duchess of Wrexe, certainly, was supported in her domination of the old order of things by a cane. The historic old cronies of our own early days smoked a clay or a corn-cob pipe and went bent upon a cane.

In England today it is swagger for women to carry sticks in the country. And here the thoughtful spectator of the human scene notes a nice point. It is not etiquette, according to English manners, for a woman to carry a cane in town. Some American ladies who admire and would emulate English customs have not been made acquainted with this delicate nuance of taste, and so are very unfashionable when they would be ultra-fashionable.

Anybody returning from the Alps should bring back an alpen-stock with him; everyone who has visited Ireland, upon his return has presented some close friend with a blackthorn stick; nobody has made a walking tour of England without an ash stick. In London all adult males above the rank of costers carry "sticks"; in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New York sticks are customary with many who would be ashamed to assume them did they live in the Middle West, where the infrequent sticks to be seen upon the city streets are in many cases the sign of transient mummers. And yet it is a curious fact that in communities where the stick is conspicuously absent from the streets it is commonly displayed in show-windows in company with cheap suits and decidedly loud gloves. Another odd circumstance is this: trashy little canes hawked by sidewalk venders generally appear with the advent of toy balloons for sale on days of big parades.

In Jamaica, Long Island, the visitor would probably see canes in the hands only of prosperous colored gentlemen. And than this fact probably nothing throws more light on the winning nature of the colored race and on the character and function of canes. In San Francisco—but the adequate story, the Sartor Resartus—the World as Canes, remains to be written.

This, of course, is the merest essay into this vast and significant subject.

ELEGY

BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

Wind, sweep softly round his house,
  The mounded earth his pillow.
Sway not the veinèd leaf
  Of his guardian willow.

Grasses, rustle by his heart,
  Murmur, crystal stream.
Still feet, trouble not
  The flower of his dream.

Light, falling from high towers,
  Shadow not his rest.
Warmth of earth and warmth of sun,
  Laugh within his breast.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SINGING ARMIES

BY FRANCES C. FAY

"We hava ver' good time in camp; we singa ver' good song, much," said a strapping young doughboy who was, until last spring, Paolo the iceman. "We American boys beata the Eitalian waps alla to piece. They no gotta so fina song lika "Good Morning, Mr. Zip!"

And forthwith he caroled one of the most popular American army songs, one of those spontaneous bits of nonsense that spring, like Pallas from the head of Zeus, from the camps where boys do congregate:

Good morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip,
With your hair cut just as short as mine,
Good morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip,
You're surely looking fine.
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust,
If the Camels don't get you, the Fatimas must.
Good morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip,
With your hair cut just as short as,
Your hair cut just as short as,
Hair cut just as short as mine.

Paolo, the doughboy, on his way to brave the perils that lurk over there, laughed radiantly and vowed there was "some zip to that American song, no?!"

"One believed that the American people liked to hear great singers but not to sing themselves," said a young French warrant officer who has since left the Brooklyn Navy Yard for active waters, on board a submarine chaser built in the United States for France. "Now, one knows better. Soldiers and sailors, one hears them sing everywhere; all the time, one might say. And they sing so gayly, no less with spirit than we French do. They have one song—I must find a copy for my sister in Brest. I heard it first at a concert in a park, and now I hum it or whistle it from when I wake till when I sleep. "The Stammering Song" . . . . do you know it? Then, please, tell me what it means in French!"

The off-hand translation did not dismay him at all: "It is nonsense, but it is nice," he said, and applied himself to the task of learning how to pronounce the English words of another one of these creations from nowhere, that have spread from camp to camp and from America to France.

In truth, the very solemnity of the time has made the nonsense song triumphant. The fact would startle us more, and would make us wonder at what would seem to give the believer in human intelligence a serious jolt, had not the psychoanalysts of the Freud and Jung schools revealed to us the mysteries of ambivalence, or ambitendency—very good words which are not yet to be found in dictionaries. The curious disparity between what the fighters in the Great War—the actual fighters as well as the men in training, and those of our Allies as well as our own—are most intent upon doing and what they most enjoy singing about, is a striking example of ambivalence. They love their country; they know they are serving a holy cause; their lives are pledged to both country and cause earnestly, sacredly. But those are intimate things and not to be paraded;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they are quietly understood, taken for granted. On festal occasions they are given utterance in the singing of national anthems, as on Sundays religious feeling bursts forth in hymns at church service. But the soldiers of Freedom would no more think of singing an anthem after the day's training or fighting is done, than they would have thought, before peace fled the earth, of intoning a hymn when friends were gathered of an evening. The music they liked best then was, perchance, some foolish or sentimental tune from an operetta, and that is precisely what you might hear every day over there, in Flanders, for example, if you stole up close to the shelters where Canadians were taking their last supper before going "up the line" to the trenches—the last supper, indeed, for so many of them. "It's a short life, but a gay one", they sing, remembering perhaps a long-ago evening with "The Arcadians"—so Captain Benton and Lieutenant (now also Captain) Odell tell us in their graphic book "Hunting the Hun".

This is the plain result of what is understood by civilization. If you turn back the pages of history to the first ten centuries in Europe, you will find that the chroniclers record the fighters' desire to shed blood, their pleasure in shedding it. (Echoes of this early blood-lust have been found in letters taken from German prisoners.) Later, in the period of *la guerre en dentelles,* the killing of a foeman was fêted with courtly jest. Later still, the soldiery thought more of home and wife and child than of prowess on the battlefield . . . do you remember the other of Napoleon's "Two Grenadiers" in Heine's song? Through the centuries of evolution the very idea of killing has become so abhorrent to those normal, wholesome men who are now risking their own lives for the safety of civilization's most precious gifts, that they cannot but wish to lure their minds far away from their grim task whenever they have a moment's respite.

Of course, nonsense songs are by no means the only ones they sing. There are plenty of others. Over eighty of the best-liked ones are collected in a booklet of songs of the United States soldier, published by the War Department's Commission on Training Camp Activities, and there are two more such booklets for the sailors and the marines. The Commission has divided the soldier songs into five groups: patriotic songs, songs of the service, folk songs, popular songs and hymns. The fourth group boasts by far the longest list, and no wonder, since in it are included "Silver Threads Among the Gold", "Old Black Joe", "A Perfect Day", "The Little Gray Home in the West", as well as the dearly loved "K-K-K-Katy".

Chaplain Thomas Tiplady, in his interesting and well-written book, "The Soul of the Soldier", says: "There are five subjects on which our soldiers sing. First, there are the nonsense songs, or, if you prefer it, songs of soldier philosophy. . . . The second class is the love song of a more or less serious character. . . . The men's thoughts pass easily from the sweetheart to the mother who bore them, and we have a third class, the home song. . . . The charm of the army is comradeship . . . there are few songs that express it. . . . The fifth class of song is that of the inner life . . . the religious hymn."

As may befit the mood of the moment, one or the other of these types

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of songs, however you may classify them, will do duty, around the campfire, in a hayloft filled with boyish humanity for a brief night in billets, on the march, on fatigue duty, on kitchen police, even in the dugouts trembling with the burst of shells all round. All along the Western front, be their days ever so clouded, they sing, our boys, and their French and British and Canuck and Anzac brothers; as long as they breathe they smile and laugh and sing; some, perhaps, as a small boy whistles in the woods at night, but most, undoubtedly, because their heart is young and their conscience clear, because they are at peace with themselves in the certainty that they are the crusaders of Right and Justice, and that these must ever be triumphant as long as God is in His Heaven.

Across No Man's Land, on the bad side of it, there is no singing, at least no spontaneous, care-free singing. Someone said that those first British troops who marched to their heroes' graves to the tune of the now all but forgotten "Tipperary", heard the on-coming Germans fit their goose-step to "Every Little Movement Has a Meaning All Its Own". Such light-heartedness has long since deserted those who are facing the fighting front looking westward, into France. Now the Kaiser's unfortunate, deluded, but—alas, for them—still willing *Kanonenfutter* sing only when they are ordered, and even then only the solemn, official kind of song, like "Deutschland Ueber Alles", "Die Wacht am Rhein", the Lutheran hymn "Ein' Feste Burg ist Unser Gott", and that viva anthem of the Hohenzollerns which is sung to the same tune as "America" and "God Save the King". The very selection proves that the singing is forced upon those men in field-grey. Being after all human, at least in such ways as are psychologically independent of their proved inhumanity, it is only natural to assume that they would prefer, if they were free to choose and at all inclined to sing, some one or other of their old folk songs, or of the merry soldier songs their grandfathers sang, or some newer ditty to the praise of Gretchen. Ergo: as it is unlikely that even the grimmest of Teuton officer should decree *verboten* such gay old tunes as "Ich bin ein Preusse", "Kennt Ihr Meine Farben", the logical conclusion is that Fritz has lost the spirit that makes men sing.

"Wo man singt, da lass dich ruhig nieder; boese Menschen haben keine Lieder."

(Where one sings, there you may calmly settle; wicked people have no song.)

Thus goes an old German *Sinnspruch*. How terribly the Hun stands convicted by his own silence!

The Reverend Mr. Tiplady does not include patriotic songs in the list of those he has heard at the front, which only goes to show that British reserve exceeds our own and that of the French when it comes to expressing patriotic feeling in any form whatever. We, too, keep the more solemn ones among them, and the national anthems, for solemn occasions, but the others one may hear any day in the camps and even in the trenches. George Cohan's "Over There" is sung nearly as much by our boys in France as it is by everybody in the United States. In popular favor it is the successful rival of Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic". The Australians, in temperament more like ourselves than like the Island Britishers, are particularly fond of a song *sans* author or composer:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rally round the banner of your country,
Take the field of brothers or the foam.
On land or sea, wherever you be,
Keep your eye on Germany.
Then England, Home and Beauty
Have no cause to fear.
Should old acquaintance be forgot?
No-no-no-no-no!
Well, Australia will be there-'ere-'ere,
Australia will be there!

Patriotism and the Tommy's characteristic grousing are mixed in this other Australian favorite:

Ragtime soldiers,
Raggie, raggie, ragtime soldiers,
All day long we are out on parade,
We never have a wash and we never have a shave.
Ragtime soldiers, happy as the birds in May.
We are fighting for King and Country,
For a silver dollar a day.

The touch of "Alexander's Band" in the antipodes!

Then there are the "Blighty" songs, three of them so far. *Blighty*, an anglicanization of the Hindustani word *bilauti*, has come to mean hospital, home, paradise, anything pleasant far removed from the firing line, to all the English-speaking soldiers and sailors. To the Britishers it means mostly England. They sing:

Take me back to dear old Blighty,
Put me on the train for London town,
Take me over there, drop me anywhere,
Liverpool, Leeds or Birmingham, well, I don't care!
I should love to see my best girl;
Cuddling up again we soon should be—Whoa!
Tiddley iddley ighty, hurry me home to Blighty,
Blighty is the place for me.

This is what the Americans sing on the subject:

Oh, I want to go back to Blighty,
I want to go back tonight.
Give me the bliss of my baby's kiss,
Then I'll come back and fight.

I fear not the shrapnel's rain,
Just one fond embrace, then back to my place,
To fight like a soldier again.

The French have a great number of popular patriotic marching songs, many of them grey-beards among songs that still retain their fresh appeal. There is Déroulede's glorious "Chant du Départ", which American military bands are including now in their repertoire. It is more than national—international, and a fit song for all citizens of a republic. Many of the others extol the merits of one province or another, but as every Frenchman feels he has a part in every one of the provinces of France, the Breton sings the songs of Gascony, the Provençal, those of Normandy and the Auvergnat, those of Alsace-Lorraine, just as he sings his own. Not only does "Le régiment de Sambre et Meuse marche toujours au cri de Liberté"; all France does, and sings about it. Nor are the Alsacians and Lorrainers alone to vow that the Lost Provinces will never be but French, as they do in the famous song, whose refrain might be thus translated:

They shall not have our Alsace and Lorraine,
For, despite all, French we shall ever stay.
They have contrived to Germanize the plain,
But change our hearts, they never will nor may.

There is still another type of song unmentioned by the Reverend Mr. Tiplady for the good reason that it is not heard at the front, and it is disregarded by the War Department's song collectors because it did not obtain a sufficient number of favorable votes even among our training troops in camps. Yet, it is a direct product of the Great War and therefore should be mentioned, however reluctantly. It is the fire-eating song. The publisher, Leo Feist, seems to have made a specialty of it. It is the song popular chiefly in places of amusement

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and among non-military men. When you hear things like "General Pershing Will Cross the Rhine", or "It's a Long Way to Berlin", or "We're All Going Calling on the Kaiser", or "We'll Knock the Heligo Into Heligo Out of Heligoland", you may agree with the nigger mammy that "them is fine sentiments", but it is well to remember that the boys who are *doing* don't care for that sort of stuff. In camp a youth full of eagerness may think it "the real thing" once in a while; but after his first turn in the trenches he forgets the boast and sees the grossness of it. This is the time when his taste in songs makes a clean *volte-face* and when Mr. Tiplady's Class One, the nonsense song, comes into its own. Ambivalence begins to show itself.

There are any number of nonsense songs. Edward Frank Allen, in his book "Keeping the Fighters Fit", written under the supervision of Raymond D. Fosdick, that former Commissioner of Accounts of New York who is now Chairman of the War and Navy Departments' Commission on Training Camp Activities—a most interesting book to all those who would learn about the soldiers' life in camp—gives a few of them that are bound to be popular "over there", and are so already in the camps; but here for no subtler reason than the age-old human one that produces college yells, or the clubman's less noisy equivalent: the delighted *laisser-aller* of the male of the species when no female is in sight. From their camps our boys are carrying to Europe such songs as "Keep Your Head Down, Fritzie Boy", which is also known to the British forces with variations, and with "Allemand", instead of "Fritzie boy".

The famous "Smile" song is not nonsense by any means, but still it fits into this Class One, since that concerns "if you prefer it, soldier philosophy", as Mr. Tiplady puts it quite rightly:

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And smile, smile, smile;
While there's a lucifer to light your fag,
Smile, boys, that's the style!
What's the use of worrying, it never was
worth while! So—
Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And smile, smile, smile!

The French are learning it too, now, in Irène Bordoni's fetching translation, which begins: "Fais un paquet de tes soucis bravement et ris, ris, ris . . ."

The Tommies are no less fertile in producing songs of sheer nonsense than our doughboys are, but they like to introduce a note of mock tragedy which is to us an acquired taste. Probably the most famous of these humorous dirges is:

I want to go home, I want to go home,
The bullets they rattle, the cannon they
roar,
I don't want to go up any more.
Take me over the sea,
Where the Allemand cannot get me.
Oh, my, I don't want to die,
I want to go home.

At least that is how it runs according to the authors of "Hunting the Hun", but there are probably as many versions as there are divisions in the allied armies.

As you may imagine, the French have their full share of nonsense songs, and some of them are delightful. May some Puck, who would also have to be a poet and a linguist, come along and translate them for our boys! The Breton poet, Theodore Botrel, who since the beginning of the war has been officially recognized as the Minstrel of the Armies, and who travels constantly up and down the front entertaining the war-worn *poilus*, has

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

written and composed some excellent nonsense songs which instantly became popular in the truest sense of the word. However, in almost all of these *poilus'* songs conceived since the tragic summer of 1914, there is a trace not of bitterness or hate, but of an inexorable, monumental contempt for the boche, his ways and his works —an unmistakable trace, even through the bubbles of fun and pun. Listen, for instance, to Botrel's "Mud" song, tinkling merrily along to an old chanteylike tune; this is how it ends:

Et, quelque jour, nous verrons
Sombrer, avec son patron,
Toute la Race Germaine,
Sous l'universal dégoût,
Dans la boue!

Listen to the roistering ditty about "Big Bertha"; to the description of his *Kaiserlich-Koenigliche Majestät's* meals, mainly composed of *Pain K.K.;* to the ballade of "The Asphyxiating Gas" and to the tale of "The Goths", in which the Marquise de Biencourt, showing her pillaged Château to visitors, says:

La France a subi les ravages,
Messieurs, de trois hordes sauvages,
Goths, Ostrogoths et Visigoths:
Il lui manquait les Saligoths!

Sentimental ballades and romances, ever dear to the simple heart of the French peasant and workman, hold their sway now as before. A French sailor, asked to copy out a few of the songs he and his comrades liked best, brought to light an incredible collection of verses old and new, love-sick, melodramatically wailing, flamboyant and simply, merrily tender. Our own boys "over there" have nothing to be ashamed of before their brothers in arms when they show a predilection for "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms", "Mother Machree", or even "Send Me a Curl"! Their war-born songs of mother, home and sweetheart are echoed in similar ones of French and British origin. Some of them have good qualities. "Keep the Home Fires Burning", sung in chorus, is very impressive, and others lend themselves well to certain moods, as "If I'm Not at the Roll Call", "Tim Rooney's at the Fighting", and "Laddie in Khaki". The British are very fond of

"There's an old-fashioned house in an old-fashioned street
In a quaint little old-fashioned town . . ."

and of the Londoners' own ditty, beginning

"I'm so delighted, I'm so excited,
With my folks I'm going to be united . . ."

They allow themselves to be sentimental over the girls they left behind them in "If You Were the Only Girl in the World and I Were the Only Boy . . ." and in "Every Little While I Feel So Lonely"; but the mood changes quickly to one finding expression in this fashion:

Taffy's got his Jenny in Glamorgan,
Sandy's got his Maggie in Dundee,
While Michael O'Leary thinks of his dearie
Far across the Irish Sea.
Billy's got his Lily up in London,
So the boys march on with smiles;
For every Tommy's got a girl somewhere
In the dear old British Isles.

After which they will naturally fall into "We're Here Because We're Here, Because We're Here, Because We're Here", as a transition from the sentimental to the nonsensical, on the order of this:

Oh, there was a little hen and she had a wooden leg,
The best little hen that ever laid an egg,
And she laid more eggs than any hen on the farm,
And another little drink wouldn't do us any harm.

Botrel has provided the *poilus* with some sentimental songs that are really good, and a few that will become classics, as the one sung to the tune

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of "La Glue", or to its own new music, which tells of a boy who wanted to be a soldier, but was afraid that it would make his widowed mother weep to see him volunteer; but the mother, seeing his distress, guesses its cause and tells him:

Embrass'-moi vite et va-t'en,
Puisque la France au front t'attend;
Elle est ta Mère, mon enfant,
Quand, moi, je n'suis qu'ta "p'tit' maman"!

But of all romances the most popular in France, not only among the French, but among all the troops assembled there on the good side of No Man's Land, is "La Madelon", published shortly before the war began. In his excellent and entertaining book of observations with the American Expeditionary Force in France, Heywood Broun tells us how "the dusty French soldiers marching with their quick, eager stride", met some newly arrived American sailors at a port and answered their "What a Wonderful Mother You'd Make" with the Verdun song, "Ils ne Passeront Pas" and with "Madelon". The effect was instantaneous. The Americans took to "Madelon" as a duck takes to water; they sang it whether they could pronounce the French text or not; they brought it back with them to camps and navy yards, and so the romance came within the shortest time to take its place in the front rank of the American fighting men's favorite songs. So thoroughly is this recognized by the Commission on Training Camp Activities that "Madelon" is now being incorporated in the new official song books for soldiers, sailors and marines. It was a labor of love for the present writer to attempt a singing translation, which is also a faithful rendering, and has just been adopted as the official version:

Below the camp where merry soldiers muster,
There is an inn they call "The Poilus' Rest"—
A modest house whose walls with ivy cluster,
Hard by the shelt'ring woods—a cosy nest.
The girl who waits on us is pleasing,
Like sparkling wine her eyes in fun.
She hardly halts to hear our teasing—
She's only known as Madelon.
All through our dreams at night, all through our day's dull chance,
She's only Madelon, perhaps—but she's Romance.

CHORUS:

When Madelon comes tripping to our table,
We boldly pluck her skirt as she goes by;
And each one whispers low his pretty fable,
Made up to win her on the sly.
Our Madelon is not a surly beauty,
So, when we chuck her chin to lead her on,
She laughs, that's all, and feels she's done her duty—
Madelon—Madelon—Madelon!

II

Well, ev'ry soldier has at home his dearest,
The girl who waits and one day will be his;
But she's so far, while Madelon is nearest
To catch the longing message of our kiss.
Slow run the hours we pass here lonely,
And as the days drag on and on,
The words we meant to tell one only,
We tell instead to Madelon.
She chides our rough embrace and says we muss her hair;
We laugh and think of her who's waiting over there.

III

A corporal, one morning bright and early,
Came jauntily to her with his demand;
Declared his love, then vowed she was his girlie,
And boldly said he came to ask her hand.
Now, Madelon is not so simple:
"One man could not make me content,"
She laughed, and showed a pretty dimple,
"My heart is with the regiment!
Be good! Your friends will come; One hand I cannot spare:
To serve the soldiers wine, I need at least a pair!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Strategy and tactics, generals and field-marshals, get all the credit for the great deeds done in France; but, after all, the song-leader counts for much in victory. "A singing army is a cheerful one, and a cheerful army is invincible", says the author of "Keeping Our Fighters Fit", who further quotes Major-General Leonard Wood that "it is just as essential that a soldier should know how to sing as that he should carry rifles and learn how to shoot them. . . . There isn't anything in the world, even letters from home, that will raise the soldier's spirits like a good, catchy marching-tune."

The Washington authorities, agreeing with General Wood, made the army and navy "sings" a recognized institution, sending civilian song-leaders to every camp, yard and barracks throughout the Union, these in turn training good singers with a gift of leadership among the officers and men, to act as song-leaders at the front, so that even the smallest unit "over there" may not be without one. Some time ago, General Pershing wrote to Washington for more bands and better bands. He, too, knows that music will win battles. Not only is he a great leader in the field, but also a wise leader in the camp—one who counts upon the gentlest pastime of peace no less than on the engines of war to win his victories.

Good Morning, Mr. Zip. Words and Music by Private Hogan, Fort Niagara Mobilization Camp. Chicago: Herbert E. Hyde.

Hunting the Hun. By Captain Benton and Lieutenant Odell. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

The Soul of a Soldier. By Thomas Tiplady. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.

Take Me Back To Dear Old Blighty. By A. J. Mills, Fred. Godfrey and Bennett Scott. New York: Chappell & Co.

I Want to Go Back to Blighty. Words by Lee M. Walker, music by Lieut. Wm. B. Davidson. New York: Chappell & Co.

Keeping the Fighters Fit. By Edward Frank Allen. New York: The Century Co.

Smile, Smile, Smile. New York: Chappell & Co.

Les Chants du Bivouac and Chansons de Route. By Theodore Botrel. Paris: Payot & Co.

The A. E. F. By Heywood Broun. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Quand Madelon . . . . Words by Louis Bousquet, Music by Camille Robert. Paris: Louis Bousquet. English translation by Frances C. Fay.

THE FLAGS

BY ADA FOSTER MURRAY

(For the soldiers who die from disease or accident the flags are at half-mast, but for those who are killed in action they fly proudly.)

Half-mast for him who could not speak his part,
Who could not take his place in the dread Play
Nor shield the world with his own piercèd heart.
For him who died a hero, but frustrate
In the last hope—to make his dying great—
To all the world his beaten colors show.
Oh, flag of his furled dream, droop low, droop low!

But for the white-starred, whom the gods have set
Aloft upon the battlements of Death,
With whose rich blood the altar front is wet—
Fly, joyous flags! Dance with each singing breath!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

BY RAYMOND M. WEAVER

I do not see that mankind in general can ever manage to exist without a religion of some kind; and I do not see that it matters much what kind of religion they have. For dogmas are but empty bottles and barrels into which each believer pours as much spirit as he has, and of such kind and quality as he has; so that you shall find two bottles of exactly the same pattern, the one full of vitriol-gin and the other full of the purest nectar.

JAMES THOMSON: *Sayings of Sigvat.*

"VANITY of vanities, saith the preacher, vanity of vanities; all is vanity." And the significant thing about this well-worn note of tribulation is that it was made by the professional fault-finder—the Preacher. This is the voice of the agonized Puritan conscience that walketh to and fro in the earth and up and down in it, reviling in others the weaknesses that canker its own peace. At the bottom of all impulse to Jeremiads is a hectic endeavor to avoid self-reproach; the comfortable expedient of exaggeratedly rebuking in others the weaknesses that, if confessed in one's heart, would be repugnant to self-content. It is the imperfection in ourselves that gives us intolerant insight into the imperfections of others. The lacerated conscience envisions the world in terms of its own inner conflict. It projects its crucifixion upon its environment, and achieves unconscious autobiography by declaring mankind to be born in a state of utter and innate degradation, loaded with the overwhelming burden of a mysterious "original sin". It thunders away in pious blindness to the truth of the aphorism: "What we denounce we are."

Occasionally there is born among the sons of men one of those rare souls whose innocence of heart and contrite openness of mind is content to take this rough and noble universe as he finds it; one who feels the manifold absurdity of attempting to withstand the crushing momentum of life's swirling force; one who with no touch of bitterness realizes that the most there is for him to do materially can avail but little, and in the end nothing; one who by temperament finds the highest wisdom in accepting the inevitable with all possible charm. To such God-gifted men—and these are the authentic saints—the furious moiling in the gold mill by which most humans make their lives so dyspeptic and unlovely; the passion for reform and the fever for fame—that "last infirmity"—all these hold no compulsion. Far more important do they find it to keep their native preferences fresh and unsullied, their senses unclogged and vital, their prejudices frankly and smilingly unreasonable. To this right joyous and noble company belong the great Idlers of all time: Montaigne, the younger Pliny, Chaucer, Sei Shonagon, and Sir Thomas Browne.

It is necessary here at the beginning to draw the vast distinction between idling and doing nothing. To idle is to give one's self up graciously to the moment, with a sweet disposition to accept gracefully all consequences; to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

glide with the flow of time as with a lovely melody. The idler seeks to avoid all sweat and savagery; all is to be merely creative acceptance, a determination to be interested omnivorously, a refusal to be caught by surprise. He is an artist at heart, and amusingly disproportionate does he find the intemperance of reformers and the deluded ebullition of men burning with "missions". If you never finish your epic romance in ten volumes; if your theories of reinforced concrete construction never come to fruition; if the millions of Mongolians in Asia never adopt an alien religion; what of it? The idler finds it of immensely more vital moment to keep his temper sweet, his blood cool, and his eyes clear to the romantic scenery along the byways of life. Not without irony has Sir Thomas offered counsel on this score: "Guide not the hand of God, nor order the finger of the Almighty unto thy will and pleasure; but sit quiet in the cool showers of Providence." *Vanitas vanitatum, et omnia vanitas* whines out the mim-mouthed Preacher to a little elegiacal synod: but the Idler is neither chilled nor cheated by such pronouncements. The lyric ardor singing in his blood pipes out unabashed its joy even in vanities. The Idler, too, can quote scripture with a purpose.

As would be expected, the life of Sir Thomas Browne was devoid of great passions and romantic adventures, untroubled by the miscellaneous and shallow vehemence of those who ramp among the unthreshed harvests of reality. Indeed, his life was little more than a progress through the Sacraments. Sir Thomas was born on October 19, 1605. His father, the younger son of a race of Cheshire squires, was a well-to-do mercer, living in or near Cheapside, London. Literary gossip is silent as to Browne's early years: there are no picturesque records to lead us to believe that as a boy he enjoyed William Blake's early companionship with the spirit of the departed Queen Elizabeth, or held colloquies with the Holy Ghost in the garden. It is recorded of his infancy, however, that "his father used to open his breast when he was asleep, and kiss it in prayer over him, as 'tis said of Origen's father, that the Holy Ghost might take possession there". These are the words of Sir Thomas's daughter, Mrs. Lyttleton, who probably had them from his own lips. He had the misfortune to lose his father early. Tradition has it that the lad was defrauded by one of his guardians, Sir Thomas Dutton, his stepfather. In any event, he was sent to Winchester, and in 1623 entered as a fellow commoner at Pembroke (then known as Broadgate Hall), Oxford, the college in which, a century later, Samuel Johnson passed fourteen months of ferociously overbearing poverty. Turning his attention to physics after taking his degree of Master of Arts, he practised medicine for a short time in Oxfordshire. In 1630 the intellectual avidity of the young Oxford graduate led him to seek abroad the scientific information that the universities of England were unable to offer. At Montpelier and Padua he prosecuted medical studies and acquired the French and Italian languages. Returning northward, he obtained a degree of M.D. at Leyden in 1633. Of his life in Italy, France and Flanders we have few details, though when in the "Religio Medici", Doctor Browne confesses "I could never hear the Ave Mary bell without an elevation", and "at a solemn Procession I have wept abundantly, while my consorts, blind with opposition and prejudice, have fallen into an excess

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of scorn and laughter", he is most likely recalling experiences of his student life in Catholic countries. He has also left us a glimpse of himself arguing with an Italian physician "who could not believe perfectly the immortality of the soul because Galen seemed to make a doubt thereof".

For Sir Thomas, as for Plato, and for Montaigne, the essential dialogue is that of the mind itself. So in 1635, a year after his return to England, Sir Thomas, for his own behoof, wrote out a kind of private confession—his "Religio Medici": the religious confessions of a man belonging to a profession commonly reputed to have no religion. This work, which Browne "for private exercise and satisfaction" during his leisure hours composed, he had not designed for publication. But he says in the opening remarks "To the Reader", the manuscript "being communicated unto one, it became common unto many, and was by Transcription successively corrupted, until it arrived in a most depraved Copy at the Press". A pirated edition had appeared in December, 1642; and it was highly characteristic of Sir Thomas that when he found himself mangled in print, he should have hastened to supply an authentic text to none other than to the erring but scarcely penitent pirate himself. This book, surprisingly enough, soon obtained a *succès de scandale*. It had the honor of being placed upon the "Index Expurgatorius" of the Catholic Church, where it is still listed. While the book was being translated into Latin, Dutch, French, German and Italian, Doctor Browne was established at Norwich with a thriving practice and considerable private means.

In the "Religio Medici", Doctor Browne had indulged a Platonic celebration of the "mysteries and riddles" of friendship. "I love my friend before myself, and yet methinks I do not love him enough: some few months hence my multiplied affection will make me believe I have not loved him at all. When I am from him, I am dead till I be with him; when I am with him I am not satisfied, but would still be nearer him. United souls are not satisfied with embraces, but desire to be truly each other; which being impossible, their desires are infinite, and must proceed without a possibility of satisfaction." As for womankind, though Sir Thomas declares "I speak with no prejudice, nor adverse to the sweet sex", yet is his point of view orthodox to the degree of being Miltonic. He says: "The whole World was made for man, but the twelfth part of man for woman: Man is the whole World, and the Breath of God; woman the Rib and crooked piece of man." This was written in 1635. In 1641 Doctor Browne brought himself to be party to "that trivial and vulgar way of union" which the church had legitimatized by a sacrament. And Doctor Browne and his wife Dorothy—an amiable and unpedantic lady who liked her "sheus" to be "eythar pinke or blew," and who had a partiality for "whight silk" lined with "slit grene sarsanat"—seem to have enjoyed during forty-two years an exceedingly happy married life. The fact remains, however, that four years after his marriage we find him speculating in his "Vulgar Errors" as to God's purpose in creating Eve "as a helpmate to Adam". It can only have been, he opines, in view of their function as the future parents of mankind, "for as any other help it had been better to make another man". It is clear that Browne, who showed in his intellectual adventures so much of the temper of romance, was hardly Maestro d'Amor in the *gaya cience*, the "gay science" of Romantic Love. Sir

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thomas declares that there are but two exceptions to the universality of his affections: he could only with difficulty love either "the Devil" or "the Multitude"—his wife thus falling within the category of his affections. And when it is remembered that Dante had children by Gemma, that Petrarch had children by an unknown concubine, the lady Dorothy can find some solace for her lot that she was not adored as was the sainted Beatrice or the unattainable Laura.

Sir Thomas continued to live in Norwich, famous, wealthy, and bringing up a large family of sons who distinguished themselves, and daughters who married well. In 1671 he was knighted by Charles II during a royal tour of Norfolk. Despite the fact that his life was cast in a stormy time, despite the fact that the Puritan parliament was firmly established in Norwich, where Sir Thomas was a convicted Royalist, still was his life securely and serenely harmonious. Sir Thomas might have boasted with Montaigne that throughout invasive times his house had lain open to all comers, that his frankness had been rewarded by immunity from all the outrages of war, of the crimes war shelters. Omnivorously alert to find recondite implications in the veering life about him, contemplating the commonplaces of daily existence each as "an hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson", calmly a spectator upon all the fever of his times, Sir Thomas lived, to the end of his days, a physician, a scholar, a gentleman. He died in 1682, on October 10, his seventy-seventh birthday. In writing of the death of a friend, Sir Thomas had said years before: "That the first day of a man's life should make the last, that the Tail of the Snake should return into its Mouth precisely at that time, and he should wind up upon the day of his Nativity, is indeed a remarkable Coincidence."

The Idlers of all time have had many creeds, but one religion. That has always been Beauty. Israel taught the world hate, Greece love. In Judea the days of righteousness were long. In Greece they were brief. Whom the gods loved died young. The gods themselves were young—but Jehovah and the Prophets were bearded and ancient of days. The heritage of Israel has been the agonized conscience. It is characteristic of the agonized conscience to pose endlessly knotted problems of ultimate destiny, and to wax dogmatic in the solution of the same. To the everlasting question of Montaigne, *Que sçai ie?* the Puritan cannot answer with the unperturbed pagan indifference of Pyrrho: "It matters not." And the dying words of Erasmus, "I am going in search of the great Perhaps", are to the Puritan on the far side of being atheistic and damnable. And, too, the agonized conscience is weed-grown with venomous aversions and mordant hate; it invented heaven better to slander the earth, and put a premium upon the spirit better to debase the flesh. Beauty was made a wile of the devil, and man cursed at his birth with the scar of Cain. The sufferings of this world are viewed by the Puritan with sardonic optimism; and that sin should exist, and that sin should be cast into sempiternal hell fire, is considered a fitting and beautiful thing. And third, the Puritan agonized conscience exists always in tension of inarticulate anxiety. Such is the unhallowed trinity of Puritan iniquity: a dogmatic enunciation of the ways of God to man; a genius for anathema and inexpiable hate; the crucifixion of abiding unrest. Sir Thomas Browne was pure pagan

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in his freedom from the taint of any of the terms of this trinity.

The vituperating versatility of the preacher of Jerusalem, the High Gods abstracted from the essence of Sir Thomas Browne. "I am of a constitution so general," he says in the "Religio Medici", "that it consorts and sympathiseth with all things. I have no antipathy, or rather idiosyncrasie in dyet humour, air, anything. I wonder not at the French for their dishes of Frogs, Snails, and Toadstools, nor at the Jews for Locusts and Grasshoppers; but being amongst them, make them my common Viands, and find they agree with my Stomach as well as theirs. I could digest a Salad gathered in a Churchyard, as well as in a Garden. I cannot start at the presence of a Serpent, Scorpion, Lizard, or Salamander; at the sight of a Toad or Viper, I find in me no desire to take up a stone to destroy them. I find not in myself those common Antipathies that I can discover in others. I was born in the eighth Climate, but seem for to be framed and constellated unto all. I am no Plant that will not prosper out of a garden. All places, all airs, make unto me one Countrey; I am in England everywhere, and under any Meridian. I have been shipwrackt, yet am not enemy with the sea or winds; I can study, play, or sleep in a Tempest. In brief, I am adverse from nothing: my Conscience would give me the lye if I should say I absolutely detest or hate any essence but the Devil; or at least abhor anything, but that we might come to composition."

Nor was Sir Thomas Browne racked by philosophical doubts, nor tortured by the abiding irrationality of the Universe. His sanity was not misled into an inquisitorial idolatry of Reason. Reason and Intellect, while they offered him endless diversion, yet were they never worshipped by him out of all proportion to the spiritual economy. Reason to him would seem to have been the guardian of the soul's advance—but surely not its object. Though he was forever deciphering the huge horoscope of Life, he seems never to have got further than the House of Wonder, on whose cusp surely he was born. And Reason never blinded his eyes, filling them with dust instead of vision. It was his idiosyncracy, common to all persons of mystical temperament, to trust less to Reason than to a purified intuition, to a faith in those forces of his nature that worked deeper than Reason—a sweet grave trusting guidance from impulses welling from depths he never fathomed. He "thought" with his emotions as much as with his brain; for we can include the universe by feeling with it, whereas our intellect can merely criticize, and so belittle, the details of such inclusion. "In Philosophy," he says, "where Truth seems so double-fac'd, there is no man more Paradoxical than myself; but in Divinity I love to keep to the Road; and though not in an implicit, yet an humble faith, follow the great wheel of the Church, by which I move, not reserving any proper Poles or motion from the Epicycle of my own brain." "As for those wingy mysteries in Divinity, and airy subtleties in Religion, which have unhing'd the brains of better heads, they never stretched the *Pia mater* of mine. I love to lose myself in a mystery, to pursue my Reason to an *O altitudo!* 'Tis my solitary recreation to pose my apprehensions with those involved Ænigmas and riddles of the Trinity, with Incarnation, and Resurrection. I can answer all the Objections of Satan and my rebellious reason with that odd resolution I learned of Tertullian,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Certum est, quia impossible est. I desire to exercise my faith in the difficultest point; for to credit ordinary and visible objects is not faith, but perswasion." "Since I was of understanding to know we know nothing, my reason hath been more pliable to the will of Faith; I am now content to understand a mystery without a rigid definition, in an easie and Platonick description. Where I cannot satisfy my reason I love to humour my fancy."

Christianity, to Sir Thomas Browne, was psychologically true: compulsive with the poetic verity that rationalizes all creeds. The notorious incompatibility between facts of experience and theological tenets literally taken he realized to the keenest; and in this realization he seems to have found exquisite delight in doing rapier tricks with his intelligence to tease his faith by making the incompatibility more blatant. "Yet do I believe," so runs his *credo*, "what indeed my reason would perswade me to be false; and this I think is no vulgar part of Faith, to believe a thing not only above but contrary to reason, and against the Argument of our proper Senses." His acceptance of Christianity was highly pragmatic, justified by the same sanction that he found for a belief in "Tutelary and Guardian Angels". He finds in both "an opinion of a good and wholesome use in the course and actions of a man's life, to serve as a Hypothesis to salve many doubts, whereof common Philosophy affordeth no solution".

Sir Thomas Browne was never able seriously to convince himself that he was a "miserable sinner", though doubtless he would have allowed so much as a matter of courtesy and rhetoric to Puritan friends who with sardonic optimism doted on the glories of Hell. Yet in sober fact, Satan with his legions was powerless to terrorize him with a Saturnalia of brimstone. His profound innocence was unblanched before the promises of eternal torment. "I thank God," he says, "and with joy I mention it, I was never afraid of Hell, nor never grew pale at the description of that place. That terrible term hath never detained me from sin, nor do I owe any good action to the name thereof. I fear God, yet am not afraid of Him: His Mercies make me ashamed of sins, before His Judgments afraid thereof. They go the fairest way to Heaven that would serve God without a Hell; other Mercenaries, that crouch unto Him in fear of Hell, though they term themselves the servants, are indeed the slaves of the Almighty."

Though Christianity has spoken with the voice of Rome and Geneva of the unambiguous vileness of the flesh, Sir Thomas Browne seems to have taken an unorthodox and wholesome delight in his own person. He declared a heathen freedom from shame in the anatomy of his parts. He said: "I cannot accuse Nature for playing the bungler in any part of me, or my vitious life for contracting any shameful disease upon me, whereby I might not call myself as wholesome morsel for the worms as any." Highly characteristic is the closing "Resolve" found in one of the commonplace books of Sir Thomas: "Upon the sight of beautiful persons, to bless God in His creatures."

Idler that he was, Sir Thomas Browne's attitude toward the world was that of a Spectator. "The World to me", he says, "is but a dream or mock-show, and we therein but Pantalones and Anticks, to my severer contemplations." The spectacle of life thundered past Sir Thomas Browne, bewilderingly complex and unmanage-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

able—and he stood well aside, fascinated by its arabesque eddies and backwaters, giving free play to its onward dash. Keenly he realized the pathetic madness that prompts men to strut in mock heroic postures, eager for some abiding memorial of fame. "The iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Oblivion is not to be hired: The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the Register of God, not in the record of man. Who knows whether the best of men be known? or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot, remembered, than they that stand in the known account of time?"

While England was fevered with brewing political strife, Sir Thomas Browne, tranquil in his "quiet rest" amid the "drums and tramplings of conquest", came forward with his liberating disquisitions on the erroneous beliefs of the "vulgar" in phœnixes and griffins. After anxiously weighing all the possibilities, he decided, as it were by the turning of a hair, that tradition had been fallacious. And while Parliament grew hysterical over the question of the Divine Right of Kings, Sir Thomas decided—not without a touch of unconscious historical irony—that swans do *not* sing before they die. During the Commonwealth period Sir Thomas was lost in dusty antiquities and quaint lore of ghosts, dreams, and the curiosities of history and the pseudo-science of the Ancients: in his study he pondered upon Pharaoh, and the song the sirens sang, and the name Achilles bore among the daughters of the King of Scyros; if indeed the sun dances on Easter Day; and what "fuliginous efflorescences and complexional tinctures" cause the negro to be black. With a magnificent irrelevancy to the passions and politics of the hour, Sir Thomas Browne made the death of Cromwell and the prospect of the "joyful Restoration" a time for meditation of "Urn Burial".

In the autumn of 1657, in a field at Old Walsingham, there were turned up no fewer than forty funeral urns, "deposited in dry and sandy soil, not a yard deep, nor far from one another". These ancient vessels contained human bones and ashes, as well as ornaments of ivory and brass. That these urns, resurrected from the vast continuity of nothingness to which they had been resigned, contained the bones of men, the calcined remnants of those who had, indeed, in times past walked in the Norfolk fields: this thought stirred Sir Thomas to a poignant realization of the irony of fame, the mockery of time's "wilde enormities" wherein "Mummie is become Merchandise, Mizriam cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams!" "When the Funerall pyre was out," he wrote, "and the last valediction over, men took a lasting adieu to their interred Friends, little expecting the curiosity of future ages should comment upon their ashes. But who knows the fate of his bones, or how often he is to be buried? who hath the Oracle of his ashes, or whither they are to be scattered?" There is a supreme irony given to this passage by the fact that the skull of Sir Thomas himself now is on public view in the pathological museum of the Norfolk and Norwich hospital—and this through no design of Sir Thomas in his life. Sir Thomas was buried in the Church of St. Peter Mancroft, Norwich. In 1840 his skull was "knaved out of its grave" by the sexton. It appears that some workmen who were employed in making a grave for the incumbent's wife, accidentally

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

broke into the vault which contained the coffin of Sir Thomas Browne. In some unexplained way they fractured the lid of the coffin, exposing the skeleton, some buttons, and some dark chestnut-auburn hair. The sexton loosened the skull, and carried it away to solicit a purchaser. Eventually the skull fell into the possession of the late Dr. Edward Lubbock, who sent the relic to its present resting place.

But during his life Sir Thomas accepted existence, and deliberately, with the attitude of the old Tâng poet who resigned a governorship because he disliked wearing a ceremonial robe: a man with an unsoiled sense of relative values. And the charming old Chinese gentleman who spent his whole life in writing one story that was published by his heirs in one hundred and two volumes—a work not known to have been read by more than three persons, and this though there was no lack of clashing adventure and melting sentiment! This delightful old Idler is said to have written the end of the story first—very romantic, dramatic, and "convincing". And so interested did he become in the conclusion, he wrote backward toward the beginning, day after day, year after year. He died at the mellow age of eighty-one, with his work not yet begun, but long since concluded. To the highly energized man of affairs such a life must seem a puerile waste, a prodigious inanity; but Sir Thomas Browne, in his heart, would have smiled approval. The old Chinese gentleman had been true to his nature; he had made no disproportionate effort to block the mighty rush of Nature's infinite flow with a mean little fence of bristling perpendicular pronouns. He had known no tortures of conscience, none of the "vivacious abominations" that flesh is heir to. In peace and gentleness and innocence had he lived and died—and the divinity of his destiny he shared with Sir Thomas Browne.

MESSIRE GEOFFREY CHAUCER TO HYS EDITOR

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Right-worthie Clerk of ever-readie Pen
Whose Toil it is to weigh ye Wordes of Men,
Beholde a Littel Thynge whiche I have writ
Full fittingly & with some Dele of Wit
(As I doe think), which, an it pleasure thee,
I pray thee, printe ye same right suddenlie.
Bot, gif it plese thee not, I crie thee Grace,
Let not thine Office Lad my Work deface
With anie Mark at all;—noe, let him not
My Parchment wrongwise fold, nor stamp, nor blot,
Since I have scribed it fair with Peyne & Cost
And wolde not have my Labour wholly lost.
And doe not hold ye Writing over-long;
Some wiser Clerk, good hap, may like my Song.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JEREMY

BY HUGH WALPOLE

(Continued)

CHAPTER II

The Family Dog

§1.

It is of the essence of birthdays that they cannot maintain throughout a long day the glorious character of their early dawning. In Polchester thirty years ago there were no cinematographs, no theaters, save for an occasional amateur performance at the Assembly Rooms, and once and again a Magic Lantern show. On this particular day, moreover, Mr. and Mrs. Cole were immensely busied with preparations for some parochial tea, Miss Trefusis had calls to make, and, of course, Uncle Samuel was invisible. The birthday then suddenly became no longer a birthday but an ordinary day—with an extraordinary standard. This is why so many birthdays end in tears.

But Jeremy, as was usual with him, took everything quietly. He might cry aloud about such an affair as the conquest of the wicker chair because that did not deeply matter to him, but about the real things he was silent. The village was one of the real things; during all the morning he remained shut up in his soul with it, the wide world closed off from them by many muffled doors. How had Uncle Samuel known that he had deep in his own inside, so deep that he had not mentioned it even to himself, wanted something just like this? Thirty years ago there were none of the presents that there are for children now, no wonderful railways that run round the nursery from Monte Carlo to Paris, with all the stations marked; no dolls that are so like fashionable women that you are given a manicure set with them to keep their nails tidy; no miniature motor-cars that run of themselves and go miles round the floor without being wound up. Jeremy knew none of these things and was the happier that he did not; to such a boy such a village was a miracle . . . it had not come from Germany, as Aunt Amy said, but from Heaven. But it was even more of Uncle Samuel than the village that he was thinking. When they started—Helen, Mary and he, in charge of the Jampot—upon their afternoon walk, he was still asking himself the same questions. How had Uncle Samuel known so exactly? Had it been a great trouble to bring from so far away? Had Uncle Samuel thought it bad of him not to thank him?

He was lost in such considerations when the Jampot inquired of him the way that their walk should take—it was his choice because it was his birthday. He had no choice. There was one walk that far exceeded all others in glory, straight down Orange Street, straight again through Market Street, past the Assembly Rooms and the Town Hall, into the market-place, past the flower and fruit stalls and the old banana woman under the green umbrella, and the toy stall with the colored balloons, the China dogs and the nodding donkeys; up Cathedral Hill, into the cobble-stones of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Close whence one could look down between the houses onto the orchards, round the cathedral with the meadows, Pol Meads, sloping down to the river, so through Orchard Lane into Orange Street once again.

Such a walk combined every magic and delight known to the heart of man, but it was not generally allowed because Jeremy would drag past the shops, the stalls in the market-place and the walk behind the cathedral, whence one might sometimes see boats on the river, sheep and cows in the meads, and in their proper season, delight of delights—lambs.

They set out . . .

Thirty years ago the winter weather in Polchester was wonderful. Now, of course, there are no hard winters, no frost, no snow, no waits, no snowmen and no skating on the Pol. Then there were all those things. Today was of a hard glittering frost: the sun like a round, red lacquer tray fell heavily, slowly through a faint pale sky that was not strong enough to sustain it. The air had a cold, sweet tang of peppermints in the throat. Polchester was a painted town upon a blue screen, the Cathedral towers purple against the sky; the air was scented with burning leaves, and cries from the town rose up clear and hard, lingering and falling like notes of music. Somewhere they were playing football and the shouting was distant and regular like the tramp of armed men. "Three", struck the Cathedral clock, as though it were calling "Open Sesame". Other lesser clocks repeated the challenge cry through the town. "Woppley—Woppley—Why!" sung the man who was selling skins down Orange Street. The sky, turning slowly from blue to gold, shone mysteriously through the glass of the street lamps and the sun began to wrap itself in tints of purple and crocus and iris. "Woppley—Woppley—Why!" screamed the skin-man, suddenly, appearing at the top of the street.

"Now 'urry, Master Jeremy", said the Jampot, "or we shall never get 'ome this night and I might have known you'd choose the longest walk possible. Come along, Miss Mary, now—none of that dawdling." Jeremy in his "H. M. S. Adventures" cap and rough blue navy coat felt himself superior to the Jampot, so he only said, "Oh, don't bother, Nurse", and then in the same breath, "I'll run you down the hill, Mary", and before anyone could say a word there they were at the bottom of Orange Street as though they had fallen into a well. The sun was gone, the golden horizon was gone—only the purple lights began to gather about their feet and climb slowly the high black houses.

Mary liked this because she now had Jeremy to herself. She began hurriedly so that she should lose no time: "Shall I tell you a story, Jeremy? I've got a new one. Once upon a time there were three little boys and they lived in a wood and an old witch ate them and the Princess, who had heaps of jewelry and a white horse and a lovely gold dress, came and it was snowing and the witch—"

This was always Mary's way. She loved to tell Jeremy interesting stories, and he did not mind because he did not listen and could meanwhile think his own thoughts.

His chief decision arrived at as he marched along was that he would keep his village to himself, no one else should put his fingers into it, arrange the orchard with the colored trees, decide upon the names of the Noah fam-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ily, settle the village street in its final order, ring the bell of the church or milk the cows. He alone would do all these things. And, so, considering, he seemed to himself very like God. God, he supposed, could pull Polchester about, root a house here, another there, knock the Assembly Rooms down and send a thunderbolt on to the apple-woman's umbrella. Well then—so could he with his village. He walked swollen with pride. He arrived at the first Island of Circe, namely the window of Mr. Thompson, the jeweler in Market Street, pressed his nose to the pane and refused to listen when the Jampot suggested that he should move forward.

He could see the diamonds like drops of water in the sun and the pearls like drops of milk and the rubies like drops of blood, but it was not of diamonds, pearls or rubies that he was thinking—he thought only of his village. He would ring the church bell and then all the Noah family should start out of the door, down the garden, up the village street . . . It did not matter if one of the younger Noahs should be lazy and wish to stay at home beneath the flowering trees of the orchard. She would not be allowed . . . He was as God . . . He was as God . . . The butcher should go (if he was not stuck to his shop) and even some of his cows might go . . . He was as God . . .

He heard Mary's voice in his ear.

"And after that they all ate chocolates with white cream and red cream and they sucked it off pins and there were hard bits and soft bits and the Princess (she was a frog now—you remember, don't you, Jeremy?—the witch turned her) hotted the oven, like cook has with blade doors, and hotted it and hotted it, but suddenly there was a noise . . ." and, on the other side, the Jampot's voice: "You naughty boy, stopping 'ere for everyone to see just because it's your birthday which I wish there wasn't no birthdays nor there wouldn't be if I had my way."

Jeremy turned from Mr. Thompson's window, a scornful smile on his face:

"I'm bigger'n you, nurse," he said. "If I said out loud, 'I won't go', I wouldn't go and no one could make me."

"Well, come along then," said nurse.

"Don't be so stupid, Jerry," said Helen calmly. "If a policeman came and said you had to go home you'd have to go."

"No, I wouldn't," said Jeremy.

"Then they'd put you in prison."

"They could."

"They'd hang you perhaps."

"They could," replied Jeremy.

Farther than this, argument cannot go, so Helen shrugged her shoulders and said: "You *are* silly."

And they all moved forward.

He found then that this new sense of God-like power detracted a little from the excitement of the market place—although the flower stall was dazzling with flowers, and there was a new kind of pig that lifted its tail and lowered it again on the toy stall, and the apple-woman was as fat as ever and had thick clumps of yellow bananas hanging most richly around her head. They ascended Cathedral Hill and reached the Close. It was half-past three and the cathedral bells had begun to ring for evensong. All the houses in the Close were painted with a pale yellow light; across the long green cathedral lawn thin black shadows like the fingers of giants pointed to the cathedral door. All was so silent here that the bells danced against the houses and back

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

again, the echoes lingering in the high elms and mingling with the placid cooing of the rooks.

"There's Mrs. Bartholomew," said Jeremy; "Aunt Amy says she's a wicked woman—do you think she's a wicked woman, nurse?" He gazed at the stout figure with interest. If he were truly God, he would turn her into a rabbit. This thought amused him and he began to laugh.

"You naughty boy, now come along," said the Jampot, who distrusted laughter in Jerry.

"I'll ring the bells when I grow up," he said, "and I'll ring them in the middle of the night so that everyone will have to go to church when they don't want to. I'll be able to do what I like when I grow up."

"No, you won't," said Helen; "Father and Mother can't do what they like."

"Yes, they can," said Jeremy.

"No, they can't," answered Helen, "or they would."

"So they do," said Jeremy, "silly!"

"Silly, yourself," said Helen very calmly, because she knew very well that she was not silly.

"Now, children, stop it, do," said the Jampot. His sense of newly received power reached its climax when they walked round the Close and reached the back of the cathedral. I know that now both for Jeremy and me that prospect has dwindled into its proper grown-up proportions, but how can a man, be he come to threescore and ten and more, ever forget the size, the splendor, the sun-spring extravagance of that early vision?

Jeremy saw that day the old fragments of Castle Wall, the green expanse falling like a sheeted waterfall from the cathedral heights, the blue line of river flashing in the evening sun between the bare-boughed trees, the long spaces of black shadow spreading slowly over the colors as though it were all being rolled up and laid away for another day, the brown frosty path of the Rope walk, the farther bank climbing into fields and hedges, ending in the ridge of wood black against the golden sky. And all so still. As the children stood there they could catch nestlings, faint cries, stirrings of dead leaves and twigs, as birds and beasts moved to their homes; the cooing of the rooks about the black branches seemed to promise that this world should be ever tranquil, forever cloistered and removed; the sun red and flaming above the dark wood flung white mists hither and thither to veil its departure. The silence deepened, the last flight flamed on the river and died upon the hill.

"Now, children, come along, do," said the Jampot, who had been held in spite of herself and would pay for it, she knew, in rheumatism tomorrow. It was then that Jeremy's God-flung sense of power, born from that moment early in the day when he had sat in the wicker chair, reached its climax. He stood there, his legs apart, looking upon the darkening world and felt that he could do anything—anything . . .

At any rate there was one thing that he could do, disobey the Jampot.

"I'm not coming," he said, "till I choose."

"You wicked boy," she cried, her temper rising with the evening chills, her desire for a cup of hot tea, and an aching longing for a comfortable chair. "When everyone's been so good to you today and the things you've been given and all. Why, it's a wicked shame."

The Jampot, who was a woman happily without imagination, saw a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

naughty small boy spoiled and needing the slipper.

A rook taking a last look at the world before retiring to rest, watching from his leafless bough, saw a mortal spirit defying the universe, and sympathized.

"I shall tell your Mother," said the Jampot. "Now come, Master Jeremy, be a good boy."

"Oh, don't bother, nurse," he answered impatiently, "you're such a fuss." She realized in that moment that he was suddenly beyond her power, that he would never be within it again. She had nursed him for eight years, she had loved him in her own way; she, dull perhaps in the ways of the world, but wise in the ways of nurses, ways that are built up of surrender and surrender, gave him, then and there, to the Larger life . . .

"You may behave as you like, Master Jeremy," she said. "It won't be for long that I'll have the dealing with you, praise be. You'll be going to school next September and then we'll see what' ll happen to your wicked pride."

"School!" he turned upon her his eyes wide and staring.

"School", he stared at them all.

The world tumbled from him. In his soul was a confusion of triumph and dismay, of excitement and loneliness, of the sudden falling from him of all old standards, old horizons, of pride and humility . . . How little was the village to him. He looked at them to see whether they could understand. They could not.

Very quietly he followed them home. His birthday had achieved its climax. . . .

§2.

That winter of Jeremy's eighth birthday was famous for its snow. Glebeshire has never yielded to the wishes of its children in the matter of snowy Christmases, and Polchester has the reputation of muggy warmth and foggy mists; but here was a year when traditions were fulfilled in the most reckless manner and all the 1891 babies were treated to a present of snow on so fine a scale that certainly for the rest of their days they will go about saying: "Ah, you should see the winters we used to have when we were children . . . "

The snow began on the very day after Jeremy's birthday, coming down doubtfully, slowly, little gray flakes against a gray sky, then sparkling white, then vanishing flashes of moisture on a wet, unsympathetic soil. That day the snow did not lie, and for a week it did not come again; then with a whirl it seized the land and for two days and nights did not loosen its grip. From the nursery windows the children watched it, their noses making little rings on the window-pane, their delighted eyes snatching fascinating glimpses of figures tossed through the storm, cabs beating their way, the rabbit-skin man, the milkman, the postman—brave adventurers all, fighting, as it seemed, for their very lives.

For two days the children did not leave the house, and the natural result of that was that on the second afternoon tempers were, like so many dogs, straining, tugging, pulling at their chains.

It could not be denied that Jeremy had been tiresome to every one since the afternoon when he had heard the news of his going to school next September. It had seemed to him a tremendous event, the beginning of the end. To the others who lived in the immediate present it was a crisis so remote as scarcely to count at all.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mary would have liked to be sentimental about it, but from this she was sternly prevented. There was then nothing more to be said . . .

Jeremy was suddenly isolated from them all. His destiny was peculiar. They were girls, he was a boy. They understood neither his fears, nor his ambitions; he needed terribly a companion. The snow shutting them in laughed at their struggles against monotony. The nursery clock struck three and they realized that two whole hours must pass before the next meal. Mary, her nose red from pressing on the window-pane, her eyes gazing through her huge spectacles wistfully at Jeremy, longed to suggest that she should read aloud to him. She knew that he hated it; she pretended to herself that she did not know.

Jeremy stared desperately at Helen who was sitting, dignified and collected, in the wicker chair hemming a minute handkerchief.

"We might play pirates," Jeremy said with a little cough the better to secure her attention. There was no answer.

"Or there's the hut in the wood—if anyone likes it better," he added politely. He did not know what was the matter. Had the Jampot not told him about school he would at this very moment be playing most happily with his village. It spread out there before him on the nursery floor, the Noah family engaged upon tea in the orchard, the butcher staring with fixed gaze from the door of his shop, three cows and a sheep in a huddled crowd absorbed in the architecture of the church.

He sighed—then said again: "Perhaps pirates would be better."

Still Helen did not reply. He abandoned the attempted control of his passions.

"It's very rude," he said, "not to answer when gentlemen speak to you."

"I don't see any gentlemen," answered Helen quietly, without raising her eyes which was, as she knew, a provoking habit.

"Yes, you do," almost screamed Jeremy. "I'm one."

"You're not," continued Helen, "you're only eight; gentlemen must be over twenty like father or Mr. Jellybrand."

"I hate Mr. Jellybrand and I hate you," replied Jeremy.

"I don't care," said Helen.

"Yes, you do," said Jeremy; then suddenly as though even a good quarrel were not worth while on this heavily-burdened afternoon, he said gently: "You might play pirates, Helen. You can be Sir Roger."

"I've got this to finish."

"It's a dirty old thing," continued Jeremy, pursuing an argument, "and it'll be dirtier soon and the Jampot says you do all the stitches wrong. I wish I was at school."

"I wish you were," said Helen.

There was a pause after this. Jeremy went sadly back to his window-seat. Mary felt that her moment had arrived. Sniffing as was her habit when she wanted something very badly, she said in a voice that was little more than a whisper:

"It would be fun, wouldn't it, perhaps, if I read something, Jeremy?"

Jeremy *was* a gentleman although he was only eight. He looked at her and saw, behind the spectacles, eyes beseeching his permission.

"Well, it wouldn't be *much* fun," he said, "but it's all beastly this afternoon anyway."

"Can I sit on the window too?" asked Mary.

"Not too close because it tickles my ear, but you can if you like."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She hurried across to the bookshelf. "There's 'Stumps', and 'Rags and Tatters', and 'Engel the Fearless', and 'Her Baby', and 'Alice', and—"

" 'Alice' is best," said Jeremy, sighing, "you know it better than the others." He curled himself into a corner of the window-seat. From his position there he had a fine view: immediately below him was the garden, white and gray under the gray sky, the broken fountain standing up like a snowman in the middle of it. The snow had ceased to fall and a great stillness held the world.

Beyond the little iron gate of the garden that always sneezed "Tishoo" when you closed it was the top of Orange Street; then down the hill on the right was the tower of his father's church; exactly opposite the gate was the road that led to the orchards, and on the right of that was the Polchester High School for Young Ladies, held in great contempt by Jeremy—the more that Helen would shortly be a day-boarder there, would scream with the other girls, and, worst of all, would soon be seen walking with her arm round another girl's neck, chattering and eating sweets . . .

The whole world seemed deserted: no color, no movement, no sound. He sighed once more—"I'd like to eat jam and jam—lots of it," he thought. "It would be fun to be sick."

Mary arrived and swung herself up on the window-seat.

"It's the 'Looking Glass' one, I hope you don't mind," she said apprehensively.

"Oh, it's all right," he allowed. He flung a glance back to the lighted nursery. It seemed by contrast with that gray world outside to blaze with color: the red painted ships on the wall-paper, the bright lights and shadows of "The Charge of the Light Brigade", the salmon-prints of the doll's-house, the green and red of the village on the floor with the flowery trees, the blue table-cloth, the shining brass coal-scuttle—all alive and sparkling in the flames, and shadows of the fire caught and held by the fine gold of the high fender. Beyond, that dead white—soon it would be dark, the curtains would be drawn and still there would be nothing to do. He sighed again.

"It's a nice bit about the shop," said Mary. Jeremy said nothing, so she began. She started at a run:

"She looked at the Queen who seemed to have"—sniff, sniff—"sudden - - ly suddenly wra - wra - w-r-a-p-p-e-d —"

"Wrapped"? asked Jeremy.

"I don't know," said Mary, rubbing her nose, "what it means but perhaps we'll see presently—herself up in w - o - o - l wool. Alice rubbed her eyes and looked again she couldn't—"

"Looked again she couldn't?" asked Jeremy. "It should be, 'she couldn't look again'."

"Oh, there's a stop," said Mary, "I didn't see. After 'again' there's a stop. 'She couldn't make out what had happened at all'—"

"I can't either," said Jeremy, crossly. "It would be better perhaps if I read it myself—"

"It will be all right in a minute," said Mary confidently. "Was she in the shop? And was that really—was it really a ship that was sitting on the counter?" she finished with a run.

"A what?" asked Jeremy.

"A ship—"

"A ship! How could it sit on a counter?" he asked.

"Oh, no, it's a sheep. How silly I am," Mary exclaimed.

"You *do* read badly," he agreed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

frankly. "I never can understand nothing." And it was at that very moment that he saw the dog.

§3.

He had been staring down into the garden with a gaze half abstracted, half speculative, listening with one ear to Mary, with the other to the stir of the fire, the heavy beat of the clock and the rustlings of Martha, the canary.

He watched the snowy expanse of garden, the black gate, the road beyond. A vast wave of pale gray light, the herald of approaching dusk, swept the horizon, the snowy roofs, the streets, and Jeremy felt some contact with the strange air, the mysterious omens that the first snows of the winter spread about the land. He watched as though he were waiting for something to happen . . .

The creature came up very slowly over the crest of Orange Street. No one else was in sight, no cart, no horse, no weather-beaten wayfarer. At first the dog was only a little black smudge against the snow, then as he arrived at the Cole's garden-gate Jeremy could see him very distinctly. He was it appeared quite alone; he had been, it was evident, badly beaten by the storm. Intended by nature to be a rough and hairy dog, he now appeared before God and man a shivering battered creature, dripping and wind-tossed, bedraggled and bewildered. And yet even in that first distant glimpse Jeremy discerned a fine independence. He was a short stumpy dog in no way designed for dignified attitudes and patronizing superiority; nevertheless as he now wandered slowly up the street, his nose was in the air and he said to the whole world: "The storm may have done its best to defeat me—it has failed. I am as I was. I ask charity of no man. I know what is due to me."

It was this that attracted Jeremy; he had himself felt thus after slippering from his father or idiotic punishments from the Jampot and the uninvited consolations of Mary or Helen upon such occasions had been resented with so fierce a bitterness that his reputation for sulkiness had been soundly established with all his circle.

Mary was reading . . . "an old sheep, sitting in an armchair, knitting, and every now and then leaving off to look at her through a great pair of spec - t - a - c - les spectacles—"

He touched her arm and whispered.

"I say, Mary, stop a minute—look at that dog down there."

They both stared down into the garden. The dog had stopped at the gate; it sniffed at the bars, sniffed at the wall beyond, then very slowly but with real dignity continued its way up the road.

"Poor thing," said Jeremy. "It *is* in a mess". Then to their astonishment the dog turned back; and sauntering down the road again as though it had nothing all day to do but to wander about, and as though it were not wet, shivering and hungry, it once more smelt the gate.

"Oh", said Mary and Jeremy together. "It's like mother", said Jeremy, "when she's going to see someone and isn't sure whether it's the right house."

Then, most marvelous of unexpected climaxes, the dog suddenly began to squeeze itself between the bottom bar of the gate and the ground. The interval was fortunately a large one: a moment later the animal was in the Cole's garden.

The motives that led Jeremy to behave as he did are uncertain. It may have been something to do with the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

general boredom of the afternoon, it may have been that he felt pity for the bedraggled aspect of the animal —most probable reason of all, it was that devil-may-care independence flung up from the road, as it were, expressly at himself.

The dog obviously did not feel any great respect for the Cole household. He wandered about the garden, sniffing and smelling exactly as though the whole place belonged to him, and a ridiculous stump of tail, unsubdued by the weather, gave him the ludicrous dignity of a Malvolio.

"I'm going down," whispered Jeremy flinging a cautious glance at Helen who was absorbed in her sewing.

Mary's eyes grew wide with horror and admiration. "You're not going out," she whispered, "in the snow. Oh Jeremy, they *will* be angry."

"I don't care," whispered Jeremy back again, "they can be."

Indeed, before Mary's frightened whisper, he had not intended to do more than creep down into the pantry and watch the dog at close range; now it was as though Mary had challenged him. He knew that it was the most wicked thing that he could do, to go out into the snow without a coat and in his slippers. He might even, according to Aunt Amy, die of it, but as death at present meant no more to him than a position of importance and a quantity of red currant jelly and chicken, *that* prospect did not deter him. He left the room so quietly that Helen did not even lift her eyes.

Then upon the landing he waited and listened. The house had all the lighted trembling dusk of the snowy afternoon; there was no sound save the ticking of the clocks. He might come upon the Jampot at any moment but this was just the hour when she liked to drink her cup of tea in the kitchen—he knew from deep and constant study every movement of her day. Fortune favored him. He reached without trouble the little dark corkscrew servants' staircase. Down this he crept and found himself beside the little gardeners' door. Although here there was only snow-lit dusk, he felt for the handle of the lock, found it, turned it and was, at once, over the steps, into the garden.

Here, with a vengeance, he felt the full romance and danger of his enterprise. It was horribly cold; he had been in the nursery for two whole days, wrapped up and warm, and now the snowy world seemed to leap up at him and drag him down as though into an icy well. Mysterious shadows hovered over the garden; the fountain pointed darkly against the sky and he could feel by the feathery touches on his face, that the snow had begun to fall again.

He moved forward a few steps; the house was so dark behind him, the world so dim and uncertain in front of him, that for a moment his heart failed him. He might have to search the whole garden for the dog.

Then he heard a sniff, felt something wet against his leg—he had almost stepped upon the animal. He bent down and stroked its wet coat; the dog stood quite still, then moved forward toward the house, sniffed at the steps, at last walked calmly through the open door as though the house belonged to him. Jeremy followed, closed the door behind them; then there they were in the little dark passage with the boy's heart beating like a drum, his teeth chattering and a terrible temptation to sneeze hovering around him. Let him reach the nursery and establish the animal there and all might be well, but let

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them be discovered cold and shivering in the passage and out the dog would be flung. He knew so exactly what would happen. He could hear the voices in the kitchen. He knew that they were sitting warm there by the fire, but that at any moment Jampot might think good to climb the stairs and see "what mischief the children were up to". Everything depended upon the dog. Did he bark or whine out into the night he must go again, probably to die in the cold. But Jeremy, the least sentimental of that most sentimental race, the English, was too intent upon his threatened sneeze to pay much attention to these awful possibilities.

He took off his slippers and began to climb the stairs, the dog close behind him very grave and dignified in spite of the little trail of snow and water that he left in his track. The nursery-door was reached, pushed softly open, and the startled gaze of Mary and Helen fell wide-eyed upon the adventurer and his prize.

(To be continued)

A SURVEY OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE

BY MOISSAYE J. OLGIN

I

We do not know a person unless we have an insight into his soul. We do not understand a nation unless we have access to the very depths of its feelings, emotions, aspirations, ideals and hopes, present and past. These phenomena, however, do not exist as an abstraction. There is no such thing as the "soul of a nation". What is the feeling of a group, a class, or the great mass of the people must at one time be the individual experience of an individual person. What are considered the salient features of a national character are necessarily imbedded in the souls of men and women forming the people.

It is, therefore, to the individual personalities within a nation that we have to look for the final understanding of the national "soul". Yet neither history nor sociology, neither ethnology nor political economy can lead us into the sanctum of the individual soul. Only literature and art, literature more than art, can reveal the throbbing of a human heart, the tide of suffering, the dawn of hope. Only in Russian literature can other nations learn to see the Russian people, to feel the scourge of their pain, to breathe the storms of their strife.

Great hurricanes have recently rolled over the plains of Russia, tearing down old edifices, uprooting powerful growths, raking up the "black earth" for new seeds and new flowers. Everything seems to have changed. Every face seems to be new. Yet, in the crucible of political passion, the fundamentals of human personality remain unchanged. Through the barrage-fire of social upheavals we perceive the same human soul shining from the same pain-stricken eyes. The peasants of the modern Village Soviets are the old Moujiks whose acquaintance we make in the works of Turgenev and Nekrasov, Uspensky and Mouijel. The offi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cials of the Workmen's Councils are those young, forward-striving "sons of the people", who delight us in the works of Gorky and Skitaletz and Kuprin. The "Intelligentzia", with all its harrowing tragedy, is composed of our old friends from the works of Veresayev, Gippius, Andreyev. Russian literature still is, and will remain, the deepest and truest mirror of the Russian soul. And to everybody who stands aghast at the sight of the momentous Russian events, we can only say: "If you wish to understand the things below the changing surface of revolutionary waves you must have recourse to Russian literary works."

The lists which accompany this outline are intended as a guide through Russian literature. It is assumed that the reading public (and not infrequently the publisher and translator) on this side of the ocean have no clear conception of the place in literature and of the significance in the Russian spiritual progress of every writer that is being translated into English. Second-rate writers, whose influence in Russia was very slight, are being heralded as "true representatives of Russian genius"; antiquated works, whose fame has long passed, are being declared the last word of Russian creative effort; works of high value profoundly interwoven with the very heart of Russian realities are not mentioned at all. To help the reader find his way through the unfamiliar tangle of our literature, to place the great writers each in his proper perspective, to characterize their contribution to Russian literature and thought, and to indicate their most important works, is the aim of these discussions.

We had to be very rigid in our choice. We selected only those writers who stand in the foreground of Russian literature. We omitted, however, many a great writer who now presents only a historic value. On the other hand, it was our intention to pass by no book that marks an epoch in the development of our literature, our social thinking and our spiritual gropings.

These three elements, the artistic, the social and the spiritual, may not coincide in the literatures of other nations. "Fiction" may be very artistic, yet contain hardly any element characterizing social conditions. Books describing the actual life of social groups and classes may lack imagination and color and beauty. "Good" literature, "realistic" or "impressionistic", may never rise to the cool heights of eternal spiritual problems. Happily, all these elements are inseparably blended in the best works of Russian literature, and the student sees in them not only the progress of a creative literary genius, but also the deepest thoughts of the deepest minds of Russia painfully concerned both with the spiritual aspect of life and the social conditions of the people.

The reason for this wealth of color, thought and ideas in Russian literature lies in the specific situation of our thinking classes. For a century or more our "Intelligentzia" was taking deep draughts from the fountains of European thought, without being able to transform ideas into action. We saw visions, but we were imprisoned. We dreamt of beauty and joy, but we were confronted with the most cruel, implacable order of things. Many hit their heads against the black wall of Russian reality, striving against the impossible, staining their martyr-path with tears and blood. The majority preferred to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dream. We lived an imaginary life in our books and writings. Literature with us was more than a pastime, more than an artistic reflection of life. It was life itself. It was the only realm where the creative power of our best men could find a semblance of constructive work.

It is for this reason that Russian political factions almost always coincide with literary schools. The Slavophiles and the Westerners of the 'forties and the 'fifties were fundamentally divided in their *political* conceptions. Had they been allowed to try and to put their ideas into practice, the Slavophiles might have conducted a campaign for a patriarchal Russian political system based on "confidence between the Czar as father and the people as his children", while the Westerners might have striven to introduce in Russia a parliamentary system on a European scale. Much of the intellectual energies of both factions would have necessarily been absorbed by purely political activities, and the literature would have reflected only the processes of life. Being, however, cut off from every shadow of practical work by the stern rule of an autocratic system, both Slavophiles and Westerners turned to the only field half-way open for them, and literature became the ground where they fought out their most animated battles.

A score of years later the same was true about the Narodniki and the Marxists. For a while the Narodniki had tried to change the study of a writer for the fresh breezes of actual life. Presently, however, those breezes became too sharp for a human being to endure. The whip of autocracy reached the enthusiastic fighters for freedom, and after a merciless series of executions and exile, the Narodniki ideal for a quarter of a century confined itself to purely literary expression.

Literature was the only refuge of the Russian mind, the only safety isle to avoid stagnation. All our fond hopes were given to *belles lettres*. All our pride we placed in literary expression. All that was deepest, most stirring, most profound in the soul of our spiritual leaders, rushed to literature and literary criticism to find its realization.

We resembled a strange order in the midst of the atrocities of Russian life. We gratified our social instinct by reading descriptions of the people's life. We satisfied our desire for political action by discussing the various types of Narodniki, socialists, bureaucrats, domestic and foreign, which were presented in our literature. It was almost a civic duty for every member of the "Intelligentzia" to have read the latest sketch of Veresayev, the stories of Korolenko, the poems of Yakubovitch. That is why our writers were so eager to describe all the most novel occurrences in our social life. That is why they had their ear always close to the ground to perceive the faintest sound the very moment it was born. And that is why our literature is more realistic, more social and more shot through with intense thought than, perhaps, any other literature in the world.

Our first list contains about forty books marking the development of Russian literature from the first quarter of the past century up to the middle of the 'nineties. This period is not arbitrarily chosen. There are certain features which make the literature of the entire period one large entity. It may not be out of place to point out some of its most outstanding characteristics.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1. Russian literature of this period is still primarily a product of the land-owning nobility. Pushkin and Lermontov, Gogol and Nekrasov, Gontcharov and Aksakov, Turgenev and the Tolstois, and many another great light were born in the mansions of the landlords, breathed the air of family traditions, led a carefree life in their youth, and received a good education at the hands of private tutors, often foreigners, or in secluded aristocratic schools. This gave a certain unconscious refinement to their writings, and influenced their conception of life. They knew the village and the provincial town, but the large city was outside their range of vision. They were intimately connected with the land-holding class and, consequently, had an understanding of the peasantry which was grouped, geographically and economically, around the landlords' mansions, but they were little interested in the problems of the city folk. Russia for them was the village. The Russian "people" coincided with the Russian peasants.

In the last quarter of a century the "raznotchinetz", the man from below, makes his appearance in Russian literature. Up to that time only very few "sons of the people" succeeded in treading upon the sacred literary ground. The poets Koltzov and Nikitin, and the story-writer Reshetnikov, were the most known. Now, with the general progress of life and the development of education, more and more writers of the non-privileged classes step to the front. Gleb Uspensky is the most famous. The "new men" have a new boldness in their manner; they are crude; they are in many cases more vigorous than their noble brothers, as raw life often appears to have greater vigor than its more refined manifestation. Yet the new writers cannot compete with the others in charm, in ease, in masterful handling of their subjects, in artistic poise. Notwithstanding all changes in Russian life gradually developing after the abolition of serfdom in 1861, the dominant figure in literature is still the son of the "nobleman's nest".

2. The entire literature of the period is saturated with sympathy for the "people", i.e., the peasant. Slavophile or Westerner, nobleman or "raznotchinetz", every writer pays his tribute of attention and sympathy to the "black earth". Gogol writes tales of the Ukrainian folks with an amazing gaiety of color and human fondness. Turgenev portrays a number of peasant types in a tone of lofty artistic composure. Nekrasov writes of the peasants' sufferings with tears and seething compassion. Uspensky tried to be a calm, inquisitive observer interested primarily in facts, though his brain is constantly aflame. Reshetnikov made the reader shiver with fear at sight of the dreadful savagery of the "people". All these various writers, differing in talent and in social conceptions, were united by their profound interest in the life of the peasants, by their insatiable desire to solve the mystery of the great sphinx—the Russian masses.

This is not mere artistic curiosity. Neither is it a feeling of charitable pity for the "poor", nor a vogue. Back of it all is the consciousness of the fact that the peasant is the corner-stone of Russian life, that all work of reconstructing Russia must begin from below. The object of all this interest, the Moujik, was hardly aware of the intellectual attempts at interpreting his very essence. He continued to lead his obscure routine life. He seldom stirred. He never

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

protested. He was like a drop in a black sea under a heavy sky. He was not conscious of his power. Yet all those "gentlemen" who stretched at him their artistic feelers had a distinct premonition that some day the black sea would begin to heave and rage and storm and break its chains. Hence the feeling of awe that the Russian sphinx inspired in all the writers.

3. The cleft between the people and the "Intelligentzia" is another feature of the protracted period. The plain truth is that the masses had not yet reached that level of culture where they could have a common language with the educated classes. This was natural in a backward country, yet it was painful to the intellectuals, and left its marks on the literature of the time. "The sons of the mansion" were not comfortable in their cultural solitude. The "sons of the people" could not be happy with their modern education which elevated them above the masses. The writers of noble origin indulged in gloomy moods, lamenting their great unredeemed "debt to the people". The writers of the "raznotchinetz" type were, perhaps, gloomier because they felt more keenly the chaos and the humiliating baseness of Russian life. All of them were fully aware of the fact that no action could be taken before they devised a way to the minds of the masses. This way, however, lay hidden in the mist of the future. There was no bridge stretched over the abyss between the member of the "Intelligentzia" and the member of the "people". We were two distinct races, two worlds, two planets isolated in space.

4. The *form* of the Russian literature of the entire period remains fundamentally the same. Aside from individual characteristics of style and language, nearly all writers use a uniform literary apparatus. Pushkin's style is dominant in poetry, and the subsequent works of Nekrasov or Alexey Tolstoi or Nadson are hardly a step forward in expression. Turgenev's manner is dominant in prose writing. It seems as if there had been no cult of the language, no effort at refining the literary tools, ever since Pushkin. The writers were infinitely more concerned with what they had to say than with the way they said it. The language was taken for granted. Rhythm and music and a certain beauty were almost common property. This accounted for lucidity, simplicity, clarity and honesty of expression, yet reform work in this realm became imminent.

All this changed toward the middle of the 'nineties. Social and cultural progress initiated by the abolition of serfdom and facilitated by subsequent industrial development brought about new literary schools. The "modernist" with his cult of the ego, his gospel of beauty for beauty's sake, his lack of interest in social problems which he considers of minor importance, and his strong inclination toward a religious conception of life, makes his appearance, and within a short time becomes one of the dominant factors. On the other hand, new waves of social energy, hardly perceptible at the outset, make the social ground vibrate. Unrest spreads. Social forces are growing. The sphinx begins to stir. Soon he shakes in momentous convulsions. The country is in the grip of a revolution. Russian literature responds. It is saturated with rich color. It breathes unusual vigor. It expands. It becomes infinitely more abundant in motives, forms, observations, ideas. Thus the great trunk of Russian lit-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

erature of the nineteenth century branches off into two main boughs. These will form the subjects of a second and third list.

FIRST SERIES

Selected from the Russian literature of the nineteenth century and reflecting the development of Russian creative genius and Russian thought, as well as the changes in social conditions

A. S. GRIBOYEDOV (1795-1829)

"The Misfortune of Reason" (1833).—A satirical comedy in verse. It depicts Russian aristocracy in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Almost every line of the comedy has become a proverb. The personages are known as classic national types.

"Griboyedov belongs to the most powerful manifestations of the Russian spirit."—*V. G. Belinsky.*

"He loved the truth, he was her champion from his very youth, he spoke the truth fearlessly, without mercy to himself or others. Contemporaries and witnesses admitted the power of his mind and his cult of the truth.

"The opinions expressed by the hero of the comedy are quite unusual for his time. They combine admiration for ancient Russian customs with a love for European institutions, sympathy for the sound fundamentals of national life and appreciation of modern progress. Tchatzky (the hero) advocates higher education, freedom of opinions; he is proud of the new century when 'a man can freely breathe'. This is a good Russian patriotism on a European basis."—*A. Veselovsky.*

A. S. PUSHKIN (1799-1837)

Poet; creator of the modern poetic language; one of the great national classics.

Pushkin's poems are both vigorous and tender, full of life and tinged with melodious sadness. His motives vary from the most intimate personal emotions to sublime contemplations over the fate of his country.

"Pushkin was a central poet, a man close to the heart of Russian life. The substance and the qualities of his poetry coincide with the substance and the qualities of the Russian nation."—*I. S. Turgenev.*

"Pushkin's main contribution to Russian literature consisted in putting poetry on a high level of independent royal importance. He freed poetry from its former subsidiary rôle as a means of propaganda or a pastime.

"The unusual wealth of poetic pictures in his poems was a revelation. He widened the horizon of Russian poetry beyond national boundaries. He made it universal."—*A. N. Pypin.*

1. "Lyrical Poems". 2. "Evgeny Onegin" (1825-1832).—A novel in verse. Being the sad love-story of Onegin and Tatyana, it contains many features of Russian intellectual aspirations in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. The life of the local gentry is described with much fondness. "Evgeny Onegin" was characterized as "one of the greatest creations of our fine literature".

" 'Onegin' opens the series of intellectual wanderers. He is no hero, he is not idealized, he is only a clever and good-hearted Russian, a representative of the 'Intelligentzia' of his time who has found no place and no work under the conditions of his time."—*D. N. Ovsyaniko-Kulikovsky.*

3. "Poltava" (1829).—An epic poem. Events are centered around the battle of Poltava (1709). The main figures are Peter the Great, Mazepa, the Ukrainian Hetman, and Maria, the beautiful Ukrainian maiden. The pictures of Ukrainian nature and of the Battle of Poltava are unequaled in Russian literature. "Poltava" is, perhaps, the ripest and most perfect work of Pushkin.

"The appearance of Peter in the midst of this picture, an appearance represented in flaming colors which make your hair stand upright on your head, gives you the impression as if you were present at a great religious mystery, as if some unknown God, in rays of glory unbearable to mortal eyes, were passing before us surrounded by lightnings and thunders."—*V. G. Belinsky.*

(For further acquaintance with Pushkin, his "Rider of Copper", "Boris Godounov", "Miser Knight", and prose stories may be recommended.)

M. J. LERMONTOV (1814-1841)

Poet. In some quarters considered to be superior to Pushkin. Surpasses Pushkin in groping for a solution of the meaning of life. Possesses less of Pushkin's serenity and vigor. Lermontov's motives are eternal human motives, the longing of a soul for non-existent harmony.

1. "Poems".—"Lermontov has an unclear premonition of a world beyond, a

The appreciations quoted in the list are taken from the works of the most eminent Russian critics.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'real existence'. Everything in life that gives an inkling of this 'real existence', of this eternal and perfect world, fills Lermontov with a longing for his spiritual fatherland and a contempt for philistine existence."—*K. I. Arabashin.*

2. "The Demon".—A fantastic poem. The Demon, the Spirit of Evil, craves to free himself from his cold loneliness and to rise to heights of harmony through love for a mortal, the Nun Tamar. The scene is set in the Caucasus, and the story is full of the mystic glow of the Orient.

The figure of the Demon was the creation of Lermontov he loved most. He worked on it practically all his life.

"Lermontov's Demon is not a symbol of the eternal Evil; he is not the Satan, he is a proud spirit, embittered and therefore sowing evil. He lived a lonesome monotonous life. He spread evil without satisfaction to himself. The Demon is an idealist suffering from disappointment."—*K. I. Arabashin.*

(Further acquaintance with Lermontov can be acquired by reading his "Hero of Our Time", "Mtzyry" and "The Mascarade".)

A. N. OSTROVSKY (1823-1886)

Realistic playwright. Very skillful. Depicted primarily the life of the Russian merchant and the business man of the middle of the century. Created a number of types that remain permanent in Russian consciousness. For fifty years his plays were a constant feature of the Russian repertoire.

"Ostrovsky's plays not only gave new power to the theatre, but opened before Russian literature a whole new world, which had never been so fully represented in it."—*Ch. Vetrinsky.*

"The Storm" (1860).—This is Ostrovsky's most famous play. The collision between the deadening grip of a crude patriarchal family life and the craving of a young woman's beautiful soul for emotional freedom, is given a most vivid presentation. It is one of the most genuine Russian creations.

"This is a world of subdued, silently moaning grief, a world of dull, nagging pain, a world of prisonlike, gravelike silence. There is no light, no warmth, no space to move in. Yet man is alive, you never can destroy his craving for life. In utter darkness, a spark is sometimes rekindled, that sacred fire which burns in the heart of every man before it is drowned in the mud-flow of life. By the passing light of those sparks we see the sufferings of our brothers. Such a spark of light in the world of darkness is Katharine, the heroine of 'The Storm'."—*N. A. Dobrolyubov.*

V. G. BELINSKY (1811-1848)

Founder of Russian literary criticism whose works had great influence with a succession of generations, shaping the literary taste of the Russian "Intelligentzia" and setting high moral and artistic standards for the writers. Belinsky was also a publicist and philosopher of the idealistic school.

"Belinsky was not only a man of the highest nobility of character, a great critic of artistic works and a publicist highly responsive to the problems of his time, but he also manifested a marvelous foresight in formulating the deepest and most important problems of our social development."—*G. V. Plekhanov.*

1. "Russian Folklore".—One of the best investigations of the character and the poetical value of Russian folk songs, myths, heroic epics, etc.

2. "The Works of Alexander Pushkin".—A thorough and most lucid survey of Pushkin's poetical works. The essay is one of the best productions of Russian literary criticism.

A. V. KOLTZOV (1808-1842)

Son of a poor merchant. Received no school education. As a boy helped his father in business. Took a fancy for reading, and became interested in poetry. At fifteen he still used to sing the poems he happened to find in books. Later he began to write poetry himself. Soon he attracted the attention of Belinsky and other writers and was helped in his literary career.

His poems are an artistic improvisation on the themes of folk-songs. No folk-song, however, has been as perfect and as musical as his simple, unsophisticated, yet entirely charming "imitations". It may be said that the folk-songs are an imitation of his motives. There is the freshness of primitive life and the scent of wild flowers in his tones.

His poems are not many. He died young.

"Koltzov's poems are a unique fact in our literature. When you read him you have a feeling as if the ancient popular bards have awakened to life in all their power and fragrance of talent. More marvelous is it that this poet of the golden cornfields and vast steppes came from environments where petty greed for money and comfort deadens the feeling of beauty."—*V. V. Kallash.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

N. V. GOGOL (1809-1852)

Foremost Russian humorist. A man who wrote about himself that he described life "through visible laughter and invisible tears, hidden from the world". The discrepancies, crudeness, emptiness, meanness of provincial life under the bureaucratic regime is the object of his unrivaled mockery which for seventy-five years has made Russia tremble with delight notwithstanding the accompanying moral indignation. Gogol's types are undying. Gogol's *mots* are a part of the Russian vocabulary. Gogol's lyrical descriptions of Russian nature, strangely intertwined with most penetrating comical scenes and situations, are learned by heart in Russian schools. Amid a life gloomy under a load of misery, pained with unfulfilled desires, downtrodden under the boot of a reckless ruling caste, Gogol was the mocking-bird whose gay laughter, flowing from a loving heart, brought relief and comfort.

"The artistic creations of Gogol which represented in plastic types all the negative, the dark, the vulgar and the poor in the life of Russia prior to the reforms (abolition of serfdom in 1861), were for the generation of the 'forties (and not for them alone), an inexhaustible source of mental and moral elation."—*D. N. Ovsyaniko-Kulikovsky.*

1. "The Dead Souls" (1842).—A broad panorama of Russian provincial life under the system of serfdom. The peasants are not yet considered human beings, but "souls" who can be bought and sold. The landlords are ignorant, idle and addicted to primitive physical pleasures. The bureaucracy is part and parcel of this system, thriving on it in a parasitic way. When Pushkin heard the reading of the manuscript of this work he exclaimed: "God, what a sad country our Russia is!" Yet he could not help laughing.

"The salient characteristic of Gogol's writing, the extraordinary plasticity and vividness of his figures, reaches here its climax. Russian literature knows of no other figures that would surpass the figures of the 'Dead Souls' in vividness and striking power. The contents of the book is, however, too national, it is too Russian. 'The Dead Souls' is a picture of Russia. Gogol saw the process of disintegration of the primitive, patriarchal system of serfdom and the dreadful vulgarity of this primitive life. The picture is actually appalling."—*N. I. Korobka.*

2. "The Controller General" (1836).—A comedy. Scene of action is the provincial bureaucracy. "The Controller" is an integral part of the Russian repertoire, an everlasting source of merriment. When it first was set in a printing shop the type-setters could not work for laughter; the proof-readers shook in convulsions of laughter. The audience at the first performance broke all rules of good manners in uproars of laughter.

"Gogol's humor is quiet, quiet in its very indignation, good-natured in its very shrewdness. He has, however, still another humor, frank and menacing in its frankness. This humor bites till blood runs, it sinks its teeth into the flesh to the very bone, it hits with all its might, it lashes right and left with its whip which is woven of hissing serpents. This humor is full of gall, of venom, it knows no mercy."—*V. G. Belinsky.*

(Further insight into Gogol's genius is given in his "Taras Bulba", "The Cloak" and a number of short stories of Ukrainian life.)

TH. I. TYUTCHEV (1803-1873)

Poet. One of the most philosophic poets of the nineteenth century. Perhaps also the most modern. At the time his poems appeared (1854) they were received rather coolly in progressive circles due to the conservative views of their author on political questions. As years passed, however, the depth and beauty and artistic subtlety of his poems overshadowed his conservatism in the minds of the readers, and to-day he stands out as one of the precursors of the modernist school. His poems are a symphony of the most sincere cosmic feelings expressed in a harmonious flow.

"At the bottom of Tyutchev's work lies a purely mystical conception, a hazy, but ever recurring idea of some world-essence, omnipresent, all-pervading. Vl. Solovyov thus formulated Tyutchev's conception: 'Nobody has probably ever reached, as our poet, to the dark root of the world's existence, nobody has felt as strongly or expressed as distinctly that mysterious foundation of all life, of nature as well as of humanity, on which is based the meaning of the cosmic process, the fate of the human soul, and the entire history of mankind'."—*Ch. Vetrinsky.*

S. T. AKSAKOV (1791-1859)

Aksakov is first of all and above all a Russian gentleman, a member of the landholding nobility. His works have the odor of the eastern steppe, the freshness of a field-brook, the peaceful-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ness of clear summer evenings in a blessed country place. The things that live in his books are just those beautiful country places in Eastern Russia, not yet invaded by modern civilization, placid and contented in their patriarchal simplicity. Aksakov takes us into the homes of the landed nobility and makes us intimate with the sanctum of their family-life, their ideas, their cultural strivings. Contrary to Gogol and many other writers, he shows the good qualities of the Russian *pomieshchik* (landlord).

"He is more than a thinker, he is a sage. Lack of pretension, simplicity, candor, combined with an ardent and tender heart, sobriety and clearness of vision, not excluding passionate outbursts, honesty, integrity, indifference to material advantages, a fine artistic perception, a sound judgment, all these qualities endeared Sergey Timofeyevitch to everyone who knew him."—*Iv. S. Aksakov* (son of S. T. Aksakov).

"Family Chronicles" (1856).—A history of the family Bagrov for a number of generations. It was no secret in Russia that under the guise of the family Bagrov, Aksakov portrayed his own father and mother and members of his family. Notwithstanding this biographical character of the "Chronicles", the book possesses a general interest as a picture of the positive sides of the *pomieshchik* life.

"The life depicted by Aksakov is the old patriarchal life as it gradually developed in the course of centuries. It is all saturated with ancient traditions."—*V. Th. Savodnik.*

(Another not less valuable work of Aksakov is "The Childhood of Bagrov Grandson".)

N. G. TCHERNYSHEVSKY (1828-1889)

Economist, sociologist, publicist, critic. One of the leading intellectual minds in the 'fifties and 'sixties.

"Tchernyshevsky's economic studies were of tremendous value in the history of our social thinking. They called the attention of our 'Intelligentzia' to the 'social problem' and taught them to look at that problem from the standpoint of the interests of the people. His theoretical mind worked in one direction with the progressive social thought of Western Europe."—*G. V. Plekhanov.*

"What Is to Be Done?" (1863).—A novel. The aim of the author was not so much to represent types and characters, as to give a solution to the social problem and to show a way to thinking elements in Russia how best to employ their intellectual forces. The value of the novel is not in artistic qualities, but in its influence over the minds of progressive youth in Russia for nearly half a century. Though not permitted to circulate freely, it was read by nearly every educated Russian.

"'What Is to Be Done?' was a vast success. It does not sparkle with artistic subtleties, though it is full of keen observations and humor. Its main value lies in a passionate, thoroughly sincere enthusiasm. The novel ought to be compared not with the artistic works of a Turgenev, Tolstoi or Dostoyevsky, but with such productions as, for instance, the philosophical novels of Voltaire."—*G. V. Plekhanov.*

I. A. GONTCHAROV (1812-1891)

Novelist. One of the first to observe the rise of a new type in Russia—the modern business man, the man of affairs. Gontcharov's attitude toward this type is not negative. In a thoroughly artistic way he contrasts the new man of action with the well-known representative of Russian inertia whose good wishes never stir him to decisive steps. Gontcharov's works are a rich source of observations of Russian national character. They record the beginnings of a change in Russian mind brought about by the transition from the patriarchal economic system to modern industrialism. Gontcharov has a charming style, an ease and fluency of expression, and the quiet and very penetrating eye of a real artist. All this ranks him with the foremost Russian writers.

"Oblomov" (1859).—This is a novel of will, or rather a novel studying the lack of will. Oblomov has a beautiful soul. He is capable of the most noble emotions. His intentions are always good. The storms aroused in his soul are genuine. They shake him deeply. He is honest, good-hearted, idealistically inclined. But—he is Oblomov. He is lazy. He is inertia incarnated. From the apparatus of his thoughts and emotions, there are no wires to the mechanism of action.

"Oblomov" represented a trait of character so well known and so common in Russia that nearly every Russian recognized himself or his friends in the "hero" of the novel. It may be questioned whether there ever existed a "real" human being personifying inertia to such an extent; this, however, does not diminish the realistic value of "Oblomov". Russians speak of Oblomov as of a man

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they know personally, much in the same way that Englishmen speak of Micawber.

"Apathy, peaceful, placid, smiling, feeling no urge to get out of inertia, this is Oblomovism, as Gontcharov called it, this is a disease facilitated by Slav nature and the conditions of our society. The development of this disease was traced by Gontcharov in his novel. The author's tremendous idea, in all its bigness and beauty, was put in a perfectly adequate framework."—*D. I. Pisarev.*

"The introduction of the Oblomov type into Russian literature was of tremendous importance. It recorded a fundamental Russian quality, a national attribute which hampered the progress of Russian life."—*E. A. Lyatzky.*

(Another well-known novel by Gontcharov is "The Precipice".)

I. S. TURGENEV (1818-1883)

One of the few central figures in Russian literature. Creator of a great school. An inexhaustible source of beauty and inspiration. Turgenev's language is like music. His pictures are tender pastels. His characters are drawn with a firm and loving hand. His range of creative observation is wide, reaching from the first dawn of love in a budding maiden heart to the agony of a fighter for freedom who lost his path in the maze of life; from the dream-like haze of spring over the tender flower-heads to the trumpet-call of life under glaring sunlight. Turgenev is the poet of youth and love, a guide through the sweet mysteries of women's souls, an interpreter of the most gentle, delicate waves of emotions, a garden full of quaint beauty of nature. Yet Turgenev is at the same time in the very midst of social life, recording political and social movements of his time, giving voice and artistic interpretation to the foremost ideas of the society he lived in. This society is mainly composed of well-educated, progressive noblemen, who are much concerned with the fate of the "people", yet never lose their essential qualities of noble gentlemen. The other classes of the Russian people are given only a secondary place in Turgenev's works.

"Several generations owe him a part of their intellectual substance, as their growth was and is still going on under the powerful unchanging influence of the psychic impulses which are diffused in his works. People received their education at the hands of Turgenev, from him they learned how to live and feel, and there are perceptions of which Turgenev will never cease to be the great master. These are the beauty and poetry of life, the charm of intimate human feelings and the value of a free personality rising to broad humanitarian solidarity."—*A. E. Gruzinsky.*

1. "Short Stories". (Any volume of Turgenev's stories may give an idea of his manner and the directions of his artistic interest.)

"Turgenov created a whole world of the most diversified figures, full of life and color; he sketched several important moments of our cultural progress, and gave splendid descriptions of the old life. Yet his main object is to present intimate psychological experiences. The broad outline of an entire epoch which we find in his works, is composed of little studies and miniatures selected and executed with the most unusual sensitiveness and skill. A note is incessantly sounding through all his writings, a peculiar note of tender lyrical sadness."—*A. E. Gruzinsky.*

2. "Diary of a Sportsman" (1852).—It has been said that Turgenev's "Diary" added more to the campaign for the liberation of the serfs than all the political activities of the progressive factions combined. Turgenev performed a true human service. He gave a series of sketches of rural life thrown against the background of Russian nature which showed that the peasants, "our younger brethren", were possessed of the same human qualities as the "better" classes. It seems an obvious truth in our days. It was a great revelation in 1852. Turgenev did not idealize. He shed no cheap tears. His aim was not to arouse pity. He was fundamentally an artist. He touched peasant life with his artistic wand, and the world stood aghast at sight of those simple men and women whose hearts were moved by the same emotions, whose souls were craving for the same truth, beauty and good, as the upper classes. It must be borne in mind, however, that "The Diary of a Sportsman" is not a book of social purpose. In no sentence has Turgenev betrayed his political tendency. He was an artist above all things. His love was his best argument. His artistic sympathy for the objects of his description was his best political weapon.

"In the one volume of 'The Diary of a Sportsman' you have a complete representation of the entire peasant life with all its numerous miseries and joys. You can observe how popular beliefs are being formed, how popular conceptions are being crystalized. You can see the deep

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

patience of the Russian people, their passive heroism, their gloomy good-nature and the tenderness of their heart. Looking more attentively you will easily notice their intelligence, their common sense and capability of education. You will gain a very clear idea of the physiognomy of the genuine 'black earth' powers."—*S. Vengerov.*

"The entire work is dominated by the broad view and peaceful tone of an artist who has been enchanted by Russian rural life and whose aim is to enchant the heart of the reader by its simplicity, its humble poetical truthfulness. The sketches are diversified, and they still give an idea of the people's life which has since undergone a great reform."—*V. Burenin.*

"We find here a live sympathy with nature, a complete understanding of its beauty, a freshness of genuine sentiment. In his manner we hear a voice of sympathy so gentle, so fine, that sometimes it grows akin to pain, passion, submission. Poetry of this kind is characterized not by striking power, but by refinement, lucidity of colors."—*A. Grigoryev.*

3. "Fathers and Children" (1862).—The years immediately following the abolition of serfdom in Russia (1861) were years of great intellectual unrest. The bonds of an ancient patriarchal régime were broken. The beginnings of a transition to modern economic and social conditions were felt as an urge to something vast, though indefinite in its outlines. A new man appeared on the scene: an "intellectual", though not a son of the manor; a member of the lower classes, though claiming equality with the nobles, nay, asserting his superiority over the "idle rich". The new man had education, but cared little for good manners; he loved culture, but had no respect for traditions. His intellectual guides were the materialistic philosophers Buechner and Meleschott with their crude naturalism, whereas the idols of the former generation had been Hegel, Schelling, Pushkin. The new man claimed to have no superstition, to believe in results of experience only, to deny the refinements of an idealistic spirit. This is why this brand of intellectuals soon became known as Nihilists. "Fathers and Children" introduces the new type of a Nihilist as contrasted to the old "beautiful souls" of the patriarchal manor. Bazarov, the hero, is a student of natural science, a man who declares that the world is a vast workshop and that man is born to be there a master.

No type in Russian literature has aroused so much heated comment as Bazarov.

"The succession of generations—this is the main subject of the novel. Yet the reader feels that he had to do with human life in its broadest and fullest meaning. Behind the mirage of external actions there is a stream of life so deep, so inexhaustible, that compared with it, all those personages and happenings shrink into insignificance."—*N. Strakhov.*

4. "New Earth" (1877).—The intellectual unrest of the 'sixties ripened into revolutionary activities at the beginning of the 'seventies. A number of young men and women of the educated class went into the Russian villages to conduct revolutionary propaganda among the peasants. The revolutionists, known as Narodniki, idealized the qualities of "the people" (Naród). They believed that the Russian village community contained the nucleus of a better social order based on equality and co-operation. They saw in the village an ideal life of truthfulness and peace. It was, therefore, natural for them to try and adopt the same mode of living as the peasants. They called it "to become simple". Altogether it was a naive movement, full of the beauty and daring of an inspired youth, though the consequences—imprisonment and death for many—were by no means simple.

"New Earth" depicts a few intellectuals of this Narodniki movement. It seems that Turgenev has minimized the extent and the seriousness of the revolutionary activities, partly, perhaps, because he had to reckon with the requirements of the censor. At any rate, the novel truly reflects the atmosphere of the time and the psychology of the revolutionary heroes, as well as the bureaucrats. The figure of Marianna, the girl revolutionist who "becomes simple" for the sake of the cause, is one of the loveliest portraits in Turgenev's gallery.

"The facts of the movement, the methods and the practice of the propaganda and conspiracies as described in the 'New Earth', coincide in all particulars with the materials revealed in the case of Netchayev. The types of the revolutionaries are well represented. Turgenev gives a true reflection of the psychology of the movement."—*A. E. Gruzinsky.*

(Every line of Turgenev's is of great and lasting value, and should be read. We call special attention to his delightful novels, "Rudin", "On the Eve", "A

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nobleman's Nest", and to his "Poems in Prose".)

TH. M. RESHETNIKOV (1841-1871)

A simple "son of the people" who, through infinite pain and struggle, acquired an education and began to write, describing the life of the poor in a very realistic manner. His sketches, particularly those depicting the peasants in Eastern Russia, made a profound impression. They were like the call of the earth itself, the cry of a life caught in the clutches of poverty, suffering, ignorance, cruelty. Nobody equaled Reshetnikov in power, though his talent is quite inferior to that of the great masters.

"Those of Podlipovka" (1864).—A history of two peasants of the Perm province who left their native village to seek happiness in town. They are supposed to be "free men", these serfs of yesterday, yet Russia was shocked by the savage appearance and primitive minds of these new citizens.

"It gives the dumfounding impression of a big clod of life, split off the ordinary human existence, a shapeless, uncanny, unendurable clod."—*I. N. Ignatov.*

FALL BOOKS FROM CATALOGUE MOUNTAIN

BY CONSTANCE MURRAY GREENE

In spite of government regulations, scarcity of paper and the high cost of traveling—or perhaps because of them—the publishers set a very tempting table for their guests, the public, this fall. It even makes one think of the comfortable times before the war when people could publish books without a moment's uneasiness of conscience. We are urged to abandon Christmas giving—to try to act as if it were somewhere around June first when the middle of December approaches. This is very damaging to the sale of books and it would be only natural if authors should become discouraged, instead of which they are "carrying on" with tremendous enthusiasm.

Paper conservation has been accomplished so cleverly that its inroads are not visible although we know they are there. Whether or not Mr. Howells is justified in his statement that war stops literature is a question that every man must settle for himself. We know that it doesn't stop writing by any means as the autumn output shows, an output which the general run of intelligent readers will find compares favorably with the showing of any of the years before the war.

Even the publishers' catalogues show a proud front notwithstanding the pruning hand which has been at work. Time was when they came to us quietly and unostentatiously in the form of simple little pamphlets; but this is all changed. You don't know what you are getting now, a theatre program or a love-story. Appleton's has devoted half its space to a romance which winds among the names of books, all about a young man who went to Appleton's and was confronted by a girl behind the desk, a slender slip of a thing with a bird throat and great sea-grey eyes, who showed him the new books and was rewarded from time to time with such exclamations as, "What! Not Amelia Barr? Why, when my mother was a girl she used to read Amelia Barr's stories on the sly." It is hardly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

necessary to add that "The Paper Cap" is among their fall books. One trembles to think of the congestion which may exist from now on around the entrance to Appleton's.

From Boni and Liveright to Dutton and Doran, the folios vary in size from two or three pages to lists that are almost staggering. Doubleday, Page & Company masquerade as "Vogue", while the Doran catalogue bears an elegant resemblance to "The Atlantic Monthly". Huebsch has chosen to be very conservative, reticent to the point of abruptness; but Scribner gives a life history of most of their authors. John Lane and the Cornhill Company favor poetry, Houghton Mifflin, Harper and Brothers and the Bobbs-Merrill Company lean toward the juvenile, and Page toward travel. Moffat, Yard has the record in books on aviation and Putnam's in books for boys. McBride and the Century Company have given their attention largely to the war, which is less evident in the Holt catalogue than anywhere else.

Several forecasts of what the fall will bring have already appeared and so the welcome news is out that fiction has at last got the upper hand and over-ridden the war books. If one were drawing a chart of the books for the coming year, in the favorite form of placing books of diminishing size one upon another, the sturdy foundation would be a book of fiction.

A fiction season must be regarded with respect which sees contributions from Wells, Tarkington, Kathleen Norris, Arnold Bennett, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Amélie Rives and De Morgan. Mr. Wells's book is called "Joan and Peter", and concerns the education of the two representatives of the English who give it its title. This pair are heavily involved in all the upheavals which took place in England before the war. One does not like to think what has happened to them since, and Mr. Wells has left the reader to his own speculations—he has not told us.

Booth Tarkington has chosen three generations of an American family, "The Magnificent Ambersons", as his subject and placed them again in a city of the Middle West in the making.

Kathleen Norris, whose husband's novel, "Salt", was a late success, is known for her interpretations of women, and it is with the soul of "Joselyn's Wife" that her new novel deals. Amélie Rives's "The Lost Garden" has appeared serially and is about to be published in book form.

It is one of her stories of Virginia with love and a garden, and this time in addition, ghosts, probably opium-eating ones, which haunt the garden. Arnold Bennett has shown the effect of the war on the son of Hilda Lessways in "The Roll Call", as different from "The Pretty Lady" as that was from everything else, so the startled folks who expect another "Pretty Lady" will meet a new surprise. Mrs. Humphry Ward has also used the war as affecting Elizabeth in "Elizabeth's Campaign". These two novels are among the comparatively few which touch the war, except Allan Updegraff's "Strayed Revellers". His theme is very new, showing what the war did to a group of Greenwich villagers, extremely gay ones, who kill themselves, admit carelessly to illegitimate parents, get drunk on water and gelatine and lead a wild life generally.

With the price of alcohol rising and prohibition staring all revelers in the face, it is well to know about water and gelatine, which brings to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mind the fact that there is a book by Charles Stelzle called "Why Prohibition!" in which he assembles strong economical arguments against the interests of all revelers. It will be hard these days for Owen Johnson to find occupation for his gay wastrels if the prohibition bill is passed. He and George Barr McCutcheon are at their old tricks in "Virtuous Wives" and "A City of Masks". Poor patient New York again serves their ends. Eden Phillpotts's novel is called "The Spinners" and there is an eighteenth century romance by Jeffery Farnol called "Our Admirable Betty". Algernon Blackwood has given us "The Garden of Survival", a novel with a psychical trend, and De Morgan, "The Old Madhouse", a story of ghosts and disappearances, finished by Mrs. De Morgan after his death.

A story of pre-war days which dares to have eight romances instead of the proverbial one or two, is "You're Only Young Once", by Margaret Widdemer, whose previous novels have been so successful. "Esmeralda, or Every Little Bit Helps", is the story of a young girl who came charging in from the west and gathered volunteers for the war. It is by Nina Wilcox Putnam and Norman Jacobsen and has already appeared serially. W. J. Locke's "The Rough Road" tells how "Doggie" Trevor, whose real name was Marmaduke, went through the war.

The season is made very homelike by books from Agnes and Egerton Castle, and C. N. and A. M. Williamson, those faithful novelists who never miss a season and whose imaginations seem inexhaustible. Gene Stratton-Porter has come to be almost as dependable. Her contribution, "A Daughter of the Land", is said to be "in tune with the earnest mood of the times" and is essentially patriotic in spirit.

William Allen White, the author of "A Certain Rich Man", is announced as the author of "In the Heart of a Fool", and Mary Wilkins Freeman has a new book called "Edgewater People". Compton Mackenzie has told the story of "Sylvia Scarlett", and in October we are to have "The Prestons" by Mary Heaton Vorse, and a romance by George W. Cable, "Lovers of Louisiana". Josephine Daskam Bacon has written another story of child life, "On Our Hill", which is an event in any literary season, and Helen R. Martin has contributed another of her "Pennsylvania Dutch" stories, "Maggie of Virginsburg".

There are of course a great many of the good old friends like "The Return of the Soldier" by Rebecca West, "Oh, Money, Money" by Eleanor Porter, Arnold Bennett's "The Pretty Lady", and Mary Roberts Rinehart's "The Amazing Interlude" which haven't found out that they are old books yet and which will go blithely on into the winter like last season's débutantes.

After fiction there is a distinct leaning toward Russia, aviation and cook-books, with fewer anthologies and fewer Red Cross books than one would expect. The war books are interesting as including a large number which look toward peace. Sir Oliver Lodge treats of peace in "The War and After", William Herbert Dawson in "Problems of Peace", and "Britain After the Peace; Revolution or Reconstruction", is an exceedingly interesting contribution by Brougham Villiers. A collection of separate articles taken from a number of our scientific and political experts has been brought out under the title "American Problems of Reconstruction".

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Russian situation calls forth a second book from Captain Donald C. Thompson, "From Czar to Kaiser", more modestly named than his first, which he called "Donald Thompson in Russia". Books on Russia offer the most alluring chances for unusual and arresting titles. Louise Bryant has done rather well in calling her book "Six Red Months in Russia". This satisfies the eye and ear, but no one has equaled "Trapped in Black Russia", by Ruth Pierce. Louise Bryant was in Russia at the time of the revolution, in fact she was in the Winter Palace with the Junkers on the afternoon of its fall. She knew Trotsky, Kerensky, Lenine and the women of the Battalion of Death. "Unchained Russia", by Charles Edward Russell, "Actions and Reactions in Russia", by Scotland Liddell and "Rasputin and the Russian Revolution" by Princess Radziwill (Count Vassili), are also forthcoming.

Books on aviation grow more numerous all the time, and more interesting. The airmen are hard put to it to keep up with events at all. A short while ago, short enough for it to be included among the season's output, we had the story of Captain von Richthofen, the German ace, told by himself; and more recently we have had that of Guynemer, the French ace, by his intimate friend, Jacques Mortane, to whom he dictated most of the story. Laurence Driggs, an authority on airfare, is bringing out "Heroes of Aviation", in collaboration with Jacques Mortane; and then there is "Above the Battle" by Captain Vivian Drake, the most youthful and winning person imaginable to judge from his book. "Flying for Pershing" will appeal particularly to Americans as we have had practically nothing from our own aviators so far. The author, William A. Wellman, is an American ace with the Rainbow Division, and was the only American in the air when General Pershing's troops made their first over-the-top attack.

Submarines have their innings in various books. "The U-Boat Hunters", by James B. Connolly is particularly good, as Mr. Connolly knows how to write and what he is writing about. "Ten Months in a German Raider" by Captain John Stanley Cameron, published during the summer, is followed by F. A. Fraye's "Five Months in a German Raider". Personal experiences of this kind hark back to the older tales of pirate ships which held such lure for the past generation.

The very real effect made upon literature by the death of young soldiers has been widely discussed, and is especially noticeable in the books this fall. Nothing finer has been written on this subject than Winifred Kirkland's essay, "The New Death", which came out first in one of the magazines last spring and was afterward published in book form. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has done somewhat the same thing in "The New Revelation" and James Branch Cabell in "Beyond Life". From a fund of arguments and evidence accumulated during the last twenty years, James H. Hyslop, secretary of the American Society of Psychical Research, has selected the material for "Life After Death", and Dr. Alfred S. Martin has added to this list "Psychic Tendencies of Today", a book in three parts, the last of which is devoted to a study of Sir Oliver Lodge's "Raymond". "Man Is a Spirit" is by another of the leaders in the movement of psychical research, Arthur Hill.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Aside from the war essays, which quite actually usurp a good deal of the time of the essayists, there are very few general works of this class, which is regrettable. Perhaps they make up in quality what they lack in number. Among them one finds G. K. Chesterton's "The Superstition of Divorce", a new volume of essays from John Galsworthy, "The Joys of Being a Woman", by Winifred Kirkland, whose "The New Death" has been mentioned before, and a book to arouse our lively curiosity and hope, "Walking-Stick Papers", by Robert Cortes Holliday, which will appear very soon.

If you are afraid of anything, whether of heredity, fresh air, illness or insanity, poverty, ridicule, public opinion, of your own thoughts, old age or death, you should read "Casting Out Fear", by the Honorable Mrs. Lionel Guest. As it is inconceivable that anyone lives with soul so dead as to fear none of these, we are justified in saying that her book is one that should be read by everyone. By the same author we have a cook-book named "Soups, Oysters and Surprises" which suggests a pleasant readjustment of the menu. Margie Prescott Montague has written an essay on the effect of the war on one of the remote Southern valleys, which have furnished the material for most of her work.

The Baedeker Handbooks are giving place to "The Blue Guides", which means the replacing of a German institution. It is inconceivable that anyone would care to travel through Belgium with a 1920 Baedeker for guide. "The Blue Guides" will be edited by Findlay Muirhead, the English co-editor of the old Baedekers. "Can Such Things Be?" and "In the Midst of Life" by Ambrose Bierce, will be out in September and promise to be exceptionally fine war and mystery stories. Another mystery story is "Suspense", by Isabel Ostrander, and then there is "The Man With the Club Foot", compounded of mystery and war, by Valentine Williams. Of German intrigue, E. Phillips Oppenheim has written "The Zeppelin's Passenger", and still another mystery-romance is "The Sea King of Barnegat" by Russell D. Smith. Henry Leverage gives us an out and out detective story, "Whispering Wires," and Wyndham Martyn a tale of detectives and spies in "Anthony Trent, Master Criminal".

The books on France are comparatively scarce, probably because authors have exhausted their efforts in that direction. Dorothy Canfield has done memorable work in "Home Fires in France", in which she interprets for us the deathlessness of home life in France. Henry Malherbe is the author of "The Flame That Is France", and Edith O'Shaughnessy of "My Lorraine Journal", which treats of the section now held by the American troops. There are some truly beautiful books by Frenchmen, though nothing finer has been done than "Comrades In Courage" of Antoine Redier's which appeared last winter, but is still a "live book", as the publishers say. "The New Book of Martyrs", by Georges Duhamel, is another that will live for a long time and somewhat like it, though not by a Frenchman, is "The Book of Bravery", a history of the brave deeds of all time by Henry W. Lanier.

Germany naturally figures largely in the lists. The most unique among such books is "The Kaiser As I Knew Him", by Arthur N. Davis, dentist to the Kaiser for fourteen years, the intimacy of the relation depending on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the condition of the Imperial molars. In "Germany's Plans for the Next War", Mr. J. B. W. Gardiner, the military critic for the "Times" and "The World's Work", presents his proof that Germany, convinced that she cannot attain her aims completely in this war, is even now planning a war of world-conquest for the next generation.

October will bring two labor books of note, "British Labor and the War", by Paul U. Kellogg, the editor of "The Survey", in which the author will deal with American labor as well as British; and "Labor in Irish History", by James Connolly, the leader of the labor movement in Ireland until his death.

In the field of letters and reminiscences we have "The Love Letters of Anne Gilchrist and Walt Whitman", edited by Thomas B. Harned, and "Letters of Algernon Charles Swinburne" in two volumes, edited by Edmund Gosse and Thomas James Wise, containing practically all of Swinburne's letters. In commemoration of the centenary of Julia Ward Howe's birthday, a volume of her private prayers, meditations and unpublished poems selected by her daughter, Laura E. Richards, will appear late in the season. Julia Collier Harris has compiled "The Life and Letters of Joel Chandler Harris", and Mrs. Hearn (Setsuko Koizumi) has made a quaint and charming record, "Reminiscences of Lafcadio Hearn", which has been translated from the original Japanese.

Theodore Dreiser's book of short stories, his first, was among the August books and was called "Free and Other Stories". It is interesting to have some short stories from this man about whom opinions are so varied as to be funny. Arnold Bennett has called him America's most distinguished author, and yet there are many intelligent readers who, having read one of his books, could not be bribed to attempt another. Alfred Noyes has a book of short stories, "Lost Lanterns", and John Galsworthy, "Five Tales," interesting though of a certain sameness.

Maurice Maeterlinck leads the drama with "The Quest of Youth", a sequel to "The Bluebird", and Theodore Dreiser has written a play with a Dostoyevsky theme, "The Hand of The Potter", which will be published in September. William Winter was at work on "The Life of David Belasco" at the time of his death and the work has been finished by his son. There is "Another Book on the Theatre" by George Jean Nathan, and a cheaper edition of "Bernard Shaw; His Life and Works", by Archibald Henderson, previously published.

What humor there is, is calculated to lighten humanity's load rather better than most. "The War Whirl In Washington", Frank Ward O'Malley's inimitable description of a recent visit to the Capitol, is as amusing as anything that has been done for a long time. The best part of it is that it is all true, as anyone who has made a similar visit can testify. Tom Masson has collected "The Best Short Stories" of the last two years and Carolyn Wells has added "Such Nonsense" to her series of humorous anthologies. We never realized how fine a humorist Miss Wells is until she began writing detective stories. If it is possible for the season to assume any gaiety, "The Mirthful Lyre", Arthur Guiterman's collection of poems, will accomplish it.

Spring has left us several books

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of poetry which must be included among the fall books, two in particular, "Messines and Other Poems", of Emile Cammaert's and "Tropical Town and Other Poems" by Salomón de la Selva, breathing a passion far too volcanic to have ceased smouldering in a few short months. The new books include one from Kipling, "Gethsemane", and a very welcome one from Margaret Widdemer, which she has called "The Old Road To Paradise", after her poem by that name which has been so widely quoted. From France comes "City Ways and Company Streets" by Private Charles Divine, the outburst of a gay young soldier who was on the staff of the "Sun" before he began being a doughboy. There is an anthology of war verse edited by Frank Foxcroft, made up of some familiar poems and a great many new ones, and Theodora Thompson, who compiled "Underneath The Bough", has made a "War Anthology of Prose and Verse", which has an introduction by Sir Oliver Lodge. Alan Seeger's poems have gone into their eighth edition, and there is a new printing of the "Home Book of Verse", Burton Stevenson's anthology, which has been so remarkably successful. "In Flanders Fields", a collection of the verse of Lt.-Col. John McCrae, whose poem by that name has become famous, is promised shortly. "The Maiman", a collection of poems by Kahlil Gihran, poet of Asia Minor, is stirring literary circles just now. Another book of poems by one of our men who has died in the service comes from James Fenimore Cooper, Jr., great-grandson of the novelist, a captain in the Field Artillery at Camp Dix at the time of his death.

Amy Lowell is to have a new book of poems published very soon which she has called "Can Grande's Castle", and there is Alice Duer Miller's "Wings In The Night". Translated from the French by James Whitall we have Judith Gautier's "Chinese Lyrics; From the Book of Jade", and as a startling contrast in titles Jean Starr Untermeyer's "Growing Pains". Mrs. Untermeyer is the wife of Louis Untermeyer and has lately commenced being a poet, as her title may or may not suggest. Her work is of the Futurist school. A collection has been made of the work of eight of the most promising of the Harvard poets, including Robert Hillyer, whose book was among those of the past winter.

Concerning children and animals, there is much to be thankful for. Recently discovered stories by Joel Chandler Harris have been published under the title, "Uncle Remus Returns", and there is a new Palmer Cox Brownie Book. Dugald Stewart Walker has written and illustrated a history of fauns, fairies and fishes, which is called "Dream Boats". "A Book of Elves and Fairies" by Frances Jenkins Olcott, and Gertrude Alice Kay's charmingly named book, "The Fairy Who Believed in Human Beings", are among the most promising in the juvenile lists.

For dog-loving children and grown-ups there is John Galsworthy's "Memories". Royal Dixon, whose attention has been turned to plants in the past, treats of "The Human Side of Animals", and there are two books by J. Henri Fabre, "The Sacred Beetle and Others", translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos and "Our Humble Helpers, The Domestic Animals". Of interest to young-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sters, too, is "The Animal Nursery Book" by Enos B. Comstock, the author of the "Tuck-Me-In Stories".

What Oliver among us would dare approach the publishers for more? Book readers may scan the fall menu with content for there are no meatless, wheatless or sugarless days before them. In the phraseology of the South the publishers are "good providers" despite the obvious reduction in the number of titles. The war may have put its heavy heel on most things, but it has left us many good books and given us numbers of remarkable authors who would never have written if they had not gone to war; and there is evidence that people are turning to them in ever-increasing numbers for the recreation that high prices make prohibitive in other ways.

THE AMERICAN ARMY AND JOAN OF ARC

BY THOMAS WALSH

"Joan of Arc—Joan of Arc—"

This is the strange song our soldier boys have been singing as they marched away to their great adventure overseas; this is the odd half-rhythmic refrain, correcting the vulgar habit of the past that made **Joan** a word of two syllables, and impressing the story of the Maid Of France, the Blessed Joan of Domremy, upon the minds of thousands and hundreds of thousands who until recently have known little about her.

Here is another of the triumphs of the ideal over the age in which we are living—the triumph of the flaming white-souled Joan with her personal voices from God, her consuming love for France, her devotion to purity and faith without question in the higher call she had received—another triumph over another people, vulgarly interpreted as materialists and money-worshippers, but in reality as we know, the idealists, the sentimentalists and star-followers, the men and women of the United States.

We had seen the conquest of Joan of Arc over the soul of the French nation, with all its supposed surplus of rationalism and materialism; no visitor to Paris in recent years before the war could fail to note the immense number of her statues and pictures in the parks and shop-windows, rivalling in importance the display of the images of Our Lady of Lourdes, the popular French Madonna. It was evident that Joan had left a deep impress upon the minds and the arts of the Gallic people. But we may have felt that this was nationalism of a patriotic sort, that Joan was an object of local veneration, symbolizing Old France and her sacred aspirations for freedom. Today a new revelation breaks in upon us, for we find Joan not only a French ideal, but a symbol close to our American hearts, and close to the hearts of all liberty-lovers throughout the world. Our great Parade of the Nations on July Fourth, 1918, in New York City, brought forth this fact in a remarkable way. Nations as far removed from the French as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Armenians, Russians, Poles and South Americans displayed the placards of Joan of Arc in such abundance as to promote particular curiosity regarding their immediate enthusiasm for her memory.

From the war-front too come remarkable stories. It is said that amid all the devastation wrought by the German guns, there has been no case where any damage has been done to a statue or monument associated with the history of the Maid—and there are a great many of these in the regions now so closely contested under heavy and continued artillery. This is undoubtedly an exaggeration, but it would seem that the supernatural character of Joan's life had left its influence upon the popular mind in all that commemorates her.

The little town of Domremy lies on one of the main roads behind the American Sector in France, and there, beside the little house that was once the home of Joan of Arc, stands the quaint little church where she prayed so fervently for her France that is now again in the clutches of a hated enemy. There are new flags in this poor old church and every day since the arrival of our forces the place is reverently visited by our soldiers making pilgrimage to the shrine of Joan; in a place of honor, the altar of Our Lady of Domremy to which Joan was especially devoted and upon which she was accustomed to hang her floral garlands, there hangs in votive offering our sacred flag of the Stars and Stripes.

How little the world for all its boastings has changed since that day of January sixth, 1412, when Joan, "The Maid of Orleans", first saw the light of day, the child of prosperous villagers of Domremy on the left bank of the Meuse in the lowlands of Lorraine. France, gallant France, lay prostrate through the civil wars brought on by the intrigues of Queen Isabeau of Bavaria who had invited the English claimant and thrown doubt upon the legitimacy of her own son, Charles the Dauphin, who now lurked in his chateau on the Loire, the victim of his own weakness and mania for intrigue.

And today is not the world the prey of two contending systems, one asserting the freedom of man's will to live and choose his rulers, the other an organized autocracy, leaning upon the old heresy of the divine right of kings that would confuse the idea of temporal rulership and priesthood? And do we not behold in our America, the lovely daughter of the soil, pure, without trammels of decadent traditions, single in the purposes of liberty and justice, a new Joan of Arc leading our armies on to the new coronation, the sacring of the people's hopes to a new Rheims of world-peace and righteousness? Without a hope of earthly gain we see her come to the rescue of faith in humanity, to lay upon the altar a sword and a flag never defeated or dishonored, her ears sounding like Joan's with the words, "Go on, go on, Daughter of God; I will be with thee and be thy help!"

In this kinship of ideals is it not but natural that the fame and glory of the real Maid of Orleans—"the Christ of France", as the romancer Dumas dared to call her—should be known to all the world and especially to North Americans?

The supernatural in the story of Joan's voices and visions need not lessen the number of her adherents; a great enthusiasm in a noble soul is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so near to the divine that it is hardly necessary to distinguish between them. Mr. C. M. Stevens in his recent volume on "Joan of Arc" goes to too much pains to assure us that Joan was not a mystic, and if we accept his definition of mysticism to apply only to the non-practical, purely contemplative mind, he has good reasons for his statements. But mysticism, in fact, has no direct connection with this quiescence that he imagines; the great mystics of history—St. Francis of Assisi, Saint Catherine of Sienna and St. Teresa of Avila—were all persons of supremely constructive character; they built structures of faith and benevolence and even went so far as to minimize the importance of their visions and experiences, in much the same manner as Joan with her voices and revelations. She was a true mystic in the strictest sense of the word; in her was the union of love with the divine which is the sure test of mystical character. She recognized her mission to lead the Dauphin to his coronation and recognized the moment when this mission was fulfilled; in her martyrdom we witness her passing through the ordeals of human suffering in preparation for her place among the elect ones of eternity.

The horrors of her imprisonment and trials at the hands of an inflamed enemy aided by a band of soulless ecclesiastics is an open book for all to read. Joan in vain appealed from their decisions to the Pope in Rome; she demanded to be taken to the Church prisons; but in spite of all she was handed over to the English invaders by the pitiful clique ruling at the University of Paris. This clique was French and Catholic in a way, but it no more represented France than it did the Church, and considering these facts the strictures of Anatole France fall away into mere shouts of malice. Voltaire declared that one set of ecclesiastics at the behest of the King of England declared her guilty as—

"a liar, pernicious, deceiver of the people, soothsayer, superstitious, a blasphemer against God, presumptuous, miscreant, boaster, cruel, idolatress, dissolute, and invoker of devils, apostate, schismatic and heretic"—

while another set, at the behest of the King of France, declared her innocent and a true daughter of the Church. "This", says Mr. C. M. Stevens, "is utterly untrue, because the set who condemned her were wholly a revengeful, political group under the pressure of military necessity, and on the other hand no motive but solely the question of righteousness inspired the others, although the change was direct reflection on the King of France and a very sore, self-inflicted rebuke and reversal for many of the highest officials of the Church."

"Spenser could not create and Shakespeare could not imagine such a being as Joan of Arc," declared Andrew Lang in a brilliant passage, and it seems an entirely modern quality in our minds that enables us to picture the glorious Maid in silver armor on her white steed waving her holy white banner over the thick of the fighting men at Orleans and Patay. This is a blaze of light upon the dark page of history—a glory that is seen again only in the raging flames that consumed her body and released her sainted soul in the market-place of Rouen, May 30, 1431.

From the first days of her career Joan was the chosen subject of poet and artist. Two years before her

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

death Christine de Pisan in her poem had compared her with Deborah, Judith and Queen Esther; soon she was to appear as a character in the plays of Shakespeare and Schiller.

In music she has been celebrated by the great work of Tschaikowsky and Gounod's "Third Mass in Honor of the Blessed Joan of Arc", which as he tells us in his "Autobiography", was composed "on his knees in the Cathedral of Rheims, on the stone on which the Maid of Orleans knelt at the consecration of Charles VII".

In painting and sculpture there are the early etching of Gualtier of 1612, and the masterpiece of Bastien-Lepage, "Joan and Her Voices", now in the Metropolitan Museum of New York; the most famous sculptures are those of the Princess Marie of Orleans, of Chapu and Fremiet in Paris, and of Anna Vaughan Hyatt on Riverside Drive in New York City. This sums up the enthusiasm beautifully expressed in the lines of the poet Frederick Welty:—

"Domremy! O Domremy! how the haunted woodland sighs,
For the falling of her footsteps, for the laughing of her eyes!
Domremy! O Domremy! Across the meadow dews,
She is coming, she is coming, by the turning of the Meuse.
They've crowned her at the Vatican, and named her Queen of France,
And bade her rule from Vosges and recall each errant lance.
She is coming, she is coming, in the rising of the sun,
To rule, to rule in Vosges till the years of God are run."

The Wonderful Story of Joan of Arc: The Meaning of Her Life for America. By C. M. Stevens, New York: Cupples and Leon Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRY GEOGRAPHY, FOR EXAMPLE

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

"Well," says my friend the jaded novel-reader, "what am I to read instead of novels?"

He says this with apprehension and even with hostility, for he is afraid.

To which I reply that, broadly speaking, he cannot read non-fiction without replacing definite ignorance by definite knowledge, and that practically the whole material of knowledge lies before him, somewhere in that Free Library of his, and that he can take any bricks he chooses out of it and begin to build them into the edifice of his own being. "Start where you like," I say, "only start."

"Yes," he retorts, "that's all very well!" (His favorite phrase!) "But where? I inhabit a small industrial town in a Midland county, cut off from everything."

He isn't cut off from the earth, anyway. So I say, "Try geography, for example."

Only his politeness prevents him from exclaiming: "The man's mad! Me—geography—at my age!"

But I do not mean by geography the rivers of Europe in their order, or the capitals of the United States, or the manufacturers of Rutlandshire. I mean realistic, verifiable, on-the-spot geography. I believe in always beginning close at hand—it is a trick that gives actuality, and actuality excites extraordinary interest. In that Free Library of his there is certain to be a descriptive work (probably several) about his native town, district, or county. Let him take, for instance, the nearest rivers, and consider them—why they run as they do run, and what influence they have, or have had, on the life of the community. Dwellers in industrial districts seldom think of their region as an arrangement of hill and vale watered by rivers eternally wandering. There are a quarter of a million people in the district centred round Stoke-on-Trent, and I am prepared to accuse a whole populace by stating that a couple of hundred thousand of them have never given a serious thought to the Trent, don't know where it rises, nor into what river it flows, nor anything whatever about it. Yet the Trent is a very interesting stream.

I said rivers; I might have said hills, table-lands, woods, anything. Or instead of geography I might have said geology, or natural history; they all go together; they are all equally easy and equally difficult. A local acquaintance with any of them, however imperfect and fragmentary, will stimulate the vigor and relish of existence in a manner which is positively astounding. I use the word deliberately—astounding. To a man who is a geographer of his district, every stroll around is an adventure, a confirmation or a contradiction of theory, a spying out of the land. And the further he proceeds in his studies, the more clearly he will see the intimate connection between local geography and local social development. And this correlating of one subject with another, this perception that all knowledge is bound together, affords one of the most delightful mental ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

periences that a man can have. After all, it is, you know, much more amusing to be informed than to be ignorant. I touch no moral issue. I am regarding the matter solely from the point of view of a prodigious lark.

"Yes," says my jaded novel-reader, gloomily, "that is all very well—."

He means that it may be all very well for other people, but not for him. I don't know why. It is remarkable how people of at least average common sense will admit the sweet advantages of knowledge and the awful horrors of ignorance, and then behave as though there was some mysterious bar to knowledge. There is no mysterious bar to knowledge. To have knowledge all one has to do is to take it. No charge! No formality! No difficulty! It is like being (lawfully) in a ripe orchard. Every man who has enough energy and perseverance to earn his living can get as much knowledge as he chooses. And people who have the obstinacy to drag themselves all through a novel that bores them, have surely enough obstinacy to continue with whatever they have begun! I have known men who were directing large and complicated businesses spend thirty hours a week in absolute crass tedium because they thought they had not the brains to acquire knowledge enough to amuse their leisure hours! It was comic, but it was also tragic.

At any rate the experiment is easy. To begin, you merely have to begin! The effect can be judged in a month, a fortnight, a week. No man who studied local geography daily for a fortnight could ever again look on his native district with the old lack-lustre eyes. It is not necessary to have mastered the immense work of Elisée Reclus before the fun and reward of geography can commence.

Those who are not attracted by the syllables of the word *geography* may be drawn toward history. And the thought of Lord Acton's universal learning need not affright them. Everywhere in England, even in the district inhabited by my jaded novel-reader, some important or picturesque historical event has occurred. The beginner can always begin there. He can accumulate information about just that; he can mentally put the event in its surroundings and invest it with the actuality of place. And his inquiries will lead him both backwards and forwards in history. He can either specialize in the local, or, if his imagination is grandiose, he can sweep the world. He will do best to start by actualizing something.

But there are persons for whom this revolving earth is too small. To them I might respectfully indicate the stars, together with Sir Norman Lockyer's Primer of Astronomy, price one shilling (Macmillan). I would not assert that this booklet is "more interesting than any novel", but I do not mind admitting that I have myself written novels less interesting. It could be mastered in a fortnight by anybody who is capable of earning a pound a week in the open market. When you have mastered it you cannot even put your overcoat on in autumn without pleasurably reflecting that the necessity for your overcoat is due to the fact that the plane of the equator is somewhat tilted to the plane of the earth's orbit.

And if "none of these things moves" the jaded novel-reader, there always remains the great subject, the subject of subjects, the supreme preoccupation of man. Namely, himself. Psychology, physiology, conduct, morals, autobiographies, confessions—a most palpitating business, once you set out on it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LITERATURE OF RECONSTRUCTION

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

Anyone who is in touch with the currents of public opinion is aware of a steadily quickening interest in the problems of peace—those old, difficult, unanswered questions which are commonly spoken of as "the work of reconstruction". The phrase is all-embracing; it means everything from the recognition of nationality to the freedom of the seas, from a league of nations to the facing of the unthinkable problem of recovering the wealth of a looted world. Many interesting books are being written on these subjects. THE BOOKMAN plans to discuss them specially from time to time so that its readers may be abreast of the important contributions to a literature that is really without parallel.—THE EDITORS.

Slowly and in tentative fashion there is emerging a realization of the vast issues raised by the problems of peace. It is becoming clear that no settlement will even approach adequacy which attempts their solution in military terms alone. The world after the war will be a poor world, unable, if the terms of its civilization are to involve a decent minimum of subsistence for the mass of men, to engage in the struggle for armaments which characterized the decade before 1914. The main necessity has become the inauguration of a system of guarantees against war. That is no easy matter when armies are fighting in the field. Inevitably the mind becomes concentrated upon immediate issues. There seems a larger importance in the actual fact of a military offensive than in the political end that offensive is intended to serve. It is yet the great triumph of American diplomacy in this war that it has ceaselessly emphasized that political end. The achievement which has made Mr. Wilson, by common consent, the leader of allied liberalism is the courage with which he has insisted upon viewing the general problem in institutional terms. A will to peace is not sufficient; it must be supplemented by institutions in which its strength can find a full expression. The greatest problem before us is the search for such channels.

It is not proving an easy task. The terms of our civilization have thus far failed to include anything of that ability to think internationally which an adequate system of peace implies. We have come to understand that a League of Nations must be, in some sort of fashion, the coping-stone of the new edifice. But there must be as many schemes for such a League as there are today publicists engaged in its interpretation; and a large part of them fail because they do not view pragmatically the actual structure of states, upon the one hand, or the temper of the time upon the other.

The first defect Mr. Delisle Burns has endeavored to supply in a little book which is valuable to an extent out of all proportion to its size. What he has tried to emphasize is not the details but the principles of international structure. He points out the difficulties of reconciling the fact of national interdependence with the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

theory of national and exclusive sovereignty in which the fact of interdependence struggles to find expression. He shows how the interdependence of economic interests is out of harmony with the policy of isolation which nations, by such means as a protective tariff, illogically pursue. He shows how the desire for national security, thinking less in terms of future possibilities than of past traditions, finds its outlet in vast armaments which inevitably react upon another nation, not as a symptom of defense but as a means of challenge. The essential need, therefore, is to break down the theory of exclusive state-sovereignty and admit that there are certain problems, of which national defense is the most vital, which can be solved far better in terms of interstate organization, with the vast economic possibilities today at its disposal, than if sole reliance is placed upon a method which has always eventuated in poverty and in war, and thus defeats the very end it in theory endeavors to serve.

Mr. Burns's analysis is valuable; but, from the conditions of the problem as he sees it, it is abstract rather than detailed. "An American jurist" has endeavored to discuss the situation after the war, detail by detail, with special reference to American interests. It cannot be said that he is preeminently successful. The book is too small to make more than passing survey of the great canvas before it. It is too full of the popular catchwords of the moment, too little aware of the determination of the American people to inject a novel idealism into the terms of peace, to express more than a passing mood. America, for example, can not avoid taking part in the settlement of the Balkans merely because it would be far more convenient for her to stand aside. Her interest in the Balkans has become, by virtue of the strict interdependence to which the world has been reduced, as real and as living as her interest in the Caribbean. It is the particular merit of Mr. Wells's active mind that such actualities never escape his keen vision. His discussion of the League of Nations is by far the sanest and clearest attempt to state the essentials of the problem that has yet appeared. It is a real discussion in that its frank admission of the difficulties ahead is compatible with a fine spiritual energy by which alone they can be surmounted. Mr. Wells sees that there can be no equality of states in the League of Nations; the attempt to place Hayti and Germany on an equal footing would, at the outset, wreck any attempt at organization. He puts his finger on the real weapon the League will possess in his emphasis upon the importance of raw materials. He realizes the root of its difficulties in his discussion of the economic timber-lands like Middle Africa, to which imperialist ambition has been so long directed. He understands that the Peace Congress will not be a matter of weeks and months, but the essential vehicle of transmission to a new order of society. He sees how subtle are the factors involved in the problem of representation. An England represented by Mr. Balfour but not by Mr. Henderson could in no sense be fully present at any conference. Somehow or other means have to be organized for the admission of minorities and, somehow or other, we must get into the frame of mind where we can admit the importance of the common thoughts of common men about these matters.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

II

That, indeed, is the real crux of the situation. We have to make the state responsible to the desires and purposes of its members. So far, it must be admitted, no system of organization in the modern world has rendered effective that responsiveness. The state is built upon the inertia of men; with the result, as Mr. Graham Wallas has pointed out, that we have evolved the great society without, at the same time, creating the institutions that are necessary to its scale of life. Few things, indeed, are more tragic than the lack of methods by which the thought of men, and the spirit behind that thought, can be made articulate. It cannot be said that Professor Giddings's conception of the state really helps in this matter. It is too much a description of the qualities with which the state ought to be invested, and too little a discussion of the means by which the end he has in view may be attained. All of us want the state to cherish honor and to humanize life; but the real problem is not the program but the means used to translate that program into effective reality. The state, after all, is simply a territorial society divided into government and subjects. The things, above all, we want to know are the limits of obedience, the safeguard of rights, the relation between political and economic power. Every discussion which fails to emphasize these things is bound to be unreal.

The one thing that has thus far emerged with certainty is the determination that the form of government shall be democratic. It may be true, relative to the possibilities of autocracy, that democratic government implies a certain loss in material efficiency, but no other form of the state seems compatible with a freedom conceived as the positive opportunity for each man to develop the best that is in himself. The fault of the older individualism, typical of the pioneer stages of American civilization, was its tendency to regard freedom as consisting purely in the absence of restraint. We know now from a tragic experience that this is far too narrow and negative a conception. It is the value of Mr. Grabo's interesting little book that it realizes the need of applying to our social arrangements the results of a criticism of the political theory of the nineteeenth century. The ideas of Spencer of a beneficent internecine war as the root of progress are now known to be inconsistent with any form of the Darwinian hypothesis; and the idea that governmental interference is necessarily evil is now upheld only by a dwindling band of antiquaries.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that experience of political democracy in the last half-century has not fulfilled the vivid aspirations of those who were responsible for its inauguration. The fact is, as Mr. Grabo realizes, that no social structure can attain its political ideals unless it strives also to give them industrial expression. The failure of our political system, whether in European or American democracy, is, as Mr. Grabo sees, at least twofold. On the one hand it is a failure to democratize the processes of industry; on the other it is a failure to utilize in any broad sense the immense possibilities of education. The first has involved an immense dissipation of energy which could, as we now realize, have been devoted to the interpretation of our social needs. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vital error of long hours of labor, for instance, is that, all physiological questions apart, its result is to make the worker a mere adjunct to the machine. He becomes inarticulate; and his leisure fails to become qualitatively advantageous to the state. Mr. Grabo, indeed, probably emphasizes too little the very real distinction that exists between managerial and technological ability. The experience of the Russian Revolution seems to demonstrate that the worker is able to secure the actual process of production by democratic methods; but Lenine himself, in a famous statement, has admitted the necessity of the business expert in exchange and distribution. Our enthusiasm for democratic methods must not blind us to the fact that the first need is to secure the flow of the stream of products. The first necessity is life itself; and the quality of life is, in the last analysis, a secondary consideration.

Nevertheless the experience of labor suggests that an immense reservoir of ability has been left unused; and this gives to the problem of education an importance that is impossible of exaggeration. It is not the least significant fact of the war that, amid all its stress, Great Britain should have embarked upon a complete scheme of educational reconstruction; and we are fortunate in possessing, in the speeches of Mr. Fisher, a valuable guide to the principles by which this effort has been informed. By education Mr. Fisher means a preparation for intellectual freedom. Every child is to be made, not so much a prospective member of industry, as a citizen capable of expressing an intelligent judgment upon the political questions by which he will be confronted. The school-leaving age is raised to sixteen years and a system of continuation-schools virtually continues the process up to the verge of manhood. Parallel to this effort, the universities are to undergo an immense reconstruction; and it is probable that the emphasis of change will be upon the sciences, modern languages and political science. Certainly all this is essential, if the citizen is to understand the forces about him; without their aid he is as a sailor uncharted upon an endless sea. Not less interesting is Mr. Fisher's insistence that the status of the teacher must be raised so as to be proportionate to the dignity of his task. It will mean higher qualifications and a far greater expenditure; but every one who has seen how the teacher's profession is degraded by the admission of the uncertificated shabby genteel will have no complaint on this head. Mr. Fisher's volume ought to be in the hands of every person who cares at all deeply about the problems of the United States.

It ought, finally, to be read in connection with another book. Mr. Fisher himself has emphasized that the main impetus to educational reconstruction has come from the labor movement; and Mr. Henderson, its acknowledged leader, has done a great public service by his clear statement of the aims that movement has in view. It is already a commonplace that British labor has done more than any other single force to forward the purposes that America under Mr. Wilson's leadership has in view. But alongside its international program, British labor has drawn up a statement of domestic aims which is hardly less vital in substance. It is this statement which Mr. Henderson has set out to eluci-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

date. Broadly speaking, what he has done is to search out the difficulties a democracy must encounter in its effort at self-realization and to state the means by which British labor hopes to surmount them. The most significant fact in the book is the adoption of equality as not less politically fundamental than liberty; for it has, hitherto, been the integral defect of the British state that it has failed to realize, in any full sense, the logic of their relationship. As is natural, the drift of Mr. Henderson's thesis is in the direction of industrial reconstruction; and it is upon the basis of a strong trade-union movement, a minimum wage, and a large educational program that he bases his hopes of an England not unworthy of the sacrifices of her sons.

III

The American literature of reconstruction is, as will be seen, as yet in its faint beginnings. America has come too recently into the war to have realized the widespread social changes its impetus will involve. What is, at the moment, mainly needed is leadership of the forces that recognize the inevitable fact that a New America will be born from this war. It is not merely that her emergence into the politics of Europe gives her a new place in the world-economy; it is also the significant fact that the days of the pioneer fortune are over and that salvation does not any longer come from the simple economics of the West. Already it is clear that the study of American problems will have to concentrate upon certain lines. Most urgent of all is the industrial question; and it is surely evident that the country which has produced by far the ablest study of French labor will be able to analyze its own condition. The problem of immigration is only less important; and here, if we have better guides, it is obvious that the war has given a new perspective to the whole. Hardly less vast in extent is the problem of American education, and particularly of university education. It is from the schools and colleges that the leadership of the future is to come; and it is sufficiently obvious that they have, as yet, failed to relate themselves with adequacy to the needs and purposes of the national life.

Nor is the question of American political institutions to be neglected. The literature of importance with the exception of Mr. Wilson's "Congressional Government" and Mr. Croly's "Promise of American Life", is all of it from foreign hands. That is a misfortune at a time when it is evident that the whole federal system is in process of significant change. The swing of the balance of power from Congress to President, with the consequent emphasis of administration at the expense of statute; the decreasing value and influence of the state as an area of government; the position of the Supreme Court relative to social legislation; the development of an adequate civil service; the relation between Cabinet and Congress—all these, in the period of peace, will be problems of urgency. The success with which they can be solved de-

---

The World of States, by Delisle Burns. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

America After the War, by an American jurist. New York: The Century Company.

In the Fourth Year of the War, by H. G. Wells. New York: Macmillan Company.

The Responsible State, by F. H. Giddings. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The World Peace and After, by Carl H. Grabo. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Educational Speeches, by the Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher. New York: Oxford University Press.

The Aims of Labour, by Rt. Hon. Arthur Henderson. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pends, in large part, upon their discussion in a calm and scientific manner; which means, in fact, discussion before they become party questions. They are, in a word, preeminently the problems of reconstruction which America must face. Lord Acton once asserted that six of her early statesmen occupied a preeminent place in the history of political science. That was because they were nobly equal to a great crisis. We must not forget that a time of equal travail is again upon us.

UNCLE SAM: LIBRARIAN

BY C. O. S. MAWSON
Harvard Dispatch Officer, Library War Service

What do our lads in uniform read? It will be the purpose of this article to enlighten you. But first do a little thinking for yourselves. You who have brothers, sons, or sweethearts, consider what they read before the sterner duties of war summoned them from their homes. The uniform has not altered the tastes of the man inside. The kind of books that interested him then interest him still. If anything, such books appeal to him more keenly, for it is the common experience of all close observers of our lads whether in camp or afloat, that the companionship of books is sought not merely as much as in civilian life but a great deal more.

Soldiering is today a highly specialized calling, and the more a man knows the more valuable will he be to Uncle Sam. The immediate business in hand is to "lick the Kaiser", and so far as books can further this end, every soldier and sailor is bent on profiting by their counsel and instruction. Commissioner John Adams Lowe, who organized the fine library at Camp Devens, tells us that more war books and technical books are read by the men in training than all other classes of non-fiction combined. The experience of our training camps generally is that non-fiction is as much (and in some camps considerably more) in demand than fiction. Is not this significant?

In regard to naval matters, our sailors are equally keen. Every "gob" is a potential ensign, while every ensign is strenuously fitting himself for superior office. The number of naval ensigns who would have had little chance of rising above non-commissioned rank, but for the friendly aid of the American Library Association War Service in providing them with the necessary text-books, is a proud chapter in the records of this service. The writer is personally acquainted with several.

From these prefatory comments it will be patent that our fighting men, representing as they do a cross-section of American manhood, have a greater desire for books than they had in civilian life; while a keener appreciation of their practical value is becoming more and more widespread throughout the ranks.

"The training camp of today", says Raymond B. Fosdick, "is not essentially different from a big university. The fellows work and study a good deal harder in the training camps

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than they would in a university. This war is a highly specialized affair. It's a modern science which the men must learn by studious application to the problems of drill and trench. They acquire the habit of study, of application, in the training camp of today."

To improve the morale by providing proper recreational and cultural facilities for the men, was an obligation which the authorities recognized from the outset. But the government was not equipped for such a stupendous undertaking. The problem was one that only specially trained men could solve. In this juncture the American Library Association was invited to act as agents for the United States government in providing adequate library benefits in camps and cantonments. But even this great organization did not realize that it would become in so short a time so powerful an instrument of education. To entertain the troops by the provision of suitable reading matter was the primary thought and aim. But how things have changed! The educational aspect of the Library War Service is growing daily in importance and value. Its recreational character, particularly in the training camps on this side the Atlantic, is becoming more and more secondary.

The American Library Association, popularly known as the A. L. A., has assumed many of the duties of an Alma Mater. The camp library is the heart of a popular university. Round it centers the educational work of the Y. M. C. A. By its means men may prepare themselves for promotion or transfer. Books—the very latest and best—are provided on such special subjects as mathematics, bookkeeping, shorthand, telegraphy (wire and wireless), engineering, sanitation, navigation, and other technical and scientific subjects. In Camp Devens and other camps the war library has a number of copies of Plass's "Civics for Americans in the Making" and Field's "English for New Americans", which are used as text-books in the Y. M. C. A. classes for foreign-born men.

The opportunities of national service are manifold, and the war librarians and educational workers are fully alive to the promising situation. The Georgian "cracker", the son of the Florida "squatter", and the alien-tongued denizen from the New York tenements, will return to their homes not the benighted creatures they came away, but mentally enlightened citizens of whom we may be proud.

As might be expected, books on the French language are in general demand. Tommy Atkins may get along with a wink or a nod and an occasional "na poo", but "the Yank" wishes to get closer to the people among whom he will soon be thrown. He desires not merely to know how to make known his everyday wants, but to understand the French military terms as well. Some excellent little books have been designed for this purpose, and the Library War Service has placed thousands of such volumes at the disposal of our forces both here and abroad.

Not language books alone are in request. Our boys are equally interested in the topography, the history, and the manners and customs of the Allied countries, especially of France. Descriptive works on these subjects are eagerly devoured, while Baedeker's Guide-Books are of inestimable service—though the traveled public has contributed gener-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ously, the demand for Baedekers is usually greater than the supply.

To the studious man as well as to the man who wishes to break away from the hilarity of his fellows, the camp library is a veritable godsend. Within its four walls reign peace and quietness; and what this means to the soldier only those who have experience of camp life can testify. "Your alcoves are godsends," said a man to the librarian at Camp Devens. "The barrack's social room in which 75 to 125 men are talking and playing cards, where a piano and phonograph are rivaling one another, and where at any moment a basketball may knock your head sideways, is certainly no decent place to read, let alone to try to do any studying." In the Devens library, sometimes as many as 670 officers and men will use the accommodation in one day, proof alike of the efficiency and popularity of the library service.

A visit to a camp library will reveal some such scene as follows: a man rushes in asking for an "Engineer's Field Manual", as he is studying for appointment in the non-commissioned school; a lieutenant in the Intelligence Department desires a German grammar from which his men may master the German script in order to read intercepted German postcards; a medical man who has walked a mile and a half from the base hospital wants a book on Experimental Chemistry; a man of an inventive turn of mind borrows Talbot's "Submarines"; three bright-looking fellows demand respectively Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus", Goethe's "Poems", and James's "Memories and Studies"; another man seizes upon Wells's "God the Invisible King" and cuts his mess in order to finish the book in the library at one sitting; a bright-faced Italian borrows Shakespeare's works; by and by other lovers of poetry will ask for Kipling, Masefield, Whittier, Longfellow, Noyes, and collections of war poetry; books on the history of France, England, and the United States, works of travel and biography, inspirational books on modern social and religious questions—these will be in request throughout the day. We find a number of men deep in their study of physics, chemistry, mathematics, foreign languages, civics, mechanics' manuals, construction, and the like, and are informed by the librarian that these are engineers preparing for examinations. A captain who expects to leave shortly for France wants four copies of Baedeker's "Central France"; he is taking a small body of picked men to make a detailed study of certain sections of the country, and Baedeker can give them much valuable information. A young Russian borrows "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" and Fernald's "English Grammar Simplified". A Pole comes in for Service's "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man"; while an Italian who has served in the Berseglieri is delighted to find that the camp library includes books in his native tongue.

The demands for non-fiction are large, but many are the calls for fiction. Red-blooded detective yarns and tales of adventure are in chief request; Conan Doyle, Stevenson, and Weyman are prime favorites with the men. There is also a steady demand for Conrad, Wells, Tarkington, Poe, Dumas, Oppenheim, Chambers, Rider Haggard, Wright, McCutcheon, Kipling, Jack London, and the peerless humorists, O. Henry and Mark Twain.

For those who like statistics it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

might not be amiss to enumerate a few salient facts and figures regarding the scope and achievements of the Library War Service:

41 large camp library buildings have been erected in the United States.
43 large camp libraries have been established.
139 hospitals and Red Cross houses have been supplied with books.
243 librarians have been placed in service.
284 small military camps and posts have been equipped with book collections.
130 Naval stations and 18 Marine stations have been supplied with libraries as well as 232 vessels.
1460 branch libraries and stations have been opened in Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. huts, barracks and mess halls.
828,000 books have been shipped overseas.
540,833 books have been purchased, largely technical.
2,662,550 gift books have been placed in service.

So far we have accompanied our men in the training camps at home; we have seen their appreciation of the library facilities; we, like the men themselves, have learned to realize that this war is unlike any other war in which this country has been engaged; that it is in fact a war of intricate mechanism and of exact science, a war of engineering, of chemistry, of physics, of dynamics, and of hygiene. When we think of the vast problems confronting our army the value of an efficient library service cannot be overestimated. The camp library has a direct bearing upon the military training. Its effect may be, as Dr. Herbert Putnam, general director of the War Service of the American Library Association, so aptly puts it, "to make better men of the soldiers as well as to make better soldiers of the men".

The overseas service is perhaps a more vital one than the home service. Whereas the latter has in mind the preparation of the fighter, the overseas requirements are essentially different. There the library, whether small or large, partakes more of a recreational character. Its aim is to relieve the feeling of homesickness, of lonesomeness, and of war-weariness that at times comes over our men. It is in short a remedial service; it is largely due to this agency that the high morale of our brave lads is steadily maintained. In the intervals between the calls to the firing line, and in the long-drawn hours in the Red Cross hospitals, the book from home performs its silent mission.

The day after a great advance one soldier wrote: "On such a day as this, one wishes to read well-expressed words which deal with eternal things." Another soldier writes home telling of the pleasure he derived from reading "The Oxford Book of Verse": "I don't get time to read anything long, and a little poem now and then warms the vitals, as the old lady said of her gin and water."

A British soldier was exhibiting to his pals one of Trollope's novels with a hole drilled almost through it. "This saved my life", he said fondly. "That hole is a German Mauser bullet-hole. When I received the book and commenced reading it, I wrote home: 'Thanks for the novel by Trollope. It's a bit hard reading and plenty of it.' Luckily for me there was."

Some soldiers stationed in Flanders, wishing to cultivate a little garden plot behind the lines, looked around for some helpful publication. Someone mentioned that he had heard of a book called "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch", and doubtless this would be the very book for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a vegetable gardener. "It must have something about other things than cabbage in it," said one of the company, who had visions of practical hints for timely crops. When the book arrived, it proved somewhat of a disappointment as a manual of gardening. The men enjoyed reading it, nevertheless, and the title became a standing joke.

The books read by our men overseas consist for the most part of three-fourths fiction and one-fourth non-fiction. The selection, preparation, and shipment of thousands of volumes every week is a task of which the general public has little conception. In the silent basement of the Harvard College Library, where the Boston Dispatch Office has its headquarters, this important work may be seen any day or evening in full swing.

The system may be broadly outlined as follows. The books contributed by the public are collected by every public library throughout the country. The Washington headquarters is notified regarding the number of books collected in any particular center, and instructions are sent to each library to ship its books to some camp or to an overseas dispatch office. What happens when books reach a camp library and are placed at the disposal of the men, is fairly familiar to the general public; but what takes place when a consignment reaches the dispatch office remains more or less of a mystery, for the well-oiled machinery of an overseas clearing house runs smoothly and makes no unseemly noise.

On reaching the Widener Library, for example, the cases of books are promptly removed to the large receiving room in the basement. The cases are then arranged in an orderly manner, the covers removed, and the contents sorted, the fiction being separated from the non-fiction and all improper and undesirable books eliminated. The fiction is then placed in commodious bins ready to be drawn upon by the volunteer workers at the preparation tables. The non-fiction is kept separate, for it needs very careful handling and classification. The preparation of books for circulation in war libraries consists of three processes: (1) the affixing of the official label inside the front cover; (2) the attachment of a simple form of book pocket inside the back cover; and (3) the writing of a library card containing the author's name and the title of the book.

It must be explained parenthetically that though the books are lent to the men on the honor system, yet the very existence of this card places a moral obligation on the borrower. The New England bookplate contains the legend: "HANDLE CAREFULLY—RETURN PROMPTLY—GIVE THE NEXT MAN A CHANCE."

The non-fiction, after due preparation in the same manner as the fiction, is arranged on the shelves according to the subjects. The broad features of the Dewey decimal classification, with which every librarian is familiar, are followed. After the books are correctly classified and placed on the shelves, selections are made for inclusion in the various boxes. The aim is to make this selection as broad and representative as possible. In the ordinary standard case sent overseas, there will be about nineteen books of non-fiction and fifty-six of fiction; the non-fiction assortment containing books on living and thinking (known to Dewey classifiers as "Philosophy"), re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ligion, sociology, philology (notably books on French construction and literature), mathematics and science, useful arts, sports and games, music, English prose literature, poetry, drama, American and foreign history, biography, travel, and war books. The war books are divided into two classes, military and naval, each of which is subdivided into general and technical. Every box that is made up for overseas contains nonfiction that is representative of the various classes. It goes without saying that boxes intended for naval men contain special books bearing on their calling, while the same is true of boxes for military men.

The boxes used for overseas are very strong and are of one uniform size, the inside measurement being twenty-eight and three-eighths inches by eighteen inches by nine inches. The box is divided longitudinally with a shelf, so that when the box is set up sideways, it forms a library unit. The lid is screwed on so that it may be removed and replaced at will without materially damaging the box.

In the camp libraries abroad, in the Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. huts, in the Red Cross hospitals, and in every place where the books can be advantageously placed, these serviceable bookcases of the A. L. A. will be found.

We need not go to France to see what books will be disclosed when the cover is removed. Come into the shipping room of the Dispatch Office at Cambridge and select a box at random. The list will repay perusal:

Non-fiction:

New Worlds for Old. H. G. Wells.
The Gospel for an Age of Doubt. Henry van Dyke.
The Outlines of Economics. R. F. Ely.
How Americans Are Governed. Crittenden Marriott.
English Grammar Simplified. J. C. Fernald.
Le Roi des Montagnes. Edmond About.
Short French Grammar. C. H. Grandgent.
Trigonometry for Beginners. J. B. Locke.
Astronomy. Harold Jacoby.
A History of Commerce. Clive Day.
How to Run an Automobile. V. W. Page.
Jiu-Jitsu Combat Tricks. H. I. Hancock.
Essays. Emerson.
Evangeline. Longfellow.
Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics. Palgrave.
Complete Works. Shakespeare.
History of the American Nation. A. C. McLaughlin.
France of Today. Barrett Wendell.
George Washington. Woodrow Wilson.
Napoleon. Herbert Fisher.
Sailing Alone Around the World. Captain Joshua Slocum.
Why We Are at War. Woodrow Wilson.
Machine Guns. Major J. S. Hatcher et al.

Fiction:

Mr. Britling Sees It Through. H. G. Wells.
Tom Brown at Oxford. T. Hughes.
Bella Donna. Robert Hichens.
The Four Million. O. Henry.
Treasure Island. Robert Louis Stevenson.
Gulliver's Travels. Swift.
Letters to Dead Authors. Andrew Lang.
The Coryston Family. Mrs. Humphry Ward.
The Heart of Rome. F. Marion Crawford.
The Married Life of the Frederick Carrolls. Jesse Lynch Williams.
The Fruit of the Tree. Edith Wharton.
The Osbornes. E. F. Benson.
Cherry. Booth Tarkington.
These Twain. Arnold Bennett.
Changing Winds. St. John G. Ervine.
The Virginian. Owen Wister.
The Garden of Allah. Robert Hichens.
David Balfour. Robert Louis Stevenson.
Lady Rose's Daughter. Mrs. Humphry Ward.
Adventures of Captain Horn. Frank R. Stockton.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Of Human Bondage. W. Somerset Maugham.
The Man of Property. John Galsworthy.
Roughing It. Mark Twain.

The two shelves when filled hold about fifty books. It used to be customary in the overseas service to fill up the box with magazines. But this practice was found objectionable by the military authorities, especially in the case of deck shipments on transports. The men would litter the decks with magazines and at times throw them overboard, leaving an undesirable trail for hostile submarines. It is the custom now to fill up each box with books and in this way some twenty-five additional volumes are included. In the box we are just examining these extra volumes consist of the following:

Ivanhoe. Scott.
The Scarlet Letter. Hawthorne.
David Copperfield. Dickens.
Adam Bede. George Eliot.
The Sketchbook. Washington Irving.
The Adventures of François. S. Weir Mitchell.
File No. 113. Emile Gaboriau.
The Honorable Peter Stirling. Paul Leicester Ford.
Peter. F. Hopkinson Smith.
Joseph Vance. William De Morgan.
The Seawolf. Jack London.
The Octopus. Frank Norris.
David Harum. Edward Noyes Westcott.
The Rules of the Game. Stewart Edward White.
My Lady Rotha. Stanley J. Weyman.
The Gates Between. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.
Last Days of Pompeii. Bulwer-Lytton.
Vanity Fair. William Makepeace Thackeray.
The Three Musketeers. Alexandre Dumas.
Twenty Years After. Alexandre Dumas.
Ruggles of Red Gap. Harry Leon Wilson.
Three Men in a Boat. Jerome K. Jerome.
Felix O'Day. F. Hopkinson Smith.
Inside the Cup. Winston Churchill.
Sign of the Four. Sir Conan Doyle.
Lorna Doone. Richard Blackmore.
Kim. Rudyard Kipling.
She. H. Rider Haggard.
Ben Hur. Lew Wallace.

The output of the Cambridge Dispatch Office has been at the rate of about 30,000 volumes weekly, and without the continuous support of the public this demand from overseas cannot be met. The record for one week was 46,600 volumes, shipped from July eighth to July thirteenth. The mere handling of this vast number of volumes requires a large number of capable and enthusiastic workers. Fortunately for the success of this overseas service there is no lack of volunteers at the Cambridge office. Our payroll is purely nominal, the bulk of the work being done by volunteer helpers. The women of Boston and Cambridge have performed yeoman service, and without their willing aid transports would often have left Atlantic ports inadequately equipped with books.

Nor must the assistance rendered by men volunteers be overlooked. Our three hundred workers at Cambridge include many men, who regard it as a privilege to help forward the work. A group of men from the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company of Boston undertakes the strenuous task of packing and screwing the boxes. One hundred boxes completed in an evening is a common achievement.

Not all the books sent abroad are directly given by the people; about 10 per cent consist of new books purchased by the American Library Association with the funds at its disposal. Such purchased books are composed almost entirely of non-fiction, principally technical and scientific works and such publications as will aid the soldiers and sailors in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their professional studies and increase their value later in civic life. No book is too good for the American boy.

The future of this great work can be but dimly conceived; but if a worthier manhood be evolved from this titanic struggle, if much of the dross be left behind in the furnace of Armageddon, the measure and brightness of the gold that remains will in no small degree be due to the single-hearted efforts of the Library War Service.

STORIES OF HERE AND THERE

BY H. W. BOYNTON

If recent American story-telling had nothing else to set before posterity with a good countenance, it might offer its remarkable series of semi-autobiographical studies of provincial America in the eighties and nineties. "Windy McPherson's Son", "Flood Tide", "A Country Child", and its sequel, "On the Stairs", "The Boardman Family", "The World and Thomas Kelly"—stories like these should be after Mr. Howells's heart, however they may depart from his method. They have, with health, the faithful and imaginative "localism" so long honored and cultivated by the chronicler of "A Boy's Town" and "The Leatherwood God". For the cold, not to say clammy, touch and the Anglo-Slavic smell, our children's children may consult the records of Mr. Dreiser and kindred documents like "Young Low" and "The Unwelcome Man".

"Boone Stop" belongs to the more indigenous and, happily, more humane order of realism. It need not be named a novel, and yet with all its air of informal chronicle, it does not fail to tell a story. It is a story of youthful whimsy and sentiment—of that absurd object, the "human boy" (as Mr. Phillpotts underlines him). But its atmosphere is unlike either the polite comedy of "Seventeen" or the demure realism of "A Boy's Town". Its humor has a touch at least of the surface devil-may-care and the lurking emotion of "Huckleberry Finn". It is all very well for the reader to tell himself that the hero and supposed chronicler of these pages is an ass and a mucker and a caricature of boyhood. On his own showing there is little to be said for him; a pesky child, idle and conceited and rebellious, a vulgar boy with the habits and outlook of a corner loafer in a small town. And yet, as with the immortal Huck and his intimates, there is something not only undeniable about Cleve Seed but something potentially manly and lovable as well. Before we are through with him, a nice girl and a germ of common sense working together, have given him a fair start toward making a man's job of his life. And beneath the broad humor of the narrative and its often farcical episodes, flows the current of a graver action which concerns the half-ridiculous, half-tragic figure of Cleve's father, Isom Seed, pioneer, fanatic, tyrant, and humble servant of his God.

There could hardly be sharper contrast in manner and substance than between this sort of "roughneck" re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

publican fiction and a story like Miss Sidgwick's "Jamesie". Readers of "The Accolade" and "The Hatchways" will find themselves once more in that strange-familiar circle of the Ingestres, Wickfords and Suirs—microcosm of the ingrowing ante-bellum society of Britain's upper class—so busy with its own standards and affairs, so indifferent to the vulgar world without. Since the story is not so much told as fragmentarily suggested by way of a collection of letters, we are more than ever at the mercy of the allusive, grammarless jargon of the tribe. Their speech may be super-British, but it is often nearly as far from respectable English as the shiftless drawl of young Cleve Seed. Moreover, apart from its quality as an *argot*, their style too notably resembles Miss Sidgwick's for the comfort of unsophisticated readers. It is full of elisions, hints and cross-references—often, it seems, deliberately mystifying. For people who have not read the earlier books about the same group, this story would, I should think, be hardly intelligible. Yet it is worth getting the gist of. Irritating as her methods may be for those who like a plain tale, there is no denying that she always has a story to tell. Her peculiarity is that the central unit tagged as "hero" in most novels is not, with her, a person or even a family so much as a connection or "set". As for Jamesie, the little son of our erratic friend, Lord Iveagh Suir, has not overmuch to do with the action in the sense of the outward things that happen. With the things that are and become, he has a great deal to do. Somehow the feeling of the story centres in him. He stands for the potential beauty and force so carefully muffled under the conventions of our circle. He stands for what England might be or might have been, for what England is sacrificing—perhaps vainly? Miss Sidgwick seems to ask—in this war. When the sudden brutal end of him comes, by drowning in mid-channel, his people do not find comfort in the platitudes. What object of God or man has been served by his snuffing out? "Jamesie was not singular. Hundreds, thousands of children, no less than he in life and promise, in worth and preciousness, have been so choked of late — uncomplaining, uncomprehending the thing that grasped them, these unutterable years. Stand back from our tragedy then, and keep your breath for other oracles, who, if you implore them properly, may answer in time." Nor does this book attempt to heap the burden of horror upon a single race: "What had Jamesie to do with the fiend incarnate that killed him, the slashing, grasping, cowardly fiend that spreads nets and mines upon the Eternity's open seas? *I do not mean Germany,* Germany is not what we are making for." So questions St. John Herbert, the putative editor of this correspondence. John Ingestre, writing at the front, is even less inclined to exalt war in the name of patriotism. He sees it as an affair of "viciousness and vulgarity * * * a superb convention, superbly played, but it isn't anything really. It stands for nothing." And Lord Iveagh, also at the front, frankly questions whether England is getting so very much out of her torment: "If it was waking up, however we needed it, I cannot see we have gained much, as a few millions have done lately, by waking up to discover yourself in splinters, or dead." Nevertheless, as a whole, the testimony of this witness (like that of Miss Sinclair in "The Tree of Heaven") is, however low-voiced and grave, affirmative. From trivial obsessions of sport, of sex, of class pride, the war is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

purging these people. A sign of their progress is their growth in friendly human feeling for Herbert's "man" Blakie, fine fellow that he is; for "heart interest" the book depends chiefly upon his prospects with the charming and elusive Frenchwoman, Marie.

Novel readers must have realized one thing for some time: that every living story-teller must sooner or later write his Britling, his record of how the war actually came home to his special world. "Jamesie" is Miss Sidgwick's. "The War Eagle" is Mr. Dawson's. The George Waller who here tells his own story is plainly enough studied from (I do not say after) the author's author-son, Coningsby Dawson. Young Waller is of English birth and still a British subject, though his chosen place and theme is New York. He has subjected himself to a rigorous apprenticeship, and when the war breaks is already on the threshold of fame and "success". The war does him a good turn as an author, by absorbing the energies of certain novelists whose popularity and prestige have hitherto kept the younger man in second place. He receives an amazing offer from a great editor. He does not lack an uneasy sense of his possible duty as an Englishman, but shares the general belief that "it will be over in a few months"; has also a half-belief in the artist's supreme duty to his art. So he ties himself to his editor and his new personal opportunity. He becomes tied also by love to the daughter of one of the many war-millionaires of neutral and prosperous America. The father is an ingenuous bird of prey, without ruth or scruple in masculine affairs, and the abject slave of his womankind. The girl is in her hour of bloom, eager to taste her youth at leisure, and hostile to impertinences of war, business, and even love. What should rouse the young pair from their twin luxuries of wealth and success but the Lusitania? The father is aboard and the patron-editor (how many of those fated passengers, I wonder, have already been accounted for in fiction?). Waller enlists in the Canadian forces and the girl goes to France to be a nurse. Writing from her post, with her patients as evidence, she attempts the inevitable racial comparison: "The French will never be conquered, nor will the British. The reason is that they're gentlemen—they've got the great qualities of strength and gentleness which the old knights had. Something very different from the Boche—who mistakes brutality for strength and despises gentleness * * * America doesn't understand this, doesn't believe it, because she doesn't know the true Boche. But even the Boche gets some inkling of what he's like now and then. One of the best of them once said to an Englishman who pleaded for magnanimity in warfare, 'You Englishmen will always be fools and we Germans will never be gentlemen'. He spoke the truth—he understood his countrymen."

To understand the German must now be one of the world's chief concerns—only secondary in importance, perhaps, to the supreme concern of conquering him. Is the Prussian a distinct type who has for the moment set his seal upon his hapless and none too willing kinsmen, or (as for fighting purposes it is more comfortable for us to feel) is Prussianism simply the revelation of the true character of the whole Teuton race? "Towards Morning" appears to embody an Englishwoman's belief in the former alternative. It is a study of the making of a Prussian. It suggests the way in which the Germany of Goethe and Beethoven

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has been methodically suppressed and the Germany of the Hohenzollerns substituted therefor. Helmut Felde's father is an obscure official of Karlstadt, Baden; a tiny cog in the machinery of the empire. The mother, a woman of more character, has become a passionate adherent of the Prussian religion of authority. The boy has somehow come by a sensitive and imaginative nature, a need of love and a feeling for beauty. But it is early impressed upon him that these things are beside the mark, worse than nothing in a Kaiserly world, and since it is hard for him to use his mind mechanically, his years of schooling are painful ones. Gradually he is pressed into the mould; but, skilful as the process is, it is not able to turn him into a highly efficient product. To the disgust of his family he has to begin his army service as a private instead of an *Einjährige*. Still, in a negative way, he is now a pretty satisfactory Hun. When the war takes him with the first invading hordes into Belgium, he is able to play the part of the blond beast with the rest. He is under the illusions of a diabolism that justifies itself by the pompous invocation of reason and sentiment. There are the doctrines of the divine head, and the chosen race, and the sacredness of might, which give courage. But there are also the carefully nurtured delusions of a Fatherland defending its hearths and of a Belgium wantonly refusing hospitality, sniping from housetops, poisoning its rivers and mutilating the German wounded—which give ruthlessness. It is easy for these gray troops to believe anything of a people which so unaccountably fails to revere and love them. Tiny accidents precipitate the malign panic. Helmut insults a girl; there is a scuffle and a lamp is overturned. Darkness and fear; a German voice cries that it is a trap: "The room seemed suddenly to fill with men. The pitchy darkness writhed with them. They could not escape from each other. They fought one another, gasping and groaning in an anguish of terror." Then a powder cask explodes by accident, and the whole town rocks with meaningless tumult. There is only one way to end it—the Prussian way. "Suddenly a new power—a deliberate purpose—took control. There was order then—order of a kind * * * Helmut did not know whom he followed, whom he obeyed. But there was no choice. He ran in and out of the houses. He had a blurred vision of himself chasing flying shadows along corridors, up steep narrow stairs into black garrets—of stabbing—stabbing sometimes into the air, sometimes into soft, spongy things that squealed and whimpered * * * Like a terrier hunting rats in a big barn * * * His arms ached. He laughed and shouted in a hysterical lust of slaughter * * * There was light enough now. One could see what one was doing. The town blazed from end to end. The flames leaped up into the night sky with the joy of spirits released from hell. The streets were a flood of fire on which floated little black specks of men * * * And still Helmut ran on and on and on, staggering, reeling, his foam-flecked mouth open in a shout that was nothing but a strangled grunting"—a man possessed, who still somehow clings blindly to the belief in his sanity. These things are ordered so; one must be a devil for God's sake. "Holy Mother," whispers one of Helmut's comrades, "what strange things please God these days!" For some there is to be an awakening this side of death: for Helmut, through the love of a woman who sends him to his death at the hands of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Prussianism for his refusal to be a Prussian any longer. This takes its place among the small minority of war stories written thus far, in which the story successfully embodies the "idea" instead of being more or less adroitly built around it.

I had hoped to keep away from war this month, but such a book as this would not budge from its place on my shelf of the hour. We have a right to escape "life", now and then, in so far as life means a fleet of nuisances drifting in a sea of troubles. We have a right and a duty to escape from this life and to enter into the life of that otherwhere, otherwhen or otherhow to which the human spirit will always turn at need so long as it remains human. To put it on the lowest grounds, there is a tired business man or a weary housewife in every man and woman of us, and they deserve their humble fare. But there is a Ferdinand or a Miranda there too, a wistful seeker for the beauty and truth of which the pure of heart may get so fair a glimpse through the magic casements of romance. I am sorry for the reader or the critic for whom, as for Mr. Lewisohn by his own testimony in the September BOOKMAN, fiction means only the novel, and the novel means only realism, and realism means only veracity and veracity means only fidelity to fact; so that the last little lens of our inverted telescope displays in the middle of its focus a single drop in which all virtue is distilled; and its name is Dreiser! Away with the false glamour of your perilous seas and faery lands forlorn; this is Real * * * I myself, let me hasten to say, am an admirer of Mr. Dreiser, at his best; even his minor sort of realism is to be prized—for what it is worth. But I do not think the better of him for dealing exclusively with material situated within two inches of his nose; for one thing, it makes him a bit cross-eyed at times. And I quite fail to comprehend why it is necessary for me to be contemptuous of anybody else or any other kind of work for the simple reason that I happen to approve of him and his work. No, they must let us escape from the thing as it is now and then, lest we lose altogether our divine suspicion of its littleness. They must share with us their "fiction", their transcripts and conveyances. And we shall have also the freedom of the whole generous realm of story-telling, to its ultimate heights of true creative realism and true creative romance.

To this second and less austere eminence one book of the hour graciously leads the way. Among Americans Mr. Cable has been my lifelong guide along that path, and I follow him with unflagging delight. None among his contemporaries or juniors has excelled him in localism, a localism of atmosphere as well as of external fact and character. None, with all our vaunted "average" of improvement, has excelled him in sheer craftsmanship. And none, from whatever vantage-point of youth, now writes with greater freshness or greater imaginative zest than this story-teller whose seventy-fifth birthday has just been recorded. In "Lovers of Louisiana" we step once more upon the enchanted ground of the romancer's fancy. It is the scene of "The Grandissimes" and "Dr. Sevier", a scene aged by time —impoverished by the racial shiftings and incursions of modern America, yet retaining not a little of its ancient glamour and perfume. As in "The Flower of the Chapdelaines", the action is of today or barely yesterday. Europe is at war, and there are warnings of the nearer conflict. But Amer-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ica is still busy with her own pleasures and problems, has time for one more romance untrammeled by the hurry and preoccupations of war. I shall not outline the story, or brush the bloom with a clumsy hand from a thing so perfect in its kind. The materials are recognizable—as recognizable as home—the lovely Creole maiden, the lover of another race, the interweaving of the present action with a kindred romance in the past. But why laboriously relate one work of art to another, whether by the same or a different hand? The story-teller's triumph lies in his irresistible treatment of materials that would be trite and lifeless but for his skill. Mr. Cable is above all a story-teller. In his book as in its predecessors is embodied much mellow wisdom, much in particular of thoughtful commentary upon the South and its destiny. One might detach from it also a very adroit plot, so articulated and enfleshed that there is not a word of narrative or dialogue but has its necessary bearing upon the sum of the effect. But it is equally true that to detach the plot would be to make nothing of it. A great story is an organism, not a mess of contrivances and decorations. This is romance of a very high and delicate kind. The things that "happen" in the vulgar sense, are few and obvious. But the prime substance of the book is a close-knit continuous action; and for lovers of fine romance it holds "not a dull moment".

Boone Stop. By Homer Croy. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Jamesie. By Ethel Sidgwick. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

The War Eagle. By W. J. Dawson. New York: The John Lane Company.

Towards Morning. By I. A. R. Wylie. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Lovers of Louisiana. By George W. Cable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SAPLING POETS

BY PADRAIC COLUM

I

A poet and a student of poetry once presented me with an epigram that I value. "After all," said he, "the minor poets are the great poets." There is enough truth in it to let this pass as an epigram. We all know that the slight poem that carries an imaginative conception has a good chance of being cherished.

But nowadays the minor poets overwhelm themselves. They publish too soon. After one has written a poem that expresses something, one hastens to add to it twenty or thirty poems that express nothing but impatience to get into print, and forthwith appears a book of verse. Now in America, it is not necessary, in order to gain recognition and encouragement, to publish a volume. The magazines are hospitable to verse. There are even magazines that are exclusively devoted to verse. And there is Mr. Stanley Braithwaite ready to enshrine every poem of fair report in his annual anthology. Is it not better to be in the anthologies with one or two poems than to monopolize a volume and be with the publisher's remainders? A young writer of verse should be content to wait five, ten or fifteen years to publish in volume. And the humility of waiting may deepen the life that one's poetry is to express.

Having delivered this exordium, we have now to deal with the volumes that have dared come out under uncredited names. Here is a volume with a title that is calculated to put one out of patience—"The House of Dreamery". Is not "dreamery" an unpardonable neologism? The first impression that one gets from the volume is of a man, in an ill-equipped way, striving to reproduce his impressions of Blake. Blake provincialized might stand as a description of "The House of Dreamery". And yet, for all its impropriety of language, for all its derivativeness, a certain power of imaginative creation is apparent in the book. Lines like—

I dreamed of big old Behemoth,
Monster of holy saw,
That welcomed once the prophet lone
To his palatial maw—

are simply horrible—the writer of such lines ought to be put into the parish stocks. Then one comes on such stanzas as these and one sees that he can attain to something, the lack of which no justness of language or fluency of rhythm can make up for—an imaginative conception:

PROMETHEUS BOUND

I climbed the Mount of Sighs
Till pain grew cold,
An icy soul stood there—
Prometheus old.

A frozen fount of tears
Had chilled his eye,
I saw its crystal jet
Point toward the sky.

Hushed were its murmurs low,
It flowed no more,
But ever swelled within
Its body hoar.

In him I dream mine own
Deed overbold,
My tragedy I feel
In Titan old.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The maker of these stanzas has much to learn before he can make poetry, but it would not be a mistake to count him in with the class.

If the writer of "As Thou Wilt and Other Poems" had imagination equal to his emotion, he might have produced some remarkable poems. This is not to say that his verses are lacking in imagination; not at all. But his power of emotional expression is such that one constantly expects that it will attain to real imaginative sweep. The sonnets "Love Triumphant", and "When Love Dares Disobey", the lyric sequence "The Nest" and the lyric "India", are emotional and accomplished, but show quite a limited imagination. It is this limitation that makes the writer give a quite uninteresting title to his book and quite uninteresting titles to his verses, and that lets him create in quite ordinary forms. That he is accomplished in these forms may be seen from the sonnet:

WHOM MEN CALL DEATH

Not as life's enemy, whom men call death,
I pray thy coming through the silent night,
But as the comforter of sobbing breath,
Love-born of mingled sorrow and delight;
Unto a soul too filled with joy and pain
To bear the star-lit beauty of the sky;
So wise in love, that no desires remain
But to embrace thy loveliness, and die.
Be speech, oh death, to me who cannot speak,
Uttering the very love that holds me dumb;
Be song and melody, returned to seek
The heart of him whose slave I would become.

This passionate triumph life has held in store—
To die because I cannot love him more.

This writer has considerable if unobtrusive dramatic power: one series of poems express a woman's love, another a man's love. A few of the poems from the woman's point of view are so well done that one looks back at the cover to make sure that the volume bears a man's name and not a woman's name.

The author of "Song Flame" has the faculty of getting "snap" and her faculty is very evident in the section entitled "Dramatic Moments". This section may remind some readers of Miss Lowell's dramatic idyls and romances. But Miss Lowell has always something besides her "snap"—she gives us a "thick" rather than a "thin" piece of life, and if she does not always take us under her subject, at least she takes us all around it. The writer of "Song Flame" may be essaying to do this. One of the pieces in "Dramatic Moments" comes out of an imaginative conception—the piece called "The Riding Master". It is Browningesque, but it is as memorable for its vigor and movement as for its ring and for the glimpse of a personality that it gives.

"Poems" have freshness and vigor and a few of them seem to be on the tip of being a real achievement, but they miss by not having imaginative tension. "Rain in May" has in "Love" a poem of some penetrant power, but the rest of the verses reveal no personal emotion.

II

Walter de la Mare has fitted his own personal mood into a tradition that comes from the Coleridge of "Christabel", from Blake, and from the Shelley of "False friend, wilt thou sigh or weep?"—that enchanting lyric which Beatrice sings in the fifth act of "The Cenci". He has brought a strange quality into later English poetry—the vision and the tremor of the clairvoyant. And how

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

accomplished he is; what learning there is behind the words and rhythms that he uses apparently so casually. A tradition of English verse surely ends with him—the forms of folk-poetry taken up by Coleridge and William Blake. And as Coleridge and Blake remoulded these forms, so Walter de la Mare has remoulded them. Reading his poems now with the surge of free verse in our ears, it seems as if the last changes were now being rung on these forms.

In "Motley" he repeats—but without any sense of artifice—what he did in "The Listeners" and in "Peacock Pie": he blends the remote with the familiar; it is England he writes about, but England under a spell; the landscape is seen as in a crystal and the voices come as an echo. And how well he has moulded his rhythms to express a mood that is remote but that rises out of the spell made by familiar things:

THE OLD MEN

Old and alone, sit we,
Caged, riddle-rid me;
Lost to earth's "Listen!" and "See!"
Thought's "Wherefore?" and "When?"

Only far memories stray
Of a past more lovely, but now
Wasted and faded away,
Like green leaves from the bough.

Vast broods the silence of night,
The ruinous moon
Lifts on our faces her light,
Whence all dreaming is gone.

We speak not; trembles each head;
In our sockets our eyes are still;
Desire is cold as the dead;
Without wonder or will.

And One, with a lanthorn, draws near,
At clash with the moon in our eyes:
"Where art thou?" he asks; "I am here,"
One by one we arise.

And none lifts a hand to withhold
A friend from the touch of that foe;
Heart cries unto heart, "Thou art old!"
Yet reluctant, we go.

Hugo von Hofmannsthal, the Austrian dramatist and lyric poet, is remote, too, but his remoteness comes, not as Walter de la Mare's comes from the night or the twilight side of nature being revealed to him, but from deliberate and fastidious choice. His remoteness is really exclusiveness; his vision is not magical but esoteric.

There is a Woman, a Smith, a Centaur. The Woman dreams such dreams as leave her a stranger in her husband's world—"one shut out here in the world of healthful living air." The Smith accepts limitations and works at making the things by which men live. The Centaur, who has come to have a spear pointed, rejoices in the barren heath and in the "myriad-shifting moods of drunkenness" that he knows. The Woman chooses to go with the Centaur. The Smith hurls the spear he has sharpened. "The Centaur catches her, dying, in his arms, and, lifting her on high, bears her down the river while he swims toward the opposite bank."

This, the subject of the Dramatic Idyl given in the "Lyrical Poems of Hugo von Hofmannsthal," might be written down as an allegory of the Austrian poet's imagination. It has nothing to do with the things of pious or familiar use. Rather does it bear one away to view things unwitnessed in the house or in the smithy. Professor Stork, who has translated these lyrical poems, compares von Hofmannsthal's work to Vaughan's, Blake's, Rossetti's and Francis Thompson's. I should have liked him to make a comparison with the work of Yeats—the later Yeats—the Yeats of "Responsibilities". Like the later Yeats, von Hofmannsthal writes drily and out of an aristocratic

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aloofness. Like Yeats he often uses quite an arbitrary symbolism. Both poets seem to be mystical and it could be shown that neither is intuitive and that each of them has built up an esoteric doctrine—the doctrine not of a mystic but of an imaginative and fastidious intellectual. Two of von Hofmannsthal's most arresting poems, the poems in praise of the two actors, Mitterwuzer and Müller, with their odd revelations of the poet's personality, are just the sort of poems, at once public and intimate, that the later Yeats likes to write. The comparison of the two poets is all to the credit of the Irishman. Yeats is a poet of incomparably wider range than von Hofmannsthal.

The translations are in very accomplished, very distinguished verse. And yet one feels that one does not get completely the thought of the poet. It may be that Professor Stork is too concise in some of his translations. Or it may be that von Hofmannsthal is not so profound as we think and that we misread him by looking too deeply into his work. The poem of his that seems to me distinctive as well as clearly expressed is

THE TWO

Her hand bore well the cup to him—
—Her cheek and mouth were like its rim—
So lightly, surely, too, she stepped
That not a drop the rim o'erlept.

As light and firm too was *his* hand;
His fiery mount but fresh from pasture
At one impulsive, easy gesture
Stood quivering where he bade it stand.

Yet it befell that when his hand
Would take from hers the drink unwasted,
The feat for both was overmuch;
For both so trembled at the touch,
The fingers failed, and on the sand
The precious wine rolled down untasted.

The volume called "Reincarnations" is made up of renderings from certain of the Gaelic poets of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Out of that great bulk of poetry Mr. Stephens has selected the poems that rhyme with his own humors—a poem of Geoffrey Keating's, ten poems of Anthony Raftery's, five of O'Rahilly's and lastly and most triumphantly, nine of David O'Bruaidar's. He makes no attempt to reproduce the Gaelic rhythm or the Gaelic form and the renderings he makes are free and personal.

The least successful, I think, are those inspired by the peasant poet, Raftery. What this poet has—he was blind and almost a beggar—is an enthusiasm that would be a whim if he were a little less whole-hearted about it. Almost without our perceiving it, this enthusiasm becomes the revelation of a simple heart and reaches to poetry. The poems that Raftery has made about friends and neighbors—Mary Hynes, Peggy Mitchel, Nanny Walsh, Anthony O'Daly, William O'Kelly, are first of all expressions of simple enthusiasm. Now Mr. Stephens's versions of these particular poems are too condensed; they have not the expansiveness of the blind man who has long thoughts to himself. The laments for Anthony O'Daly and William O'Kelly are too curt for Raftery.

Mr. Stephens's renderings from David O'Bruaidar have great vitality and character. He has not translated any of O'Bruaidar's normal work; what he gives us is a few of the poems that show an odd humor. O'Bruaidar lived during one of the many crises in Irish history. He saw the settlement that succeeded Cromwell's conquest of Munster; he saw the destruction of Gaelic culture

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the uprooting of the Gaelic and Norman-Irish families who had protected the poets and the learned professional men. To him as to one of an order immensely proud of the culture of which they were the custodians, the colonists of the Cromwellian plantation were base and ignoble and he wrote some savage satires upon them. He saw the rise of Irish military power, its quick defeat and the surrender and exodus that followed the defense of Limerick. Miserably poor, without a patron and without a worthy audience, he lived the last years of his life in a state hardly distinguishable from beggary. He left work that has about the bulk of Tennyson's, and the Irish Texts' Society has published it lately in two volumes, the text with an English translation.

It is O'Bruaidar's personal reactions to his bitter poverty that delight James Stephens. And the poet of today is able to give us that sense of torrential language and unforgettable invective that belong to the Munster poet of the seventeenth century. I notice that "The Nation" reviewer quotes the two last lines of the invective I am about to quote with the suggestion that they are too utterly puerile. But the whole poem should be read and it should be read as one reads an outburst of language in "Rabelais":

The lanky hank of a she in the inn over there
Nearly killed me for asking the loan of a glass of beer:
May the devil grip the whey-faced slut by the hair,
And beat bad manners out of her skin for a year.

That parboiled imp, with the hardest jaw you could see
On virtue's path, and a voice that would rasp the dead,
Came roaring and raging the minute she looked at me,
And threw me out of the house on the back of my head!

If I asked her master, he'd give me a cask a day,
But she, with the beer at hand, not a gill would arrange!
May she marry a ghost and bear him a kitten, and may
The High King of Glory permit her to get the mange.

Streets, automats, workshops, mill-girls, strumpets, labor-leaders—these in themselves are no more actual than the ghosts and goblins and shadowed houses that make Walter de la Mare's poems so remote. The poet who would create an automat for us has precisely the same problem to handle as the poet who would create the palace of "Kubla Khan". No private reporting that we may have made to ourselves can be availed of by him—he has to make the automat real by an effort of his personal imagination. This has to be said because I have now to write a notice of two books of verse dealing with the so-called actual—"Outcasts in Beulah Land and Other Poems" and "The Ghetto and Other Poems".

The first deals with life in the factory town and in the tenement side of New York. Dealing in the spirit of an adventurer with the folk who belong to such places, the writer puts "punch" into all he tells us. He has that sort of sympathy with the fallen and the unfortunate, that high-spirited, red-blooded people are apt to have. He knows a great deal about their expression, but he knows nothing, I think, about their reserves. The book has plenty of story-interest. It will be a good seller, I am sure. But as regards poetry there is not a line there from beginning to end.

I do not hold a brief for what is called free verse; I do not think that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

any poet at present using that medium has yet created a beautiful form. But when I read such verses as these in "Outcasts in Beulah Land", I am glad that a free verse movement has come into being:

At fourteen little Callie Burke
Was put at washing by her mother,
Who'd nine children in ten years,
And freely voiced her frequent fears
That every June would bring another.

The writer of "Outcasts in Beulah Land" can make verses that are less demanded than these, but one wishes that he had got away altogether from Macaulay and Mrs. Hemans and Rudyard Kipling and had made himself into a modern.

As regards her form the author of "The Ghetto" does better than the author of "Outcasts in Beulah Land". Her rhythms are not threadbare. Again, I beg to mention that I hold no brief for free verse. But when I read such lines as these from "The Edge" in "The Ghetto" I am made to feel that they have a better chance of carrying the freshness of poetry than have Mr. Roy Helton's overused forms:

Dawn
Lay like a waken hand upon the world,
And folded hills
Broke into a sudden wonder of peaks,
stemming clear and cold,
Till the tall one bloomed like a lily,
Flecked with sun,
Fine as golden pollen—
It seemed a wind might blow it from the snow.

I smelled the raw sweet essences of things,
And heard spiders in the leaves
And ticking of little feet,
As tiny creatures came out of their doors
To see God pouring light into his star.

Miss Ridge has, I think, a better approach to her people than Mr. Roy Helton has. He comes to them as an adventurer who might turn into their liberator, might come. There is some display of a steely soul. But we have no consciousness of Miss Ridge's personality. She seems to have brooded on the lives of her people until she has become one with them. Every character she includes has been made up out of her love. Where she does not love, she can write with a satire that leaves a deep impression and "The Woman with the Jewels" carries a real suggestion of the orgiastic life:

From this . . .
The serpent's tooth
Saved Cleopatra.

There are glittering things in "Outcasts in Beulah Land" that make it a book that many readers will like. Against my judgment I confess to a liking for the narrative that begins:

A mill-doll passed a store-boy on the street.
When he looked down and caught her glance, he saw
A smiling girlish face with strange hot eyes,
Brown yellow like a beast's eyes mad to gnaw.

The lids closed; the lithe body seemed to sway
Toward him a little; then the girl was gone,
Leaving a cold-hot puzzling memory
For this slow, steady lad to ponder on.

This is from "The Girl with the Yellow Eyes", a narrative that is good in its description of a rather odd interior.

The House of Dreamery, by Denton J. Snyder: St. Louis, the Sigma Publishing Co.
As Thou Wilt and Other Poems, by Ethelwyn Dithridge: Boston, the Stratford Co.
Song Flame, by Amy S. Bridgeman: Boston, the Stratford Co.
Poems, by Carroll Aikins: Boston, Sherman, French & Co.
Rain in May, by Forntassin Gift: Boston, the Four Seas Co.
Motley, by Walter de la Mare; New York, Henry Holt & Co.
The Two—The Lyrical Poems of Hugo von Hofmannsthal, translated by Charles Wharton Stork: the Yale University Press.
Outcasts in Beulah Land and Other Poems, by Roy Helton: New York, Henry Holt & Co.
The Ghetto and Other Poems, by Lola Ridge: New York, W. B. Huebsch.
Reincarnations, by James Stephens: New York, The Macmillan Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FRENCH BOOKS FOR AMERICAN READERS

BY A. G. H. SPIERS

"I do not read French; I want to know French writers; please tell me what French books shall I read?"

First, let me tell you what you will like; then, what I hope that, whether you like them or not, I may get you at least to look upon with interest; for it is possible to make a distinction.

There are two categories of French books for American readers. The first is made up of those which attract us blindly: they are congenial to our temperaments or to the habits of our own literature. It is these which, copying a list kept for some years, I shall mention first, as a sort of introduction for those who seek primarily to indulge their racial tastes. Though this list contains many books with which you are no doubt already familiar, it presents also a few which are perhaps new. On the other hand, there are other French books, of a different category and more important for us. After all, French books are, in the main, unlike American books: they represent an attitude of mind and feeling which is not ours; it is such books that I shall mention in the second part of this article, hoping that they may open up new points of view and help us to understand better the temper and tastes of a foreign people whom we have so many reasons to admire.

I. Books Congenial to Americans

By all means read Alphonse Daudet. He is the first on my list of English translations which appeal strongly to the American reader. His "Tartarin of Tarascon" portrays a most amusing type of French Southerner—boastful, ingenuous, quick-tempered and good-hearted. Compelled by a home-made reputation for bravery that has got beyond his control, this anything but doughty huntsman sets out against his will to shoot lions in the deserts of Africa. His experiences, sentimental and otherwise, are in themselves a sure cure for melancholy; but the charm of the novel lies in the incomparable delineation of the irrepressible character of the hero. All France has laughed, and still laughs till the tears flow, at Tartarin; but the tears caused by Daudet are not always tears of laughter. He has written other books than the three on Tartarin, and few authors have had such power as he over the emotions of his readers. His Tales (such as "The Last Class", "The Red Partridge", "The Siege of Berlin", "The Pope's Mule") have been equaled only by those of another Frenchman, Guy de Maupassant; and Maupassant's stories ("The Necklace", "The Tallow Ball", "Simon's Papa", etc.) need no recommendation: they have already become international literature, the much-studied masterpieces of the most popular of literary forms, the short-story.

Scarcely less congenial to the American reader of a certain type are the works of Victor Hugo ("Les Miserables", "Notre Dame" and "Ninety-three"). These stirring novels, with their appeal to our love of adventure

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the picturesque, need hardly more introduction than Dumas's "Three Musketeers", the delight of all healthy youth. They all combine a remarkable power of effect with a mixture of romance, "go" and elementary character-sketching that is irresistible. These same qualities are also in part responsible for the world success of a French work of a different type, Rostand's play, "Cyrano de Bergerac". Returning again to the days of D'Artagnan, Rostand has made of an interesting historic figure the beautiful apotheosis of generous, truculent idealism, capable of the most delicate altruism, of the most reckless independence, of tenderest love and the most spectacular courage—of every quality, in short, save moderation and self-repression.

We are a romantic, sentimental and very moral race; perhaps that is why Americans can stand Octave Feuillet's "Romance of a Poor Young Man". Maxime, its hero, is an impoverished nobleman who becomes a most irreproachable steward and yet, thanks be to the God of the virtuous, jumps from a tower into space, money and proud Marguerite's love. This novel is an insipid, though true, picture of certain aristocratic persons and their *milieu;* and some of us love it monstrously. There are better reasons for our fondness for the novels of Georges Sand, such as "The Marquis of Villemer" and "The Devil's Pool". The former unites with a winning trust in the power of virtue and delicacy to overcome social obstacles, a remarkable analysis of feelings and passion kept within the bounds of the proprieties; and the second is a simple tale in which, far removed from the artificialities of society, a young girl's kindly womanliness wins the love of a worthy widower. Our sentimental leanings find satisfaction of a different kind in Lamartine's "Graziella", a pretty example of romantic story-telling instinct with poetry and tragic love. The blue waters of Naples have not a little to do with the beauty of this idyl, and again it is the sea and its setting that are one of the charms of a novel written at the opposite end of the century and even more beloved of Americans. In his "Iceland Fishermen", Pierre Loti's power of description, his ability to fuse with character and mood the world of color and outline, of scent and sound, are applied to a tale of Breton fisherfolk. He has succeeded, as by magic, in making us live the lives of this people whose women are born to sorrow and whose men must needs take an eternal farewell at the outset of every voyage.

Americans of a philosophic turn of mind seem to take naturally to four French writers of very different kinds. The first is Montaigne, one of the great essayists of all time. Wandering pleasantly from one subject to another, Montaigne leads us to a calm and intellectual enjoyment of life, and in the midst of trial and suffering teaches us to make of our own minds a buckler against adversity. The second author is Voltaire, whose famous tales "Candide", "Zadig" and "Micromégas" have been the witty delight of the serious-minded of the last five generations. The third, Emile Souvestre, a man of far smaller attainments, is the author of an unpretentious little volume which some fifty years ago had in France, too, not a little popularity. This book is "An Attic Philosopher". From his attic room our philosopher looks upon a world "whose riches he does not envy and whose storms affect him not". Kindliness and optimism, these are his great

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

qualities. Prompted by simple happenings which he describes, his thought turns to some of the oldest of our problems and for these he finds a smiling solution: "Upon examination, we see that in this life of good and evil, the good is so frequent that we take it as a matter of course, whereas the evil forces itself upon our attention for the very reason that it is an exception." The fourth writer is a prominent contemporary. Anatole France is rightly considered one of the world's most remarkable stylists. His literary art and the subtlety of his wit are conceded by all, and these in themselves have attracted many Americans to him. Others, however, have been captivated also by his turn of mind. Anatole France is an epicurean skeptic, doubting the utility of science and the truth of religion, and holding as sovereign good the satisfactions that come from the contemplation of beauty in which collaborate the senses, the heart and the often merely futile play of the intelligence: as in "The Garden of Epicurus", "The Opinions of Jerome Coignard", "Penguin Isle", "The Revolt of the Angels". Irreverent and *gaulois*, he certainly is at times; but he is also fundamentally benevolent and it is especially this last trait that makes so delightful and genial his two novels, "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard" and "My Friend's Book". A ramble with Anatole France through the woods and clearings of philosophy, archæology and history is an intellectual treat; but one always returns to the point from which one started. Recent events, with their demand for will power and steel, have somewhat shaken our sympathy for one who maintains that the great judges of life should be Irony and Pity, the one with its calming smile, the other with its sacred tears; and that "a single line of verse is of greater benefit than all the masterpieces of metallurgy". Yet who can tell?

There are still other titles on my list of books which, for one reason or another, have proved congenial to American readers. Some are among the greatest works of the world, such as the plays of Molière (especially "Tartuffe", "The Learned Ladies" and "The Imaginary Invalid") and Balzac's novels (especially "Father Goriot", "Eugénie Grandet" and "The Wild Ass's Skin"). But honesty obliges me to mention others of less merit and less well known. Edmond About, the well-known humorist of "The King of the Mountains", has written other novels in which he gives free rein to his maddest fancies. Favorite among these are "The Man with a Broken Ear" and "The Notary's Nose"—the latter being the account of the dire results of grafting the nose of one man on the face of another! Quite different, also, from anything yet mentioned is a volume just published by the Century Company and to be recommended to all. Its subject seems technical and indeed forms part of the big work "Souvenirs Entomologiques"; but such is the genius of France for writing that it has brought into literature, that it has made accessible and delightful for the uninitiated reader, many a subject which seemed to belong rather to the realms of science and morals. Just as La Fontaine raised the fable into the first rank of literary types, so J. H. Fabre has made of serious entomological discoveries a literary delight. To read his "Wonders of Instinct" is to find little Miss Muffet's flight ridiculous. For Fabre, after long years of study in poverty and obscurity, has succeeded in communicating to us his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

absorbing interest in such humble folk as the burying beetle, the bluebottle fly, the cabbage caterpillar, the glowworm and the spider.

II. Books Characteristically French

France has been remarkably steady in the production of important literary works. Unlike other modern nations, she has produced works of international reputation in every age. Even the dead thirteenth century contributes a little gem of verse and prose which we still today give to our friends at Christmas time in the translation of Bourdillon or Andrew Lang—the quaint, the adorable "Aucassin and Nicolette". French literature, too, is one of the most varied of literatures. "Everything", says the French critic Sainte-Beuve, "that is comprehensible to all and that is of interest to the human mind, belongs by right to literature." Nevertheless French literature has its preferences.

It has, to be sure, often developed along lines parallel to those of other literatures. Thus it loved and collected fairy-tales a century before the Germans: "Puss in Boots", "Cinderella", "Beauty and the Beast", yes, even "Mother Goose", received definite literary form in France over two hundred years ago. During the Romantic period it developed Alfred de Musset whom Page has called "the greatest poet of passion since Catullus", and Hugo, "the greatest master of verse expression that modern times have known", and Alfred de Vigny whose magnificent poems of stern duty, recited by every school child, have no doubt stiffened the fibre of the French soul. It has given to the world also the most significant of the Symbolists such as Henri de Regnier, Verlaine, Mallarmé and Verhaeren. But these are side issues: typical French literature runs by preference to other lines; and as this tendency is contrary to that of our own literature, those who wish to benefit most by an acquaintance with French books should become familiar with works quite different from most that I have mentioned so far.

Professor Thorndike has written: "We must, I think, admit that there is no connotation of the word classical which will render it applicable to English literature." On the other hand French literature is, I believe, essentially classical. In matters of treatment, it emphasizes outline and subordinates detail; it seeks intensity at the sacrifice of richness; it prefers development to variety. French writers are not carried away by their ideas: they master their thought. And in matters of subject, French literature picks out the usual and ignores the exceptional; it prefers the enduring to the ephemeral; it chooses the essential rather than the adventitious. French writers are the discoverers and the expounders of fundamentals.

Whatever the typical Frenchman writes illustrates these peculiarities. The tendency of a particular age or school may cause a temporary weakening of one of them; but, curiously enough, this often leads to a greater emphasis on the other. Certain novels by Zola (in the Rougon-Macquart series) and by Huysmans ("A Rebours") may overemphasize the bestial or the pathological; the morbid verse of Baudelaire or the magnificent objective poetry of Leconte de Lisle may deal with the abnormal or the exceptional; but these men have set out according to a well-defined plan and they carry out this plan with a thoroughness that makes them masters in their fields. Anatole France, on the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other hand, may compose badly, his outline may be poor; but his subject is classic: he is constantly working with the determining points of life's great triangle—suffering, beauty and religion.

The most usual, the most enduring and the most essential subject of human experience is man; and it is man, so considered, that is the constant subject of French literature. This is not man the particular, but man the universal. It is not the character of Dickens or Thackeray, with his grotesque peculiarities or his petty and artificial follies; but the man or woman of Balzac (Goriot, Eugénie Grandet) or of Flaubert (Madame Bovary), also that of Molière (The Misanthropist, The Miser) and of Prévost (Manon Lescaut), with his fundamental instincts of fatherhood, avarice, self-love or luxury. Back in the sixteenth century Montaigne was already writing of universal man, observing in himself "the entire form of human kind"; and today, three centuries later, Porto-Riche studies the eternal type of *l'amoureuse* and Paul Hervieu writes in "The Trail of the Torch" ("The Relay Race" would, if Mr. Clark will allow me to say so, be a better translation of the title) what is perhaps the most universal comment on human existence to be found in any age. Ibsen, in "Ghosts", took up a slightly similar theme; but Ibsen's subject is abnormal and contingent: it deals with disease. Hervieu's subject is universal. Dealing with health, it reveals the instinct of parents to sacrifice themselves and their own parents, too, if need be, in order that the rising generation may live and prosper.

Inextricably woven into the study of universal man, must be the observation of social man and of man in his relations to the most permanent of beliefs and institutions. This side of life, treated in the broadest manner, has also been a constant subject of French writers. Rousseau, even in the novel ("The New Heloise"), and Voltaire in tragedy ("Mahomet") and the Tales already mentioned, both are typical; for they oppose human instincts to the constraint of set religious, social or scientific dogma. Dumas fils ("The Demi-Monde") and Emile Augier ("The Marriage of Olympe") are typical also in their portrayal of conditions that threaten the family.

Typical too are a host of writers of our day. They show man's hopes and fears, his suffering and his joy as determined by the greatest forces now at work on society. They bring out, for instance, the effect upon life of democratic institutions. Bourget's novel, "The Stage", takes up the plight of those who, changing too rapidly from one social status to another, find themselves in an environment for which they are not fitted. Lavedan's play, "The Prince d'Aurec", is based on the new position now occupied by the old aristocracy; and Brieux's "Blanchette", on the unfortunate lot of one in whom the democratic principle of free education develops tastes she cannot satisfy. With equal thoroughness these authors observe also the effect on life of the conflicting philosophies of the scientist and the Roman Catholic. This conflict which means so much to a people who, far more than ourselves, regulate their acts by their ideas, is the basis of powerful works such as Bataille's "Foolish Virgin", Curel's "The New Idol" and Lavedan's famous "The Duel". The struggle of Church and State receives human comment in Bazin's "The Nun". The three cur-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rent conceptions of marriage—civic, religious and free—are the determining forces of Bourget's "Divorce". And Donnay studies, in "The Return from Jerusalem", the distressing incompatibility of a typical man and woman who yield to the modern tendency to disregard the barriers between those of different races—barriers erected by century-old differences of tradition and education.

But we should make no mistake. My analysis of the works just mentioned stresses, of necessity, one side at the expense of another. It should be noted that these works are not merely the result of the trend of contemporary minds. The best of them are neither problem plays nor problem novels. Problem literature, so truly French in its emphasis on one dominating thought, is very un-French in its lack of psychological truth. It brings out clearly one idea; but that idea is geometric: it too often neglects that fundamental observation of life, that regard for the deeply human element which, as I have shown, has made universal man a favorite subject with French writers. The best, the nearest approach to the typically French in Brieux is not to be sought in "Damaged Goods", but in "The Red Robe" where the particular social condition in question serves merely as a stimulus to show us the play of human instincts and human emotions: the unfortunate dependence of a French judge upon the support of the deputies is solely a means of showing the struggles and hesitations of an honest man tempted to barter his conscience by his love for his wife and his daughter. And this translation of social forces into the language of emotion and motives is ancient in France as well as modern. Lavedan's patriotic "Service" finds its counterpart in Corneille's magnificent "Horace", in which the necessity of the Romans to fight against their kinsmen of Alba Longa stirs to their depths the feelings and intellects of lover, father, wife and husband; and Brieux's "Faith", with its stress upon the social bearing of religious credulity, is anticipated in Molière's immortal "Tartuffe".

The real subject of the most typical literary work in France is now, as before, a study of man. It is such a study as we find in La Rochefoucauld's "Maxims" and Pascal's "Thoughts". These great observers noted man's impulses and aspirations, with all their contradictions and peculiarities; and just as Molière, their contemporary, determined his ridicule and his praise, not according to abstract principles of logic or morals, but upon a character's conformity with the often anomalous habits of life as men really live it, so Donnay determines, upon the same dispassionate observation, the value of the foibles or aspirations of our world today ("The Clearing").

The fact is that, for the French, life is a concern. It is no mere chance that typical French literature has no "Midsummer Night's Dream", and presents no character who proclaims that life is "a tale told by an idiot full of sound and fury signifying nothing". Nor is it chance either that Molière's greater plays, for all their hearty laughter, seem to some too serious for comedy. For the French writer, life is not a thing to be toyed with; and Molière's plays are certainly serious. He believes in its reality; and he believes also in the value of observing it closely. Like priests charged with a sacred message, typical French writers are unwilling to be diverted to the consideration of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

futilities, and consider it their privilege to expound its great and fundamental principles.

To do this they have foregone many a picturesque detail, they have ignored many a pleasant excursus into the exceptional, the fantastic and the unessential. Should we of another race insist upon such delights, we can find them in French writers of the second rank or in a few of the first rank who are not typical. But let us not forget that the main trend of French literature reveals a salutary attitude of mind which is somewhat foreign to our own literature.

Professor Raleigh tells us that "Iago and Edmund, alone among the persons of Shakespeare's great tragedies, believe in the sufficiency of man to control his destinies". The tendency of the typical French writer is to side with these exceptional characters. His untiring efforts to bring out the fundamental aspects of life is proof of an instinctive conviction that our ills and blessings are amenable to the understanding, and subject, to a certain extent at least, to our control. This is an invigorating philosophy. May it not, as one of the characteristics of the French race, explain one of the marvels of history? Does it not shed light on the unparalleled resiliency of that people which twice at least has been the first country of the world, and which, after periods of apparent decline, has repeatedly risen once more to the forefront of the nations?

A NEW BOOK ON IRELAND

BY HENRY A. LAPPIN

It is nothing less than a miracle of self-effacement and of moderation in tone that has here been achieved. An Irishman writing about Irishmen, Mr. Hackett has all the judicial calmness, the serene impartiality of a Bryce writing about Americans or a Boutmy characterizing the English. He has a penetrating vision, too. He sees and accounts for all the facts of the case. He has overlooked no relevant phase of modern Irish life. He betrays no slightest tendency toward a sentimental glorification of Ireland. Upon his native land he looks with eyes of love, but he has none of the lover's pathetic illusions. His book may not please the sort of Irishman, on this side the Atlantic, who—in Shaw's mordant phrase—refers to Ireland as "The Old Country". But there can be no two opinions concerning its value as a candid and careful examination of the whole Irish question in all its aspects.

The primary object of the book is to make clear for the American reader the issues involved in the Irish problem, and as a necessary prolegomenon Mr. Hackett addresses himself to an examination of the condition of Ireland, to an interpretation of her nationalism, to a demonstration of the difficulty of Ireland's relation with England. From the investigation of causes and the display of consequences, he advances in conclusion to the prescription of remedies.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ireland, he considers, "according to any democratic or liberal criteria, has on its side the durable advocacy of the facts". He believes that the men who have been governing Ireland were lacking "in the first psychological essential of government, entrance into the genuine will of the governed". "They have failed for the most part," he says acutely, "because they have lacked true community of interest with Ireland and because they have never really chosen to share in the universe of native discourse. Englishmen often admit the 'stupidities' and blunders of the past that arose from this policy; they have done this point by point for some hundreds of years. But it is invariably the offenses of the past that the governing class is willing to confess, never the persisting relation from which these offenses have unfailingly sprung and must unfailingly continue to spring." That is admirably and shrewdly said. Nor does Mr. Hackett fail to point out how useless and absurd is any attempt by the nationalistic Irishman to convince the American of the utter malignancy of England. In spite of his willingness, indeed his anxiety to receive sympathetically the Irishman's version, the American cannot be dislodged from his standpoint of profound admiration for the towering reality of English achievement in life and in the arts. "It may be granted that layers of evidence have to be penetrated before the American grasps the paradox of Anglo-Irish history; but the solution of the paradox is never diabolism . . . the wholesale indictment of Ireland belongs in the same psychological category."

Mr. Hackett is an Irishman who has learned much from the best Englishmen. Throughout this book there emerges his admiration for those two great Englishmen, Matthew Arnold and John Morley, whose minds, so singularly devoid of racial or religious bias, were nurtured on the ripest political culture of the ages. Before him as he wrote—he tells us—were Morley's noble words: "The important thing is not that two people should be inspired by the same convictions but rather that each of them should hold his or her own convictions in a high and a worthy spirit. Harmony of aim not identity of conclusion is the secret." Certain utterances of Matthew Arnold, too, have had their special inspiration for Mr. Hackett. Indeed, "Ireland" might almost be regarded as a discourse having for text these sentences, so characteristically Arnoldian in their clear-sighted urbanity: "We shall solve at last, I hope and believe, the difficulty which the state of Ireland presents to us. But we shall never solve it without first understanding it; and we shall never understand it while we pedantically accept whatever accounts of it happen to pass current with our class or party or leaders, and to be recommended by our fond desire and theirs. We must see the matter as it really stands; we must cease to ignore and try to set aside, the nature of things; 'by contending against which what have we got, or shall ever get but defeat and shame'."

And so with these high ideals before him and with his eyes closed to no single difficulty of his task, Mr. Hackett proceeds to dig to the roots of his problem, taking up first and setting forth in parable form the main facts of earlier Irish social history. From this, advancing to a consideration of the economic aspects

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of English rule in Ireland the writer arrives finally at one of the cruces of his problem—the Ulster difficulty. His discussion of Ulster's relation to the other provinces and his account of the origin and development of that relation, is one of the best sections in the book. Nothing could be more effective than his quotation from that most representative Ulsterman, Mr. Ernest Hamilton, ex-M.P. Nothing could be more characteristic of the essential Ulster attitude. "There is not a Roman Catholic in Ulster to whom the promise of Home Rule does not mean the promise of the recovery of forfeited lands. In some districts the land of the Protestant farmers has already been officially allotted among the native population." (The last adjective is delicious.) "This faith in the Apache character of the Ulster Catholics"—Mr. Hackett drily observes—"is an important element in the programme of politicians like Mr. Hamilton."

That implacable niggard, space, compels the reviewer to pass on to other topics of the book. It is sufficient perhaps to register one's conviction that the twenty pages or so in this section dealing with Ulster enshrine some of the most illuminating things that have ever been said about that grey and tumultuous colony.

On the attitude of the Englishman of the governing class towards the native Irishman, Mr. Hackett writes with wisdom and much quiet humor.

Full of interest, too, and not without real value for the American who would understand Ireland, are those pages which treat of the relation between priests and people, and the effect of that relation upon Irish life and progress. But here, it seems to the present reviewer, one is obliged to make allowance for Mr. Hackett's tendency to insist too much upon the possible dangers of organized ecclesiasticism in the modern democracy. Mr. Hackett has no doubt that, granting the validity of a certain Vatican decree of 1911, "the Catholic Church is nakedly opposed to the free exercise of civic rights". The decree which he quotes inflicts an *ipso facto* excommunication upon the Catholic who "without permission from an ecclesiastical authority summons before a lay court of justice any ecclesiastical person in any case civil or criminal". One does not for an instant doubt Mr. Hackett's integrity or his freedom from special bias, but it does seem as if he were here permitting himself to make a mountain of fractured democratic principle out of a mole-hill of intra-mural canonical discipline. Nothing, one feels certain, could be more remote from the intention of the Church than to deprive its subjects of a vital right of citizenship. The object of this decree is surely to secure for the Church authorities the preliminary right to review an alleged case of injustice in the attempt to discover if it be not possible to settle the domestic difficulty, so to speak, before a purely domestic tribunal. Doubtless the requisite permission for public legal action would at once be given by the ecclesiastical authorities in the unlikely event of their inability to decide the matter to the satisfaction of the parties concerned. "The fact is," writes Mr. Harold J. Laski, in his brilliant book, "The Problem of Sovereignty", "that, of necessity, whatever be the claims of the Papacy, it can in practice do no more than lay down perfectly general laws, and trust to the good sense of Catholics

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for their wise applications to the facts of any particular case."

It is in the final section of the book that Mr. Hackett sets forth his hope for Ireland in the coming time. To him it seems that Home Rule is bound to be the ultimate solution of the troubles of Ireland, that to a sane constitutionalism Ireland must return in the end. But this constitutionalism will bear but slight resemblance to the old "menial" constitutionalism of the Irish Party since Parnell ceased to be its leader. It will, first and foremost, be solidly grounded on fiscal autonomy. Irish revenue must be raised in Ireland for Ireland. "To give Westminster the control of Irish finance"—as is largely the case in the simulacrum of a Home Rule Act now in the Statute book—"is to make Irish politics revolve around the imperial pork-barrel." For him Home Rule means that Ireland shall completely control the finances of Ireland, the excise, the customs; shall administer its own police force and raise its own troops; shall stand shoulder to shoulder with Canada, Australia, South Africa, and New Zealand as a unit and a reality in the representation and conference of the Empire. And in that new Ireland, Ulster will have nothing to fear. The Wilsons, and the McElroys, the McConnells and all the other dour Northmen will meet and mingle with the Irish of the other Three Fields, and they will discover in that splendid congress that the dark imminence they had so long dreaded was after all but a bogy-man. Beyond Home Rule one must look to a later time when Ireland shall have come out of chains into a kingdom; a time of changing social values, of national adjustments, of a new accessibility of education to the Irish masses, of the enjoyment, finally, by the Irish people of the fruits of real democracy. Of course there will be disillusionments in plenty, but assuredly they will not all be unhealthy. The Irish may even discover some day that in the past, things *might* conceivably have been worse! "Some women", Mr. Hackett wittily analogizes, "have gone through divorce and remarried only to discover, through their experience of a second husband, that many of the first husband's despised faults were mere average masculinity."

This latest interpretation of a much-misinterpreted country is indubitably a most significant and memorable performance. Even when one remembers the magisterial studies of Paul-Dubois and Locker-Lampson, the temptation is still urgent to declare this work to be, on the whole, the best book that has been written about Ireland in our time.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GOSSIP SHOP

Joyce Kilmer's "Holy Ireland", a sketch of a lodging for the night enjoyed by a little group of Irish American soldiers at a farm-house in France, which THE BOOKMAN has the deeply appreciated privilege of publishing in this issue, is the only piece of prose writing of any extent at all that came from Sergeant Kilmer overseas. He himself wrote of it to his publishers: "I sent you a prose sketch 'Holy Ireland' (which represents the best prose writing I can do nowadays)".

Continuing, he discusses his attitude toward writing as it was affected by the event of his becoming a soldier, and says he had no thought of attempting to report the war: "If I had, I'd have come over as a correspondent instead of as a soldier. Many circumstances, including the censorship, the rules governing a soldier's conduct and other things, prevent me from trying to make a consecutive narrative now, even if I so desired. I am a poet at present trying to be a soldier. The experience may naturally be expected to result in a book—of some kind, at some time—if I survive. My days of hack writing are over, for a time at least."

In his prose writing, Joyce Kilmer was one of the most accomplished, prolific and industrious journalists of his day. His prose was, frankly, hack work. He was a professional writer from his twenty-third year. He produced continually. The obligations upon him to make ends meet were altogether extraordinary for one of his age. Writing with him had become a habit almost as natural as speech. He dictated articles bounding in taxicabs through the darkness of night, in a hospital bed with three ribs broken (after a railroad accident), walking up and down his room at home at two in the morning with a wailing child in his arms. He continually wrote under pressure of haste for the newspaper press.

He regarded himself, with decided pride in the fact, as a "newspaper man", during his last several years in New York. And yet he was a kind of newspaper man exceedingly rare in America, that is, a "literary journalist". There was always the touch to his work of a man of letters. He had a distinct *flair* for style, a fragrantly humorous turn, and a rich vein of feeling in which were curiously blended poetic emotion and excellent "horse-sense".

One of the phenomena of his phenomenal career was the fact that he ceased altogether to be a journalist of any kind as soon as he became a soldier, that is, even the instinct of the journalist dropped from him. "Holy Ireland" is unmistakably a piece of literature, that is to say, though slight enough in substance, a work of firm and exquisite art.

The Gossip Shop is happy to print the following communication from its esteemed contemporary literary gossip, Christopher Morley:

"How is it, my dear Gossip Shop, that the *vers libristes* have omitted to quote the most interesting of all apologies for unbound versing? William Blake, in his 'Jerusalem', says:

> 'When this Verse was first dictated to me, I considered a monotonous cadence like that used by Milton and Shakespeare, and all writers of En-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

glish Blank Verse, derived from the modern bondage of Riming, to be a necessary and indispensable part of Verse. But I soon found that in the mouth of a true Orator such monotony was not only awkward, but as much a bondage as rime itself. I therefore have produced a variety in every line, both of cadences and number of syllables. Every word and every letter is studied and put into its fit place; the terrific numbers are reserved for the terrific parts, the mild and gentle for the mild and gentle parts, and the prosaic for inferior parts; all are necessary to each other. Poetry fetter'd fetters the Human Race. Nations are destroy'd or flourish, in proportion as their Poetry, Painting, and Music are destroy'd or flourish.' "

(*Poetical Works of Blake, Oxford Edition, p.* 386.)

The question is frequently asked: "Will the war produce any great poets or novelists?"

In some quarters one meets a clearly expressed conviction that great artists, conscious or otherwise, will come out of the struggle as a sort of inevitable physical consequence. The people who hold this view would seem to argue that the terrific intensity of the human experience—the pinnacles of valor scaled and the abysms of despair plumbed—would of themselves cause great works to come about.

This question, like a great many questions, can be answered affirmatively and negatively. Each will hold something of truth and neither all of it. The war may prove to be utterly sterile as far as the germination of literature is concerned; and the white heat of the furnace through which mankind passes may produce nothing. In fact it may destroy.

Every person concerned with the reading and publishing of manuscripts has undoubtedly had during the past three years the touching experience of reading some slender sheaf of verses by, let us say, a young man killed at the front. He was noted for his English work at his university and his volume contains sixty-four poems of which four were written while he was endeavoring to enlist and eight after he got to France. In every case of this kind—and there have been hundreds—the difference between the eight and the fifty-six is precisely the difference between life and artificiality. This is not to say that the eight are poetry; but at least they are truth, and one knows that here at last is utter sincerity and the naked eye. "What a pity he had to stop", you say; "he had just begun to live."

Repeated experiences of this kind confirm the truth that war does not create literature, but it may reveal it; and it may also destroy the too slender talent. The writer brings to it what he is and has spiritually and mentally. If greatness be in him, sooner or later the emotional experience becomes a veritable Pentecost and his tongue is loosed. War has done him this great service, perhaps: it has consumed in a moment the overlayings and trivialities of conceit and self-consciousness which only years of growth would have sloughed off.

If he be of real but inconsequential talent, the war may reveal the worth of his achievement with such devastating truth that never again will he have sufficient belief in the value of his writing to go on with it. There is at least one case to substantiate this and there may well be others.

The effect of the war, therefore, on those spirits who are intensely conscious of the overshadowing tragedy and appalling splendor is to clear the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vision of the writer and to bring his powers to amazing fulness. Whether the result be literature depends, as it always does, upon the human spirit that is being so wrought upon.

No one can read Joyce Kilmer's poem in "Scribner's" for September without perceiving that here, indelible, is the stamp of that thing which life in its ordinary course had so far failed to evoke in him. What circumstance, if any, in peaceful pursuits could have brought to Kilmer's poetry in the same degree the directness, the vigor, the unaffected beauty of this poem and of one other, written just before his death and soon to be published in "The Saturday Evening Post", no one can say. Perhaps nothing but this war could have done so. And yet the truth remains: the war did not create these things; it uncovered them.

It has become almost a fixed idea in some of our impressionable literary circles that all Russian authors are great authors. The work of a Russian without any standing at all in his own country has had little difficulty in finding an eager welcome here. And the confusion occasioned in many estimable minds as to whether there ever was or was not a Feodor Vladimir Larrovitch, the subject of the Authors' Club monograph edited by Richardson Wright and William George Jordan, most pointedly illustrates the value of just such an authoritative survey of Russian literature as that presented in this number of THE BOOKMAN.

A singular case of an officer's not knowing who's who in the army in regard to himself, is reported of (former) Captain A. Radcliffe Dugmore, author of "When the Somme Ran Red". He was, it seems, commissioned a major on February tenth, while he was in America. But he did not know of this until he reached England some time in July.

The story of Guynemer, written by Henry Bordeaux and appearing originally in the "Revue des Deux Mondes", is one of the fall books from the Yale University Press. This story is said to have been translated by Louise Morgan Sill under the direction of the author, and is declared to have the approval of the Guynemer family.

It is reported that a letter from Maurice Maeterlinck has just reached this country in which the Belgian mystic expresses keen curiosity as to the authorship of the unsigned introduction to "The Miracle of St. Anthony", issued early in the summer, and a high appreciation of the work. The writer of that introduction is announced as Arthur Bartlett Maurice, a former editor of THE BOOKMAN, whose sympathy with the Belgian setting of the play was heightened by the fact that he was with the American Relief in Belgium until the moment of actual hostilities between Germany and the United States.

What constitutes an authorized edition, anyhow? Two New York publishers have within the last few months' time published the so-called authorized edition of "A Miracle of St. Antony", by Maurice Maeterlinck. One volume, which includes only this play, was translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. The other volume, the lesser one in price, contains in addition to "A Miracle of St. Antony" five other plays by Maeterlinck. It was translated by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ralph Roeder, his version being produced a year or so ago by the Washington Square Players. Mr. Roeder makes the positive statement that his version was authorized by Mr. Osso, the accredited representative in this country of M. Maeterlinck, and that a royalty is being paid to the author. The play translated by Mr. Roeder is found in the volume, "A Miracle of St. Antony and Other Plays" in the Modern Library.

The difference between the book business now and the book business before the war, one is told by expert salesmen in New York's great book stores, is this: there are as many customers in the shops today as ever before at this time of the year, perhaps more. They buy as many books as ever before, even more. And yet the amount taken in by these shops in the course of a month does not quite equal that of former years. The explanation is that whereas there is today a greater interest than ever before in new books and single volumes, there is a decrease in the number of sales of handsome sets of standard authors.

This disinclination on the part of the public at the moment to invest in costly editions in general, gives considerable point to the reported success even before publication of "The Autograph Edition of the Works of Booth Tarkington". The edition will consist of twelve volumes, containing all of Tarkington's literary output which he wishes to have preserved, arranged under the direct supervision of the author, and bearing his autograph signature in the first volume.

Ada Foster Murray, whose poem "The Flags", a tribute to her son-in-law, Sergeant Joyce Kilmer, appears in this number of THE BOOKMAN, is the wife of Henry Mills Alden, editor of "Harper's Magazine" since 1861, or something like that. She is a well-known contributor of newspaper and magazine verse, her book of poems, "Flower o' the Grass", having been brought out several years ago by Harper & Brothers.

Among the plays announced by Cohan & Harris for the coming season, is a dramatization of an old friend of many readers, Henry Sydnor Harrison's novel, "Queed".

O. Henry's "Roads of Destiny", dramatized by Channing Pollock, is also to be presented shortly. Mr. Pollock has evolved a unique treatment of the theme which preserves the real spirit of O. Henry's work without in any way holding to the actual text of the story. It is to be an A. H. Woods production.

A sequel to Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird" is among the fall books of Dodd, Mead and Company. The title of the new play is "The Betrothal: or The Blue Bird Chooses", and it tells the story of Tyltyl—the little boy of "The Blue Bird"—as he searches for a sweetheart. In October, this play is to have its first production, in New York, under the direction of Mr. Winthrop Ames.

Though in the war zone tanks are apparently becoming as numerous as aeroplanes, the romantic appeal of that novel engine of war to the civilian mind is shown by the demand for Captain Richard Haigh's "Life in a Tank". This book has been several times reprinted since its more or less recent publication.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A "literary note" announcing the publication of "You're Only Young Once", by Margaret Widdemer, author of "The Wishing Ring Man", and "The Dogs of Boytown", by Walter A. Dyer, author of "The Five Babbitts of Bonnie Acres" and "Pierrot, Dog of Belgium", says: "Miss Widdemer is one of the youngest of our successful authors, and certainly gets the spirit of joyous youth before the War into her novel, also a 'muff hound', decidedly different from any of the score of more varieties of dog that enliven the pages of Mr. Dyer, who has tried to treat his canines more or less along the lines of horse-treatment in 'Black Beauty'."

What one wants to know is, who owned the "muff hound", Miss Widdemer or Mr. Dyer? And if this "muff hound" suffered the "horse-treatment", doesn't that seem rather drastic?

As a tribute to Joyce Kilmer, who edited "Dreams and Images", an anthology of Catholic poets, Boni & Liveright are now preparing a special, limited, subscription, holiday edition of 500 copies of this book. The book will be printed on Strathmore paper, bound in library buckram, with leather label, and the price will be $3.00 a copy. The publishers will not keep any of the profits of this edition. The introduction of this anthology is dated 165th Regiment, Camp Mills, Mineola, N. Y., August, 1917, just a year before Sergeant Kilmer's death in battle.

The article "Tarkingtonapolis" in the September BOOKMAN mentioned the vogue of "the novel which undertakes to be a fairly adequate history of several generations of some hypothetical family". To the list of such novels there given now may be added Henry Mitchell Webster's "An American Family", which opens with the grandsons grown and the grandfather retired, yet with a dominating hand still on the vast business that he founded. Mr. Webster's publishers, the Bobbs-Merrill Company, remind us that "An American Family" appeared serially under the title, "The White Arc", and add that the change was made because it proved misleading and inapt. The scene is Chicago and the family—a big one—includes the grandfather, founder of the family fortune and a Chicago pioneer, as well as the youngest grandson who knows how to spend the money and who goes to France to get in the fight before the U. S. "joins up".

Of all literary workshops probably Roland G. Usher's is the most unique. For during the summer months Professor Usher does his proof-reading and his writing in the cemetery at Annisquam, Massachusetts.

It has been Professor Usher's practice for several summers to seek the cooling shades of this graveyard to pursue his literary endeavors. The caretaker, doubtless at first observing him with suspicion, has of late become accustomed to the altogether unusual sight. The other day when Professor Usher was correcting the proofs of "The Story of the Pilgrims for Children", which is among the fall's publications of the Macmillan Company, this caretaker at last broke his New England reserve:

"I see you take a good deal of interest a-readin' and a-writin' of books," he said. "Wal, ye better get what comfort ye can out of it, 'cause there ain't much in it."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The limited edition of George Moore's "A Story-Teller's Holiday" which was originally announced for publication August 1, has just been sent to subscribers. Boni & Liveright, the agents for the sale of this book, announce that the edition is practically exhausted, and that the price of $6.75 a volume will shortly be made $8.50. The edition is limited to twelve hundred numbered copies.

The United States Aero Club recently bestowed medals upon men who had done distinguished service, and among them was Edmond C. Genet. Genet was killed after brilliant service in the Foreign Legion and the Lafayette Escadrille. His account, through letters, "The War Letters of Edmond Genet", is mainly to his mother at Ossining, N. Y., and is published by the Scribners.

"Now that the State has admitted that we are citizens, we are relieved of the tiresome necessity of proving that we exist," says Rebecca West in an essay, "Women as Brainworkers", which represents her contribution to a symposium entitled "Women and the Labour Party", just published.

The J. B. Lippincott Company have just published Countess Olga Leutrum's "Court and Diplomacy in Austria and Germany". The Countess is the daughter of a well-known Austro-Hungarian diplomat, who was minister at the first Hague Peace Conference, and her mother was a Russian Princess of cosmopolitan upbringing. For some time Countess Leutrum was lady-in-waiting to the Archduchess Isabella of Austria, and she has an intimate knowledge of the Austrian Court, of Russian life, and of international diplomatic circles.

Considerable interest attaches to the reported arrest of Maxim Gorky, whose autobiography was recently published in this country. Two weeks before, Gorky was supposed to be dying of cholera. His life has been a tempestuous one, and it is remarkable that the man who was imprisoned and exiled for opposing the czar should have received similar treatment at the hands of his fellow-revolutionists. Prior to the downfall of Kerensky, Gorky supported Lenine and Trotsky, but there have been many reports recently of decided differences between him and the Soviet leaders. His newspaper is now said to have been suppressed permanently.

Major R. M. Johnston, in his "General Foch: An Appreciation", says that when Foch was an instructor at the Ecole de Guerre, several classes of young officers sat at his feet and carried away with them an unbounded devotion and faith in the man whose teaching they had been privileged to listen to. It was from this group that there arose, just before the war, the idea that in the next conflict the French Army must necessarily adopt the offensive, the offensive at all costs. "As to General Foch, he will undoubtedly attempt to show us at the present juncture the working of this doctrine in its soundest aspect," writes Major Johnston.

A new book by Francis A. Collins is entitled "Naval Heroes of To-day" and consists of more than fifty sea stories of the war. The stories include those of naval air pilots and observers, armed guards aboard merchant ships, and the heroes of scouts and destroyers in battle against German submarines.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Major Townsend Whelan, author of "The American Rifle", is described as perhaps the greatest authority on small arms in the United States, and a crack marksman. Entering the regular army in 1902 as a second lieutenant of infantry, he quickly won the championship of his regiment and was selected to represent both his regiment and department at the Army Rifle Competitions in 1903, where he won the championship of the Army. Major Whelan, it is said, also enjoys the distinction of probably having built more rifle ranges than any other officer. In 1905 he published his first book on rifle shooting, entitled "Suggestions to Military Riflemen". He has been a prolific writer for scientific publications on small arms design and construction, and on rifle shooting. He is the author of the present official War Department publication, "Soldiers' Handbook of the Rifle and Score Book for Special Course C", which is issued to every soldier in our army who bears a rifle. Major Whelan spent thirteen years in the preparation of "The American Rifle", which contains more than 1000 pages, and discusses every phase of the subject, historical, theoretical, and practical. He says that, in the course of his experimental work and research for the book, he fired at least 50,000 rounds with all types of rifles.

Out of the war a European figure has arisen to command the respect of conservatives and radicals alike throughout the world: Arthur Henderson, M.P., Secretary and leader of the Labor Party. A believer in victory by arms, he has given his sons to his country; a believer in discussion of war aims, he saw fit to relinquish his Cabinet post to protest his faith. As spokesman for labor in England Mr. Henderson wrote "The Aims of Labour", a book which one prominent reviewer ranks with Magna Charta and the Declaration of Independence. It is published in America by B. W. Huebsch, who announces a second edition.

Mr. Morgenthau has written an account of his experiences in Turkey as American Ambassador which has been running as a feature in "The World's Work". Additional matter will be added to his book, which will be ready in October. The book will be extensively illustrated.

Salomón de la Selva, the young Latin-American poet, whose first volume of poems, "Tropical Town", was published a short time ago by John Lane Company, has joined the British Expeditionary Forces, and recently sailed for a British port to begin training.

Burris A. Jenkins, author of "Facing the Hindenburg Line", and of a new war story called "It Happened 'Over There' ", has returned to the European war zone for the third time as special correspondent to the "Kansas City Star".

A new large edition of "Elements of Military Hygiene" by P. M. Ashburn has been ordered by the Government.

The events of the last four weeks at the front are proving clearly the truth of Colonel Paul Azan's theories in "Warfare of Today". Modern warfare, the Colonel holds, comprises four phases, only two of which—the preparation of the attack, and the attack —were well known up to now by the allied armies. The "pursuit", this all

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

important phase of the battle which Colonel Azan describes, is an American theory, "for it was not in the French regulations at the time it was being taught in the United States camps".

"Will the Christ Return?" is the title of a series of addresses on the Second Advent, which the Revell Company are publishing for Dr. J. Stuart Holden, the English divine at present in this country for the British Government, to cement, more firmly, existing ties between the United States and Great Britain.

Helen Davenport Gibbons, author of "The Red Rugs of Tarsus", is at present mistress of The Little Gray Home in the West, as she has called the old French house where she lives and which she has made a center of hospitality for American soldiers. She has fitted up a dormitory where as many men as can be accommodated find comfortable beds.

Reginald Farrer, author of "The Void of War", is an English writer, a novelist before the war. John Buchan of the British Foreign Office selected Mr. Farrer to write a book which would cover the fighting front, from the British Channel to the Adriatic. The title of the book has to do with the material and spiritual significance of No Man's Land.

A memorial edition of the work of Joyce Kilmer is in course of preparation for early publication by George H. Doran Company. The volume will contain all the poems which it is deemed advisable to preserve, and will contain several war poems written in France—by far the finest things he ever did—which have not before been available in the durable form of a bound volume. In addition to the poems the book will contain essays, letters, portraits and a Memoir. Joyce Kilmer did not talk poetry, but he did talk exactly like his essays, which admirably present the brave, humorous wisdom of the man as his intimate friends knew him. In view of the very little prose that he wrote for publication while in France, his intimate letters are of exceeding interest, clearly revealing as they do his noble reaction to the war. The Memoir is being written by Robert Cortes Holliday, of whom Mrs. Aline Kilmer says: "I know from his references to the subject to me that it was the desire and understanding of my husband that in the event of his death Robert Cortes Holliday, whom he regarded as his oldest and closest friend, should act as his literary executor."

Henry Herbert Knibbs is one of many popular novelists whose stories have found increasing favor with the reading public. Not until "Overland Red" appeared did Mr. Knibb's work win a recognition which has since grown to include also the earlier novels, "Stephen March's Way", "Lost Farm Camp", and "Tang of Life", the latest on the list, just published.

Dorothy Canfield Fisher, author of "Home Fires in France", writes from the south of France that her Red Cross Home for Delicate Children is just about to open. "The beds are there", she writes, "forty of them. You will never know what a feat of will power it is to have had them made at all and to have them made on time . . . It is great fun to be able to put into execution some of my ideas, some of my hatred of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

usual 'institutional' life of an institution for children, some of my conviction that fun and bright colors, and music, and lively games are as necessary for war-children, undernourished and scared, as is good food and fresh air."

One of the features of the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign is an exhibition of the aeroplane of Georges Guynemer, whose life story appears under the title of "Guynemer, the Ace of Aces". The French high commission, it is reported, in making this loan, believed that they were paying one of the highest tributes possible to America.

Private Charles Divine of the 27th Division "over there", is said to be the first soldier poet of the United States Expeditionary Forces in France to have his "war-inspired" poems presented in book form. "City Ways and Company Streets", the title, does not altogether suggest war.

When the American Army took over the volunteer American Ambulance Service in France, many of those in the service were unable to continue because they were below military age. Among these was Philip Dana Orcutt, author of "The White Road of Mystery: the Notebook of an American Ambulancier", just published.

Elizabeth Hazanowitz, author of "One of Them" (Houghton Mifflin Company), is a young Russian Jewess who came to this country six years ago to escape persecution in her native land. Ignorant of our language, with no money, she was plunged into the sweat shops of New York to earn her living. She revolted at conditions there and struggled to reform them. She was successful to a very great extent, and was one of the signers of the labor protocol which Louis Brandeis drew up in 1916. She has since then been employed by many Labor Commissions as an investigator, and is at present doing factory inspection work.

Another book of similar appeal is Rose Cohen's "Out of the Shadow", announced for early publication by George H. Doran Company. It begins with the author's childhood in Russia and follows the fortunes of the transplanted Russian family in New York. Miss Wald of the Henry Street Settlement has written in the highest terms of this as being both truth and art.

"Right Above Race", Otto H. Kahn's confession of a German-American's patriotic faith in the Allied cause, will shortly appear in an English edition with an introduction by Colonel Roosevelt. It is also to be published in France with an introduction by M. Tardieu and in Spain with an introduction by Romanonez.

Edmond E. Lincoln, of the Department of Economics of Harvard University, is now serving as the expert in charge of the 1917 Federal Census of Central Electric Light and Power Stations in the United States, and has been appointed to compile the Fourth Quinquennial Report on this industry. Mr. Lincoln's book on "The Results of Municipal Electric Lighting in Massachusetts" is a fall publication.

"Ireland: A Study in Nationalism", by Francis Hackett, an octavo volume of some 400 pages, aims to state the problem popularly known as "the Irish question", to present its causes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the consequences and to find a way to its solution. It undertakes to answer the bewildered person who wants calm and unadorned explanations of Ulster, the Catholic Church's power, the inertia of one section as against the industrial hustle of another, the extent and power of Sinn Fein, etc., etc.

Mr. Hackett, an editor of "The New Republic" since that weekly was started, and previously literary editor of the Chicago "Evening Post", is an Irishman by birth and, as a commentary upon his recently published volume of literary studies, it should be added, a critic by vocation.

A quiet but arduous and successful career is recalled by the recent death of Arlo Bates. He was born in a small town in Maine, and after graduating from Bowdoin College, went to Boston, established himself in an attic and began to write. He wrote, undiscouraged by the growing pile of rejected manuscripts. Finally he gained a foothold in the magazines, and the appearance of his first novel, published by Houghton Mifflin Company in 1881, marked the beginning of a fairly successful literary career which extended over more than thirty years. Besides some half dozen novels, Professor Bates was best known for his books on literature and the study and writing of English. He was Professor of English Literature at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology from 1893 to 1915 and was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

When Anatole France was a boy, we remember, it was his great ambition to write some sort of a literary production, which would be set in type, and then—Oh, joy upon joy!—he would *read the proofs*. Doubtless he came later to know that in this trying world one wearies at length even of reading proofs. That is by the by. Perhaps the most curious and most entertaining proof-reading that ever was done was that done on Maud Churchill Nicoll's book just published, "Knitting and Sewing". The proof-reading was knitted. That is, all points of confusion were solved by the proof-reader herself knitting the queried stitches to get the straight of the matter.

Dr. David J. Burrell, of the Marble Collegiate Church, New York, has a new volume of addresses. Its title is "The Laughter of God".

The Houghton Mifflin Company service flag has 59 stars in it.

A little book of "doughboy poems" just issued is called "Rimes in Olive Drab" and is by Lieut. John Pierre Roche, 87th Division, U. S. A.

The announcement of a novelized version by David Gray of "The Boomerang", brings before a new public the astonishing success of that very original comedy on the boards. It has been played, by the same company of actors that opened with it in August, 1915, no less than 1250 times without break or vacation, winter and summer alike, establishing, it is believed, a record of consecutive performances for any play in any country since the world began.

Joseph H. Appel, who is well known among advertising men as the manager of John Wanamaker's advertising department, has written a book entitled "Living the Creative Life".

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As the title indicates, Mr. Appel's book is a discussion of right methods of living, and is based in part upon a study of the work of Thomas Troward.

Catherine Breshkovsky's "The Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution", edited by Alice Stone Blackwell, now in its sixth edition, will be brought out in England by T. Fisher Unwin, the London publisher.

A twenty-first printing, this time 20,000 copies, of "The Three Things", indicates the continued popularity of Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews' war-inspired story.

Thornton W. Burgess, the popular author of animal story-books, has just written his 2000th bedtime story for his newspaper syndicate.

To many readers, probably, the name of Alter Brody, whose poem, "In the Circulating Library", appeared in the September BOOKMAN, was new. Yet the liberal blossoming of his poems in the current magazines indicates wide if sudden appreciation. Armed with a volume of verse accepted for October publication and with an introduction by Louis Untermeyer, who may claim to be his discoverer, Mr. Brody descended on the editors and captured their trenches with considerable booty. The book will be called "A Family Album". "The Neurological Institute" is the title of one of the poems included in the volume.

The works of Selma Lagerlöf have been translated into various foreign languages. The application just received by her publishers for the right to translate "Jerusalem" into Japanese makes the second or third book of hers to be reproduced in that language.

Maria Thompson Daviess calls herself an exile, for since the sixty-million-dollar Government Powder plant came and sat down on the corner of Sweetbriar Farm, her Tennessee home, she has lived in an apartment on Gramercy Park, New York, with only a couple of window boxes to do farming in. "I had to flee," she says; "I couldn't risk seeing my lilacs and asparagus bed blown into the air."

A British Army identification tag, bearing the letters, RAMC, and the number 31540, is the only clue the publishers have to the identity of the author of their book "Fields and Battlefields"—not a personal experience story, but a series of chapters, half-story, half-essay, dealing with life in the medical corps.

A book by the son of the late Frank Danby is among the fall publications. This is "The Other Side", by Gilbert Frankau, at present serving as a captain in the Royal Field Artillery in Flanders.

Miss Gertrude Hall, whose new novel is entitled "Miss Ingalis", was born in Boston, but was taken at the age of seven to Italy, where she received her education. For nine years she and her sisters were boarding pupils at the *pensionnat de demoiselles* described in "The Truth About Camilla". There her first stories were written.

Francis E. Leupp, who has completed a life of George Westinghouse of air-brake fame, is a veteran Washington correspondent, former Indian Commissioner and the author of a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

readable biography of Roosevelt, and also of "Walks About Washington".

The new book by Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, like the author's former volume, "German Atrocities", is made up of incidents and evidence personally gathered by him in the battle-zones of Europe. Dr. Hillis is again overseas and has arranged with a moving picture corporation to have the scenes he described in "German Atrocities" put upon the screen.

"Rumania's Sacrifice: Her Past, Present, and Future", by Gogu Negulesco, a member of the Rumanian Parliament, is said to reveal the mystery of Rumania's collapse.

The plays included in the volume "Five Somewhat Historical Plays", by Philip Moeller, author of "Madame Sand", (Alfred A. Knopf) are: "Helena's Husband", "The Little Supper", "The Roadhouse in Arden", "The Sisters of Susannah" and "Pokey". Four of these plays were produced by The Washington Square Players.

The Princeton University Press publishes "A Simplified Italian Manual" which ought to be of value to soldiers, Y. M. C. A. men and others going to Italy. A. L. Frothingham, the author, has put the grammar and dictionary into a pocket-size book, with exercises in translation. The little book is designed to help the student to order anything from a shine to a charge on the Austrians.

In "The Sketchbook", Washington Irving lamented a "literary animosity daily growing up between England and America". Captain Hall and Mrs. Trollope were probably in Dickens's mind when old Mr. Weller gave his son a prescription for raising the costs in Bardwell *v.* Pickwick: "Let the gov'ner . . . write a book about the 'Merrikins as'll pay all his expenses and more if he blows 'em up enough." By the irony of fate, Dickens himself soon became involved in a somewhat similar controversy.

An excellent article on "British Writers in the United States", by Robert S. Rait, appears in a recent number of "The Quarterly Review".

It has been generally admitted that Americans were unduly sensitive to English criticism; but their very impatience, as Irving and others remarked, proved "their respect for English opinion and their desire for English amity, for there is never jealousy where there is not strong regard".

Mr. Rait maintains that there never has been any change in the attitude of England's great writers toward the American people; and the books of which Irving complained were the work of men who, with one exception, had little claim to distinction. "It has been the peculiar lot of our country", he wrote, "to be visited by the worst kind of English travelers".

Not only is there, as the article clearly shows, a cloud of witnesses on the other side of the controversy, but the books which asserted an insolent superiority in treating of things American were subjected to very severe criticism in England.

At the time of its publication there was a great deal of speculation as to the authorship of "A War Nurse's Diary", a first-hand account of the part the Red Cross nurse is playing in the War. Announcement is now made for the first time that this is the work of Minnie E. Clark. Miss Clark is still at the front.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED